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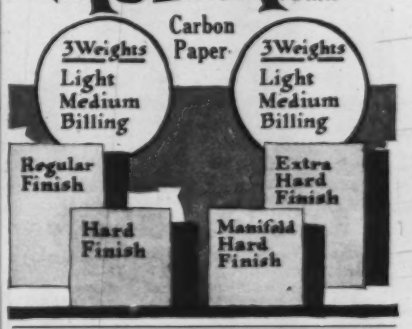

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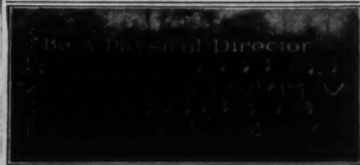

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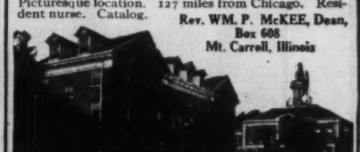

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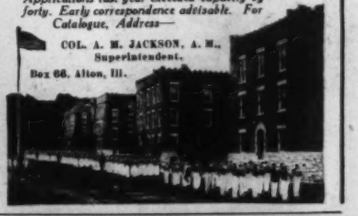

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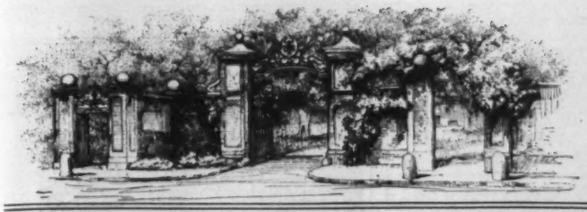

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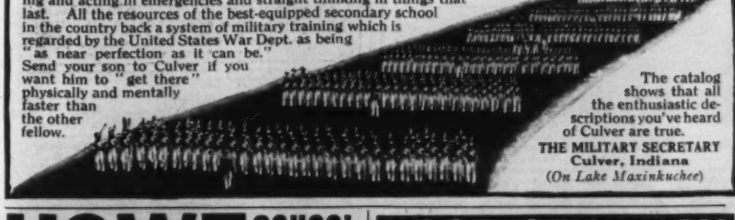

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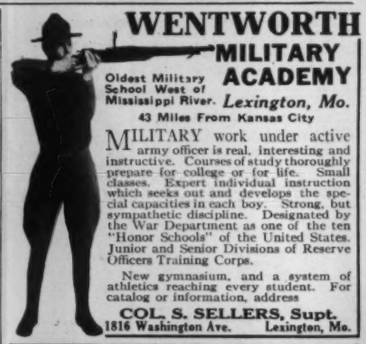

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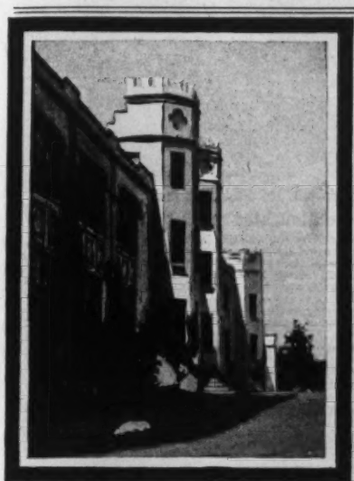

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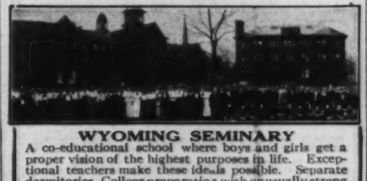

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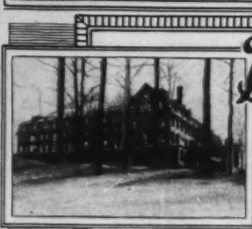

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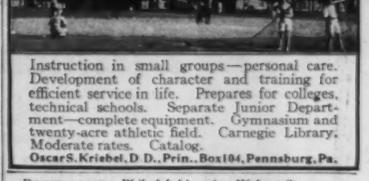

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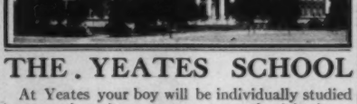

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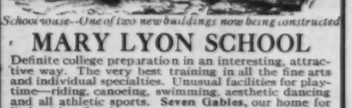

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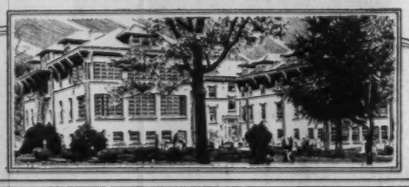

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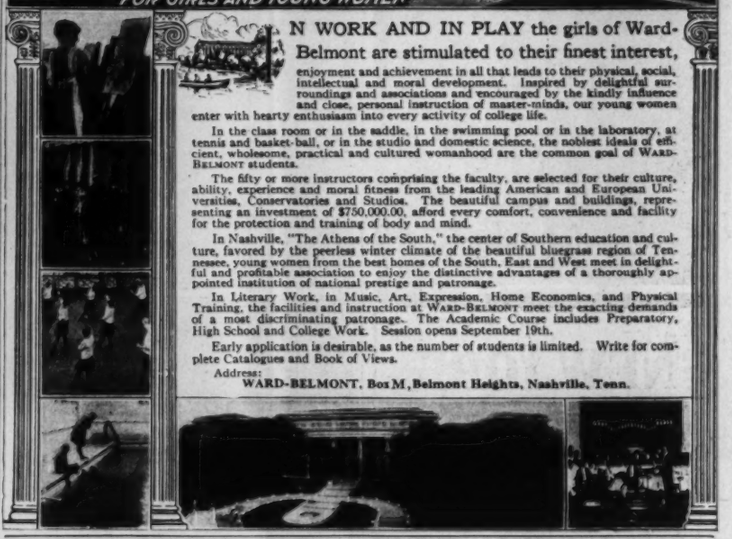

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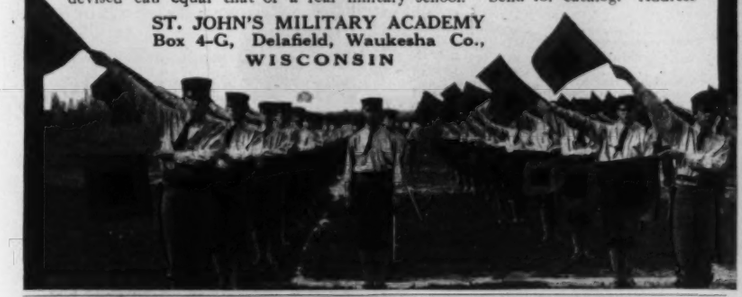

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LEWIS B. ALLYN
Food Editor

FOODS
for instance

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The large five-quart kettle when used with the cover makes an excellent Berlin kettle. It is splendid for boiling vegetables or foods in large quantities because of its peculiar shape, which prevents cooking over.

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The pudding pan with cover makes an excellent bake dish, which can be used for the preparation of many different kinds of foods, such as baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, apples, etc.

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THIS "12-in-1" Cooker Set is without doubt the greatest invention in the field of modern cooking utensils. It is the master design of practical cooking experts, and has received the enthusiastic endorsement of the Household Equipment department of The Ladies' World, and of many practical housewives.

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Note how with these combinations you can stew, preserve, cook vegetables, make cakes and puddings, steam cereals, and in fact cook every kind of dish used.

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You Will Secure the Biggest Aluminum Bargain Ever Offered by Mailing Coupon Today!

76 FIFTH AVE. McCLURE BOOK CO. NEW YORK CITY

McClure's July Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food Editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods
Mellin's Food

Baking Powders

Royal Baking Powder (Page 49)

Beverages

Walter Baker & Co.
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum (Page 41)

Candies and Confections

Dean's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Luden's Cough Drops
Smith Brothers' Cough Drops
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates

Cereals

Grape Nuts
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 45)
Shredded Wheat

Crackers and Biscuits

National Biscuit Company

Fish Products

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits

Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products

Genesee Pure Food Co. Jell-O
Heinz 57 Varieties
Hills Bros.
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
Swift & Co.

Soups

Campbell Varieties (Page 35)

Tonics

Malt-Nutrine
Pabst Extract Co.
Sanatogen

Toilet Preparations

Baldpate Hair Tonic
Batter & Black (Page 48)
Carmen Powder (Page 58)
Colgate's Products (4th Cover)
Cuticura Soap (Page 65)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap
Freezone (Page 46)
Florence Mfg. Co.
Hinds, A. S. (Page 3)
Ice Mint (Page 53)
Ivory Soap (Page 12)
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine
Mentholatum (Page 63)
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co. (Page 69)
Newskin Company
"Nujol" (Page 40)
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap (Page 2)
Palmolive Products
Pebeco Tooth Paste
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap (Page 68)
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous

Pompeian Olive Oil
Pompeian Salad Dressing

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Food shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.

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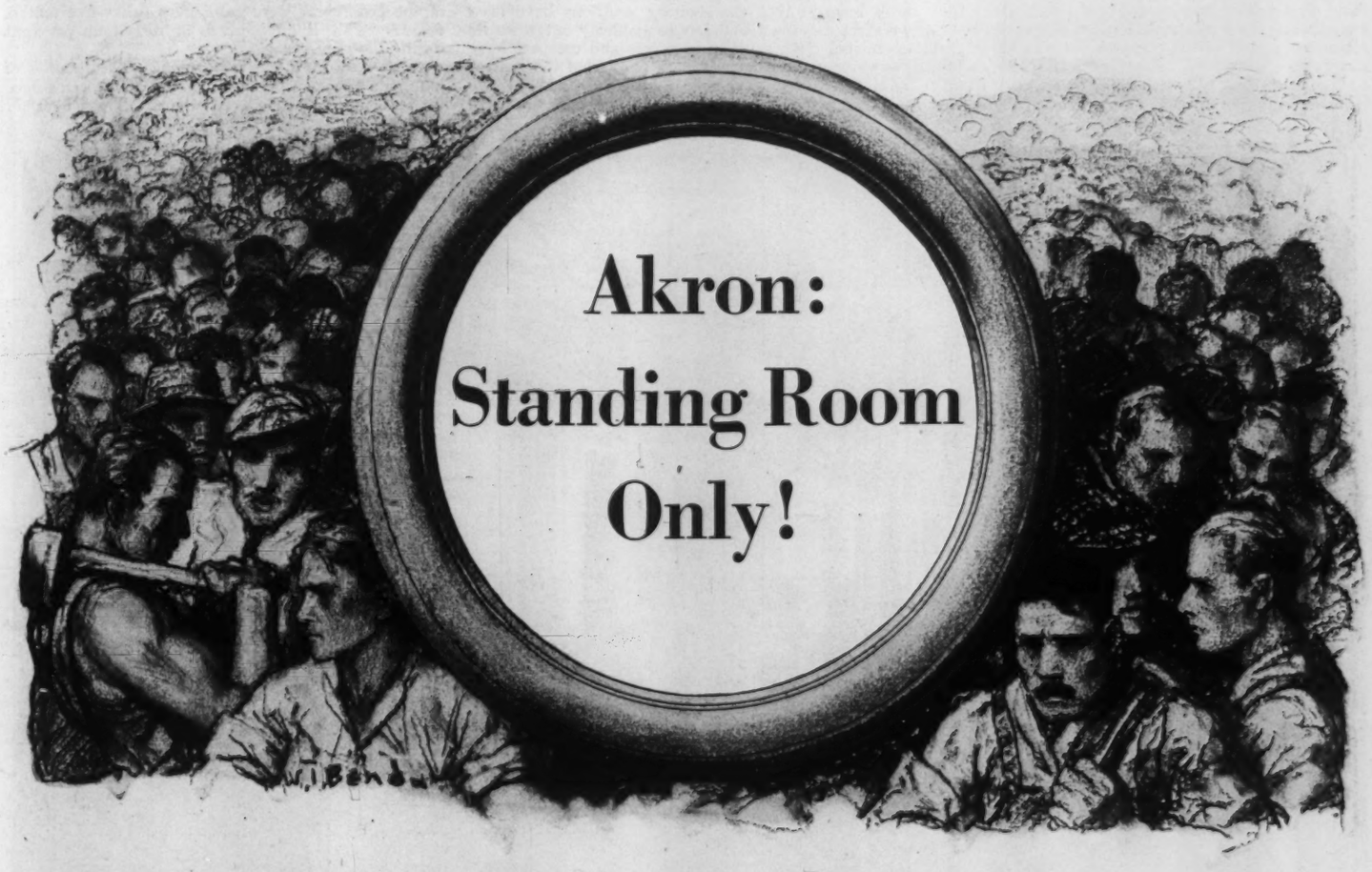

Akron: Standing Room Only!

by Edward Mott Woolley

SEVERAL years ago McClure's published a series called "The Shame of the Cities." Here is the first of several new articles that might be called "The Fame of the Cities." Read about Akron!

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

IN Akron there is no quitting time at the rubber factories except at twelve o'clock Saturday night, but every eight hours these vast establishments turn themselves inside out. I stood one afternoon and watched the first shift come out at a plant that employs twenty-one thousand people, and when the flood broke it was a tidal wave of humanity. It swamped that part of Akron. From sidewalk to sidewalk it rolled down the street, and up it, and swept away through every channel and rivulet.

Things are doing in Akron. There is standing room only.

This is scarcely a jest. There are thousands of beds in Akron that are working in shifts, like the factories. The man who oversleeps is dragged from under the covers by the roomer who has the next ticket.

This big Ohio town is inundated — not with a freshet, but with people. It is swamped and running over. More than twenty thousand workmen came into Akron in 1916, and three thousand school children. In all there are 130,000 people in Akron, and 50,000 adjacent who really belong there. The town has grown seventy-four per cent in six years. The rubber industries employ 60,000 workers, and last year turned out a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of product. Akron represents an industrial capital of two hundred millions.

The call of the automobile is irresistible in this fat land of ours, and the whole country is clamoring for tires. If you were to arrive in Akron today you would see the grotesque little Union Station hiding back of monstrous heaps of trunks and boxes. If you went there without first filing a claim on a few feet of hotel space, you would get quite a jolt at the hands of the "greeter" behind the desk.

Akron, of course, is only another way of spelling rubber; and that is reason enough why the people are living in almost any place big enough to curl up in. One family has preëmpted, for eight dollars a month, half of a henhouse, and the rightful occupants now roost in the other half, back of a board partition. In another instance two families live in a partly finished attic, for which they pay twenty dollars a month. Indeed, garrets of a room or two are in general demand, at rents ranging from twenty to thirty dollars a month.

I was told that basements, especially, now have a brisk market, in lieu of summer cottages. Most Akron people will forego the joys of the seashore this season because that town is a pretty good place to summer in, despite such inconveniences as commandeering chicken-coops, worn-out box-cars, shanties, lofts and cellars. There is money in Akron — heaps and heaps of it. And work for everybody at rather high wages.

I spent the better part of several days riding around Akron in a taxicab, looking at things and talking to people. Theoretically, the town has a hundred and twenty miles of paved streets, but the thoroughfares are indicative of the thing that has overtaken Akron all along its activities. Even in the downtown districts there are gapping holes in the pavements, and I hit the roof of the taxi maybe fifty-odd times. In many of the newer residential districts the streets are unpaved, and often hub deep with mud.

I do not recite these facts in carping criticism, but to reflect a difficult situation. Any city suddenly confronted with such an avalanche of working humanity would find itself in the position of Akron. The rubber industry has gained a start of ten laps on the city, despite heroic attempts to keep up. Not the least of the problems is that of municipal funds.

Nevertheless, the town is quite cheerful over its dilemma, for there are worse conceivable hardships than camping out in tents, garrets and cabins. Little Jennie, Jessie, Essie and Tessie get considerable fun sleeping in one bed, and Uncle Jack finds it quite a joke to bunk on the floor along with Cousin Hank and the star boarder, Jim Johnson.

Yet hundreds of men have come to Akron intending to settle, but have left after a week or two spent in hopeless search for living quarters. These have often been the class of workers most needed.

I should explain that Akron is planning to handle its problems in a big way. There are important things I must recite. But for the moment consider the town as it looks to an outsider.

There are thirty or more rubber factories in and around Akron. Three of them are so vast that the visitor feels a bewilderment that merges into awe as he follows his guide hour after hour through titanic shops. Stupendous machinery covers hundreds of acres, and its deafening roar is symbolic of that still mightier automobile industry which in large measure has quickened Akron in melodramatic fashion.

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These three colossal plants are said to represent seventy per cent of Akron's life, while Akron itself stands for sixty per cent of the total rubber production of the United States.

As I went about the Rubber City I was irresistibly reminded of that famous nursery tale, "Jack and the Bean-Stalk;" for Akron has suddenly taken to shooting out new tendrils of population, which grow with amazing rapidity up its hills and down its gulches. My interest in this Akron drama was divided between those Cyclopean factories and the human story that I read wherever I went. Indeed, the factories themselves are a part of this man-and-woman story that always gets hold of us. Therefore I am going to tell, mainly, the human narrative of the present-day Akron.

In one section of the city, occupied largely by better-class factory workers, a canvass showed that the houses had an average of seven rooms and ten boarders. The privacy of a room for one person is unusual in Akron today. Instead, the city is a maze of wards, so to speak, with bed touching bed.

In the newer parts of the town thousands of homes have been built for factory employees. These houses are bought with a tiny cash payment and long-time terms. In price they commonly range from three thousand to four thousand dollars, and have two or three mortgages on them. Their owners plan to pay out with money from boarders. Such a house often returns from one hundred to two hundred dollars a month, gross, from this source. The servant problem is impossible, but the courageous wives make the sacrifice for the sake of getting ahead.

Eight or ten thousand houses are needed in Akron right now. It is practically impossible to rent a house at any price, and about the only way one can be had is by building or purchase. Apartment-houses for which the foundations have not yet been broken are fully rented, and rentals equal or exceed those of Cleveland, or even New York. I saw some unfinished five-room flats, the leases for which were signed long ago at one hundred dollars a month. Old-fashioned, dilapidated six- or seven-room houses, with wretched improvements, command from forty to seventy-five dollars a month.

It is common practice to rent vacant lots for perhaps fifty dollars a year, and on these to set tents that may be bought for twenty dollars apiece and upwards. One Akron man remarked that it was easy to steal lumber for the bunks and floor, but I take it that thieving is not rife in Akron. The people there are earnestly bent on that biggest of all moral influences, work.

Last summer hundreds of families lived in tents, and the canvas population this season promises to be still bigger. A few families tented all winter. You may well imagine that the sanitary problems have been great in this town that has so suddenly outgrown its municipal clothes. The squatters and campers have no water and must carry it in pails from the nearest available faucet. The city has a sewage and garbage disposal plant, but there is evidence that this does not meet the situation. Akron is located on a site naturally rugged and beautiful, and one of her citizens remarked, as he pointed out ravine after ravine on the landscape:

"Akron wild flowers never winter-kill. You can't freeze 'em!"

They are made of tin. I estimate the number of old cans at ten millions — which may be too many. They grow downtown, too, in vacant lots, nooks and crannies.

I observed to my companion that evil rubbish, and often hideous public dumps, seemed to be regarded in most overcrowded communities as unavoidable blemishes. The remedy, it seems to me, lies in the cultivation of municipal pride, both public and private.

Huge and extraordinary home development work has been done by several of the rubber companies, on which I shall touch presently, but the immediate needs seem quite impossible to meet. On a tract adjacent to its great plant, one of the greatest companies has provided barracks for two thousand of its laborers. The company not only furnishes these quarters free, but pays the salaries of the cooks, furnishes water and light, and maintains a periodic sanitary inspection. The men who live in these barracks are practically all foreigners. They constitute a sort of club and buy their food supplies, the average cost per capita being about fourteen dollars a month. These men earn around one hundred dollars a month apiece, so that they have a substantial surplus. The majority of them save it, and the Rubber City Savings Bank, established a few months ago, already has deposits of three-quarters of a million dollars. There are other rubber banks, too.

The total deposits of the Akron banks at the time of the last report were more than thirty-five million dollars. This is an increase of forty-four per cent during the year.

It isn't Akron alone that is full. The families of hundreds of men working in Akron have been forced to find living quarters elsewhere. They overflow into Barberton, Kenmore, Kent, Cuyahoga Falls, Ravenna, Tallmadge, Hudson, and other towns ten or fifteen miles away.

But don't imagine that factory workers are the only ones who have their eyes on Akron. Although the town has had almost no publicity since the real rubber boom set in, the fame of the place has jumped over the country through the mails, and probably ten thousand merchants, manufacturers, doctors, lawyers, undertakers and soda-counter men, from Maine to the Golden Gate, have a sneaking idea in their heads today that they will move to this El Dorado. Many of them write to the Akron Chamber of Commerce, but this level-headed body, while conceding Akron to be the City of Opportunity, is prone to suggest that a bed and a place to put it is the first consideration.

Last year there were 2,637 dwellings erected in Akron, and 1,808 other buildings, aggregating twelve million dollars in cost. The number of new dwellings was absurdly smaller than the demand, but here was the problem of getting building labor and material. Some of the large contractors brought their workmen with them. In one instance a firm that had undertaken to put up two hundred houses was compelled to bring all its labor from Philadelphia. In a good many instances small capitalists were attracted by the opportunity, but were either ruined or discouraged

On a tract adjacent to its great plant, one of the greatest companies has provided barracks for two thousand of its laborers

by the difficulty of getting workmen and the delays in receiving materials.

Real-estate speculation has been active in Akron. Out around the suburb of Kenmore a short time ago were farms worth perhaps two hundred dollars an acre. These are now cut into building lots, some of which bring fifteen hundred dollars; and all through this region hundreds of houses dot the rough landscape.

Akron is just the reverse of a town built to order. It was built in spite of itself. Before it awoke to its destiny as a coming great city, the population had already broken the traces and run away from the city fathers. Subdivision after subdivision was laid out by real estate men without any regard for a general plan. As the eager demand for homes came in, houses were stuck up anywhere — out on the hills, in the gullies, and even down in the marshes. Any kind of house found an eager buyer or renter. Theoretical streets were laid out through farms, without regard for the points of the compass, or for starting or ending places. As you travel about that country you see houses facing every direction, and often the back doors stare you in the face where front doors ought to be.

This situation led to the establishing last year of the City Improvement Committee of the Chamber of Commerce. Expert city planners were called in and a survey was made. The report of this committee is now under consideration and is likely to be adopted soon. It contemplates a city plan on a big scale, so that in future all building operations must conform to the general scheme. There will be more and better streets with direct communication to the outlying regions. The plan also provides public parks and better housing accommodations; and it works out the zoning of certain areas for specific uses, such as industrial, business and residential. The expense of this preliminary work has been defrayed by Frank H. Adams, treasurer of one of the biggest rubber companies and chairman of the committee.

Then another housing movement of the Chamber of Commerce embodies extensive possibilities, which at present are tentative. One plan is to organize a corporation with capital sufficient to erect hundreds of homes suitable for workmen, for renting purposes. Another company may be organized to build apartment-houses in groups.

Despite its rough streets, Akron is a city of jitneys. Without doubt there are hundreds of these, and the Akron fleet comprises cars of all vintages. This seems to be a town where the street-car companies chum with jitney drivers. Anything that will relieve the awful crowding is welcome. It looked to me at times as if the factory men were carrying off the trolley cars on their shoulders.

Quite a number of enterprising factory workers own jitneys, which they drive during their off hours. Then a few over-busy men work surreptitiously in two factories on different shifts, using fictitious names; but this is vigorously opposed by the rubber companies — when these sly but ambitious chaps can be caught.

One such man was earning, when corralled, about thirteen dollars a day, and at home his wife was taking in a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week from boarders.

Akron is a curious matrimonial market for the fair sex, but men looking for wives should hunt elsewhere. At a guess I should say there are ten men to one woman in Akron, and the bulk of the men are single.

The woman question in the Rubber City is beset with difficulties all around. Few women are employed in tire making, but other branches of the rubber industry use many of them, and hundreds work in the offices.

The young woman who comes to Akron a stranger, as many do, finds it easy to get work — if she is ordinarily capable — but the housing problem confronts her. Most of the boarding-houses cater exclusively to men, and in those that take women it is hard to find vacant places. If an applicant gets in at all, she is compelled to share a room with other women, and for cramped and uncongenial accommodations she pays at least seven or eight dollars a week. Usually she has long walks to and from her work, for the street-car situation in the rush hours is unspeakable.

Because Akron rubber factories sleep only on Sundays, the off-duty shifts are thrown on the city at all hours, and it has been necessary to use rigid measures to keep the "lid" on at all. Naturally, Akron is inclined to be "wide open." Almost everybody has plenty of money and many are quite disposed to spend it. I am told that a certain proportion of Akron's mixed workers is given to games of chance, and although certain restrictions have been placed on the liquor traffic, men and women drink together in the private rooms of saloons. The 12 o'clock closing law, however, is enforced, and also Sunday closing. Dancing, music and cabarets are prohibited in the restaurants, but there is a preponderance of public dance halls. They are fairly well regulated.

Little Jennie, Jessie, Essie and Tessie sleep in one bed

On Saturday nights the crowds in Akron are tremendous. The stores are jammed to capacity and the streets remind one of the circus. If I am to believe the stories I got, merchandising in the Rubber City is one glorious dream, in which customers stand in line and fight for the privilege of separating themselves from their cash.

Then on Sunday all this great body of workers lies idle — most of them without home or family ties. There are amusement parks in the outskirts, run by the traction people, and many lakes are round about. The woods are ideal trysting places, but to tryst without a girl isn't much fun. Consequently thousands of men go to Cleveland, a few hours away by trolley.

I am reliably informed that almost every girl in Akron gets perhaps ten confidential messages each Saturday, from as many forehanded young men who believe in preparedness against that awful Sunday ennui. Akron will be a happier city when there are enough bright feminine smiles to go around.

The rubber companies deplore this situation. They want to see Akron brought to normal proportions, with the usual ratio of married people and homes. They like married men better than those who carry all their worldly possessions in a telescope-case, and jump the fence at the first restless impulse.

Meanwhile the problem of housing young women is urgent, and at least one of the big companies is making plans for working out some dormitory method.

Stupendous machinery covers hundreds of acres

Glance at the huge but artistic home development work being done by the larger companies. This is unique in that it gives factory labor a distinction never before accorded it, so far as I know, in home allotment work anywhere. These enterprises certainly are pretentious.

Two or three years ago one company established a residential section near the plant and two and one-half miles northeast of the business center, on a tract of four hundred acres. On part of this it has built five hundred houses, and is now planning the construction of fifteen hundred more.

Here you find no rows of dwellings, and no sameness of type. The district lies on a beautiful site that commands the city, and is laid out on a sweeping and generous plan that includes boulevards and parks. Each house is detached, and no lot has less than fifty feet of frontage. The houses present a pleasing diversity that would do credit to any high-class, private development.

The company bought this land, planted it, laid out and paved the streets, and put in all improvements before a lot was sold. The expense of this work is prorated on the cost of the land. This was the basis on which the lots were sold, the average price of each being about three hundred dollars. To prevent speculation the company sets the payments for the first five years about twenty-five per cent in excess of the cost, but at the end of this period the difference is to be credited to the purchaser.

It is estimated that when the land is fully developed it will represent an investment of seven million dollars. This company is now erecting a great club house for its employees adjacent to its plant.

Another company is also engaged in similar home development work on a picturesque tract of land, embracing eleven hundred acres near its plant. It is pushing the erection of several hundred homes, and about one hundred others have been finished. The tract where this park lies, and the country adjacent, was farm land a short time ago, but now there are probably a thousand homes in and around this development. Any employee can have a home built to order on a cash payment of five per cent of the total cost, and monthly payments ranging ordinarily between twenty and forty dollars. All taxes and interest are included. Outsiders also can buy this property, on slightly different terms.

One difficult problem in all this development work has been the getting of water, but the rubber companies have laid thei own mains and made the connections.

A few years ago Akron got its water supply from little Summit Lake, now on the edge of South Akron. The need for more water grew urgent, and four and one-half million dollars was spent by the city on a new system, opened in 1915. Before that time Summit Lake had struck up an accidental friendship with a large salt works near town, and the people for a short time got fifteen per cent of sodium chloride with their beverages. The opening of the new system was joyful for the moment, but already the city had outgrown it. There was plenty of water available at the source, but the pipes were insufficient. Many people living on West Hill, the finest residential part of town, found only a few drops on tap at their bathtubs when they prepared for the happy plunge.

The city is now engaged in the job of catching up with the water requirements.

It was through chance that Akron became the Rubber City. A certain manufacturer was responsible, as I shall show presently; but Akron not only lies far from raw rubber, but quite a distance from most of her other rubber components. It was because this manufacturer went there that the other rubber men came along afterward.

Long before this, the founder of one of the companies was experimenting with rubber, and his researches reduced him to such poverty that in 1830 he was confined in jail for debt. In addition to his other troubles he was a confirmed invalid, but when things looked darkest he hit upon an improvement in the method of making rubber overshoes, and came into the possession of four thousand dollars for his patent.

There are various stories about his discovery of the process of vulcanization. The most picturesque was given me by Mr. F. A. Seiberling. According to this version, the manufacturer's wife was in the habit of upbraiding him for neglecting his family. One day in his kitchen the henpecked inventor, while trying to mix some raw rubber and sulphur [*Continued on page 35*]

"Please Right Face!"

A Powerful Plea for Universal Military Service

But look out for the country that fights in a plug hat and a long-tailed coat

"WELL," said my young friend, "we're in it at last."

"The War?" I queried.

He nodded.

"Your old Uncle Sam is sometimes a bit slow in assimilating an idea, but once he gets it firmly imbedded in his head, he certainly knows what to do with it. And before he's through, the Germans will be sorry they didn't stop pestering him when they had the chance.

"Mr. Dooley said it. Military nations are all right enough in their way. But look out for a country that fights in a plug hat and a long-tailed coat. . . . For, while your Uncle will slough his civilian habiliments, and get right into his working clothes along with the rest of 'em, he still has the plug-hat spirit; which means that he's slow to wrath, but, once wrathful, zowie!

"History piles across the scenery so fast in times like these that things are liable to be over with even while you're talking about them," he went on; "and to write anything at the moment that will be accurate a month from now, one has to be a cross between a clairvoyant and that fellow that tells you what kind of a winter we're going to have in 1931 by looking at a goose's wishbone.

"However, we're in the war, and we're raising an army, and we're raising a navy, and when we have finished raising the army and the navy we're going to raise something else that isn't commonly spoken of in mixed gatherings, but in case there remains any uncertainty in your mind, it's what Sherman said war was.

"No nation in the world wanted to go to war except Germany. But Germany did. After going to war, every nation in the war wanted to fight according to the rules except Germany. And Germany didn't. I can't fight you according to Queensbury rules when you're using brass knuckles and a hunk of lead pipe concealed in a stocking; nor when you're polluting me with poison gases can I defend myself successfully by delicately spraying you with an atomizer filled with attar of roses, or Esprit de Joie.

"If it were a man, like yourself, that were attacking you (which in these days is hard to conceive) he would employ only the means of attack that you would employ; hence could you defend yourself by the means that he would employ in defense; which would mean that you would be fighting according to the rules laid down at The Hague; which would probably mean that there wouldn't be any fighting in the first place. But when a mad dog starts to attack you, you've got to kill the dog or get hydrophobia. That's all. And eighty million words of argument can't bring any other answer.

"I knew a man once who tried to fight with his fists. The other man knocked the bottom off a whiskey bottle and jabbed the jagged end in his face. . . . Need I tell you which won the fight?

"But while recognizing these unpleasant truths about mortal combat, there is still another to be brought forth. It is that a nation, like an individual, can be so strong that it can pinion the arms of the other; as Carpentier could those of your Uncle Henry J. Wiggins, who is eighty and feeble. It wouldn't make any difference then how dirty Uncle Henry wanted to get. He couldn't. He'd be licked before he started, and licked humanely, thoroughly, and even with comparative politeness.

"So, it seems to me, it is that spirit in which these United States ought to go to war; a spirit of conscious potential strength that it will use to the utmost. Carpentier himself, strong as that clean French fighter is, could be everlastingly translated into the hereafter by even your Uncle Henry were the latter armed with a blow-gun and a poisoned dart, or even a dose of bichloride of mercury carefully placed in his adversary's tomato bisque. But once let Carpentier escape the dart, and the mercury, and have Uncle Henry in his grip, the latter becomes as helpless as a child, and to be treated in much the same way. Which even the most biased must admit is the height of humanity.

"By all of which graceful preamble, we come around to the main object of the meeting: Universal Military Training and Service.

"Splendidly as our government has handled things since the declaration of a state of war with Germany, broad and fine and firm as it has shown itself to be, it is to be hoped that it will not commit itself entirely to a temporary and conglomerate means of raising and using its military strength.

"A regular army, a Federalized national guard and a reserve army gained by the volunteer system, or by selective draft, is not a cohesive or a balanced force. The regular army was organized for one purpose. The national guard was created for yet another purpose. While the volunteer system, and conscription, have always been found to be wrong in conception and inefficient in execution. As a temporary means to give us a lot of soldiers in a hurry, it may well be that this plan is the most effective. But while assembling those soldiers, it should be our duty to go right after the main idea; just as a man whose house has caught fire shouldn't stop merely with throwing on a bucket of water. He should yell for the fire department while he's doing so.

"And that's just the way it is with us. We are getting the bucket of water. But we need the fire department, too.

"And why? Our regular army is a professional force. Our national guard is composed of men who enlisted for duty in their respective states; men of families, positions, outside interests. Naturally the mere fact of their enlisting cannot make them forget all of their lives that lie outside. While, as for the draft, and conscription. . . .

"The whole question of military service comes back to a very simple analogy.

"You and I own a house. This house belongs to each of us equally. We run it equally, as we own it equally. To be sure, you may be sleeping in the Blue Room while I may be occupying the room with the dormer over the woodshed. But the fact stands that it is our common residence.

"You and I are sitting on the front porch one afternoon of late spring, when the grass is nice and dry, with our feet all piled up on the railing, contentedly smoking a pair of good, free-burning five-cent cigars, when all of a sudden you see a prairie-fire coming.

You and I are sitting on the front porch, contentedly smoking a pair of good, free-burning five-cent cigars, when all of a sudden you see a prairie fire coming

"'Hey!' you exclaim, climbing to an erect posture. 'Look there!'

"'What's the matter?' I query, gently.

"'It's a fire!' you yell. 'And if we don't get busy in a hurry, it's going to climb our fence and burn up our house a whole lot! Come on! Let's put it out!' you cry.

"I take a nonchalant peep at the fire.

"'Well,' you howl, grabbing a bucket and a broom, 'ain't you coming?'

"I shake my head.

"'*You* put it out,' I urge. 'I ain't used to putting out fires. I never put out a fire in my life. And besides, I feel sort of tired, anyway. And I don't believe in fires in the first place.'

"'But it'll burn the house all up!' you protest.

"'Not if you succeed in putting it out,' I answer, brightly.

"'But it's your house just as much as it's mine!' you urge.

"'Yes,' I admit, sitting back in my chair comfortably.

No "right shoulder arms!" for this pacifist. But would consider the matter of those prehis-

"'If it burns up, you'll suffer just as much as I will.'

"'Possibly,' I concede.

"'And it's just as much your job to put it out as it is mine,' you persist.

"I maintain a decorous silence.

"'Then why should I go out there, and take a chance of getting my whiskers singed and burn my pants, and sweat blood for half a day fighting it, while you sit here on the front porch smoking that stogie?' you demand.

"I think a while. Then I get a bright idea.

"'We'll call for volunteers to put it out,' I say. 'I mean, a volunteer. . . . You'll volunteer, of course?' I suggest, hopefully.

"'While you sit here on the porch, smoking that Pittsburgh luminant?' you demand, scornfully.

"'I'll give you fifty cents a day,' I proffer generously; 'and that's all of fifteen dollars a month!'

"You make a rough and uncouth response and tell me to go somewhere hotter than the fire.

"For the moment, I'm stuck. Then I evolve yet another scintillant thought.

"'All right, then,' I say, 'we'll call up every able-bodied man in the neighborhood between the ages of nineteen and twenty-four, and line 'em up in a row, and take every third man,' I say.

by Porter Emerson Browne

[*Of the Vigilantes*]

—With Illustrations by Peter Newell

"'Why every third man?' you demand. 'If you are going to take any, why not take 'em all?'

"'Why,' I reply, 'maybe we won't need 'em all!'

"'Maybe not,' you return. 'On the other hand, if we do take 'em all, won't we put out the fire that much quicker?'

"I hesitate. You see, I hadn't thought of that.

"'And meanwhile,' you go on, 'I suppose you sit here on the porch and watch us. You got a fat chance!' you exclaim. 'Do you think for a minute we're going out there and bust ourselves working for you while you sit here and encourage us with coy and helpful glances?'

"I turn. 'Have you no patriotism?' I demand. 'Have you no loyalty? no appreciation of the common weal? no devotion to the common cause?'

"'I have,' you return. 'I'm full of 'em. That's why I'm standing here, with my sleeves rolled up, ready to go to work. I have all them things you're asking about, and then some. What's troubling me is,' you continue, 'where's yours?'

"And then what happens?" my friend went on. stocking it with things to eat and drink, and protecting it from robbers and vandals.

"For you to say it's my job to do all these things while you stand around with your hands in your pockets, is just as equitable, and just as sensible, and just as fair — *but no more so* — than for me to stand around and tell you it's your job. It's either the obligation of both of us, or it's the obligation of neither. And you can't get away from it."

My friend nodded. "Right," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"That's my argument," he declared, "and all my argument. It's our mutual country. If it's the right of everybody to enjoy it, it's the duty and privilege of everybody to protect it. There's no reason for one man to enlist while another stays at home. There's no reason for one man to volunteer to go to war while another won't. And there's no reason for one man to be drafted when another man escapes. It's either the duty of all, or it isn't the duty of any.

if the young gentlemen before me will be so very kind, I would be tremendously pleased if, at their leisure, they whether or not they would like to place in immediate juxtaposition to their right shoulders toric weapons that I see decorating so shamefully their obliging persons

"If I'm as big an ass as you are," I answered, "I go right up and sit down beside you and let the house burn. But if I have in my head even the rudimentary intelligence that God gave the anthropoid ape, I take you by the cowlick and use you to put out the fire instead of some other kind of a mop. If the house belongs to us both, is supported by us both, is occupied by us both, is enjoyed by us both, it's just as much your duty to protect it as it is mine. Like everything in the world, if it's our joint asset in time of peace, it's our joint liability in time of war. If it's our benefit one day, it's our responsibility the next.

"It's like your stomach. It's yours when it's warm and nice and full of good food. But it's also yours when it's got a pain in it. And as you can't hire a man to suffer your personal stomach-ache, no more can you hire a man to bear your national appendicitis. You may try; but in the end it comes back on you the harder because you attempted to dodge your responsibility in the first place.

"A man has no right to the privileges of his government unless he has performed the duties that make those privileges possible.

"Just as you and I can't enjoy the house that is mutually ours until we have done our respective parts in building it, and painting it, and furnishing it, and

"If we were the unfortunate inmates of a monarchy,' he went on, "it would be a different matter. In that case the house of which we have been speaking would belong to said monarch, and all we'd be would be a couple of Uncle Toms with a Simon Legree to keep us on the job. We wouldn't have any rights in the house in the first place, and the only time you'd find us on the front porch would be when we were sent there to sweep it. The rest of the time we'd spend on the imperial rock pile, making imperial little ones out of the imperial big ones, or imperially polishing the imperial shoes, or washing the imperial dishes in the imperial sink in the imperial kitchen.

"But as citizens of a democracy, born free and equal, owning and occupying the house ourselves after having told the former monarchical owner thereof to go fly his kite, the house is ours. And as such it's all of our jobs to keep it a whole lot. If it's the pleasure of all of us to sit around with our feet all piled up on the base burner in times of peace, it's also the duty of all of us to grab guns and pitchforks and things and go after any lad that tried to bump us. And there you are!

"It's this fact that the pacifists, well meaning and otherwise, have failed so utterly to recognize. They have demanded the right to sit around knitting no matter what happens.

But it's also yours when it's got a pain in it

"We're all gathered around the stove of an evening, shucking corn, and counting our money and talking politics and playing other guessing games, when all of a sudden we hear somebody screaming outside.

"Some of us, all excited, climb to our feet, and look out of the window. We see it's the Kaiser, and his little playmate, von Tirpitz. They've just finished murdering some of the neighbors, and they're killing a couple of children that didn't have any business to be there in the first place.

"'My God!' we cry. 'This is terrible!'

"'Put your hands over your ears,' say the pacifists, 'and you won't hear a thing. I tried it, and it works great!'

"'But they're murdering women and children!' we protest.

"'But they ain't our women and children, are they?' demand the pacifists. 'And besides, they were told what they had to do if they didn't want to be killed. And they didn't do it, and so they're being killed, just like they were promised,' say the pacifists; 'so it's their own darn fault.'

"'But it's horrible!' we cry. 'Innocent women, little babies! Good God, we must do something to stop it!'

"The pacifists get so excited they fall out of their chairs.

"'Hey!' they howl. 'Don't do that! The first thing you know you'll make 'em sore and they'll come in here and kill us!'

"'But,' you cry, 'maybe they will anyway! They're on a debauch of blood and murder! And we're right in their way!'

"'We still have the kitchen sink to hide under,' say the pacifists. 'Maybe they won't find us there. and if they do, we can give 'em a little kiss, or something; or — I know!' they cry, excitedly, clapping their hands. 'We'll invite 'em to have a cup of tea, and then we'll show 'em how to play Spin the Cover and Post Office!'

"And yet if you told one of these pacifists that the proper way to defend yourself against a Bengal tiger was to tell him the story of Cinderella, he'd think you were crazy. But there's every bit as much sense in it.

"When I say pacifist, you must not understand me necessarily to mean a person who wants peace. There are two kinds of pacifists.

"The first are the real lovers of peace. For these, all right-thinking folk can have nothing but the deepest, the most earnest, sympathy. . . . Gentle-souled, kindly-faced men and (*Continued on page 36*)

And yet if you told one of these pacifists that the proper way to defend yourself against a Bengal tiger was to tell him the story of Cinderella, he'd think you were crazy

Soap and Sophocles

Henry of Greenwich Village — to Say Nothing of Mary!

Mr. Biggers

by Earl Derr Biggers

Illustration by John Alonzo Williams

WHEN the boy came into the room and announced that Mr. Henry Trimmer wished to see me, I thought of course it was Henry Trimmer the younger, and there was no enthusiasm in my tone when I said: "Have him come in." Then my door was pushed open and Henry Trimmer the father entered, as buoyant, as vigorous, as refreshing as a night letter from a new salesman who has just landed a twenty-thousand-dollar order.

I had not seen him for two years or more, and I was mighty glad to see him now. From my earliest boyhood I had admired this man who, starting as a ragged, barefoot boy in a flax-mill, was now the soap king of the country, and had made the name of our little town out in the Middle West known wherever men aspire to cleanliness. He sat on the edge of his chair, fairly vibrating with energy, and talked. He talked of his wife, the best woman in the world; of his four automobiles, the finest made; of his business, the most prosperous in existence; of his town, the fairest and fastest-growing on the little old map. It wasn't brag and bluster, either; it was just the enthusiasm of a great lover talking about the things he loved. So that as I listened my spirits, drooping at the end of a hard day, began to rise, and outside my window in the winter dusk I was conscious of New York alight, a city fine and flaming.

For ten minutes he talked, and not once did he mention Henry Trimmer, Junior. It was an omission to be noted, and I began to worry over it.

Finally he took out a couple of expensive cigars, handed one to me, and bit the end from the other with that savageness which is often commented on in novels. When he had completed the ceremony of lighting, he thoughtfully laid the match down on an ash-tray, and spoke what was on his mind.

"Jim," he said, "you were several years ahead of my boy in college, but you promised to keep an eye on him, and I reckon you kept your word. If you did, you couldn't help but form some opinion of Henry, and I'm here to find out what that opinion is."

I considered carefully.

"Well," I began slowly, "Henry's a very nice boy ——"

"Listen," broke in the old man, leaning forward earnestly, "nobody can fool me — you know that. I want your honest opinion, and don't try to spare my feelings."

"Why, Henry's all right," I said quickly. "Perhaps he's not just the son you wanted. He's somewhat frail, and he's quite — quite visionary. Studious — very studious. I recall that when I went to see him once, he was reading Sophocles in the original."

"The original what?" asked Trimmer, worried.

"Greek," said I. "He was reading Sophocles in the original Greek."

"My God!" said Trimmer. "Can Henry do that?"

He sat for a moment, appalled, thoughtful.

"When I saw Henry last," I went on, "he seemed to be suffering from a malady quite common among the youth of our day. In other words, I am afraid Henry is inclined to think he thinks."

"Exactly," cried Trimmer, slapping his knee with a great, burly hand. "He thinks he thinks. And the idea has just plumb made a fool of him."

"I wouldn't worry if I were you," I said. "It is an affliction that age is bound to cure ——"

"Jim," said old Henry Trimmer, "you was at the station back home the morning I sent my boy away to school for the first time. I wasn't ashamed to have you see tears in my eyes, and I ain't ashamed now to tell you there was a troublesome lump in my throat. He was all I had, and I was sending him off to that high-faluting eastern college. I was sending him off fine and clean and human, and I couldn't help wondering what they would give me back."

He sat puffing at his costly cigar.

"I wanted him to come back a fine, clean, human man, and take over the business I had been building for him through the years. I ain't ashamed of my business. The world is cleaner for Trimmer's soap — and you know what cleanliness is next to. So I waited for Henry — a little puzzled by some of the things he seemed to be up to out there in the East, but supposing they must be necessary to the making of a gentleman — I waited hopefully."

"Yes?" said I.

"Jim," said Trimmer, "that highbrow bunch has never given me back my boy at all. He's been out of college two years, and he ain't my boy any more. There's a gulf as wide as the Atlantic, and me and the soap business is on one side, and Henry and a fellow named Karl Marx is on the other."

"Nonsense," I answered. "Henry will soon get over that ——"

"Perhaps. I wonder. We don't see much of him any more. At Christmas I persuaded him to come home, for his mother's sake. He came — and he made a few remarks about soap. He worried his mother sick by coming down to breakfast every morning with a new God he'd thought up in the night. After Christmas, which he tolerated as a childish affair for keeping old folks amused, he hurried back here to New York."

"Where is he now?" I inquired.

"Now," said Trimmer, "he's down in Greenwich Village. I don't know much about Greenwich Village, but so far as I can gather it's a sort of nursery where a lot of little, new-born radicals are playing with some pretty dangerous toys."

"That seems to describe it," I smiled. "So Henry has come to Bohemia?"

"With bells on," Trimmer sighed. "He's an anarchist, a socialist, an internationalist, a pacifist, an advocate of birth control, a suffragist, and a lot of other things that I can't think of, but he can. Yes, Jim, that education I gave him seems to have gone to his head and befuddled him — like strong drink. And — I haven't told you the worst."

"Good heavens — what ——"

Poor old Trimmer sadly shook his head.

"My boy's a poet," he said, looking as though he expected me to rise at that and throw him from the room.

"That too will pass," I comforted the old man.

"Worse yet — he ain't an honest, hard-working poet — the kind that sits up nights hunting rhymes. He won't be bound by the old conventions, Henry won't — he's too blamed lazy. He writes — he writes this here — verhs li-ber."

"Oh — free verse," said I.

An expression of joy spread over the old man's face.

"Is that the English of it?" he cried. "Thanks, Jim, for telling me. Every time I've tried to curse him out about it, I've got all tangled up with the French, and my remarks have lost their punch. But — free verse — I can get my teeth into that."

"I don't recall having seen any of his — er — work," I reflected.

"I should hope not," replied Trimmer. "You won't, unless you take to reading these little misspelled magazines of protest printed on wrapping-paper in a cellar, sometimes humorously called a garret. Lovely sentiments you'll find in them, Jim — things that will make you blush if you haven't forgot all the good old Middle West teaching. That's where Henry shines, with his lazy, unrhymed odes to a rat, or his lines praising some woman no better than she should be. Thank God, none of those miserable sheets ever get out home. So far, I've been able to keep his literary endeavors from his mother."

He put down the cigar, which he had already smoked to within an inch of extinction.

"I suppose there's a humorous side to this situation," he said. "But I can't see it, Jim. He's all I've got, Henry is, and I've been planning for him ever since he lay in his cradle, and looking forward — always looking forward ——"

He walked to the window and stood gazing out, unable to say any more. And as I sat staring at his broad, honest back, I felt a hot wave of anger toward the silly, vapid-faced little son who had so grievously disappointed him.

"Have you had a talk with Henry?" I asked.

"Yes, Jim — I reckon I've had too many," he said. "They only seem to make things worse. Yesterday I had him uptown for lunch — and — well, we had more or less of a row. He returned my last check, and said he was through taking money from me. And now — I'm not going to see him again. I've got pride, too — I've got more than he has. I'm through. He can go his way. If he never comes back to me — I — I suppose I'll just have to make the best of it."

"It's a rotten shame," I cried.

"I had an idea — a sort of a last hope," said Trimmer. "Jim — I want to ask a favor of you. Go down and have a talk with him — I'll give you his address — the south side of Washington Square. He used to have some respect for your opinion. I'll be at the Waldorf a few days longer. Could you see him tonight?"

The assignment did not appeal to me, but here was an old friend in trouble.

"Surely," I said. "I'll do my best."

"That's mighty good of you. Come to dinner with me tomorrow night and report. And — Jim ——"

"Yes."

"Explain to him how I feel about the free verse. I may have been too excited to make myself clear — but I figure it shows a weak character. If he wants to shirk his responsibility to the soap business — all right. But why should he shirk his responsibility to his new enthusiasms, too? And that's what he's doing when he writes poetry that don't rhyme. Ask him if he can't — for my sake — make it rhyme, Jim."

"I'll ask him," I promised.

With no show of the vigor that had accompanied him into the room, Henry Trimmer left it. My poor old friend!

At a quarter-past six that evening I went down to Washington Square. During my first years in New York I, too, had lived there in the shadow of the Arch. Saner days those, for the little radicals were as yet unborn. Serious-minded artists and writers labored hard all day, and if in the evening they called in Giuseppi, the hurdy-gurdy man, and danced to his music, they did so because they wanted relaxation, and not because they hoped the Sunday newspapers would use the story, with pictures. What a change since then! Whence have they come, these wild-eyed women with the bobbed hair, these anemic boys with a fondness for flowing ties and a loud scorn for home ones? Come they have, unaccountable offspring of middle-class shopkeepers, to fox-trot and debate; to make of the Square and of Greenwich Village to the west a poseurs' paradise.

I had decided that my meeting with Henry Trimmer,

Germany in Belgium

by

George Sterling

MANKIND had dreamed its paltry dream of Hell,
And Satan gloating on a race undone.
Then through our mist of visions drave the Hun,
And on the world a blacker shadow fell.
So shall the fact deride, the truth dispel,
The flimsy web that childish minds have spun,
Till Horror bare her shambles to the sun,
And that be told we whisper as we tell.

God, when we pictured Hell, You must have smiled.
Look down and see: abomination piled
Upon abomination! Flood on flood
Of tears outwrung from innocence and age!
What spite of fiends is in the Teuton rage!
What venoms of the Pit are in their blood!

"Henry!" she cried. "Henry — this is cruel of you — it is unworthy. Tell him the truth!"

Junior, would be more effective if it seemed an accident, so I sought for him through the dingy eating places of the neighborhood. I had sampled the odors of five of these basements before I discovered him at last, hardly distinguishable through the smoke that floated about the tables of the "Foodery." He seemed a little more pale and unsubstantial than when I had seen him last, and a pipe, almost as large as he, hung from a corner of his weak mouth.

"Well, well, Henry," I cried with apparent enthusiasm, "this is luck. Can you make room for me?"

He pushed his chair to one side, and I crowded in.

"Never expected to see you down here," he said.

"Oh, I often come," I lied. "I find it very refreshing after the marts of trade."

"I should think you would," said Henry.

As I sat down I was conscious of a most unwelcome female at my right. Her hair, of course, was bobbed; her face had the sallowness of the mental dyspeptic; she smoked a cheap, unsavory cigarette. As for her costume, it was a green, flowing sort of thing in which she should never have been seen outside her own bathroom. Bad taste and she unquestionably were pals; this showed not alone in her gown and in her choice of cigarettes, but also in the intimate topic which she was discussing in a high-pitched, strident voice.

"That's May Martin beside you," said Henry, and added, admiringly: "She's an artist. Perhaps you saw her last cover on *The Yelp of Pain*."

"I never see *The Yelp of Pain*," I told him.

"You are missing," said Henry gravely, "the most significant single factor in the literature of your day."

"I am not interested in the literature of my day," I replied. "Alas! I am more interested in finding a good hair-restorer. You see, I am growing old."

At that the woman, whom I had not suspected of listening, turned and shot a look at me.

"Growing old?" she rasped. "Then this is no place for you." And returned to her debate.

There were present a number of other devotees of bad taste, male and female. They wrestled valiantly with words. It is not permissible to set down here the topics they discussed. I must indeed be growing old, for they annoyed me greatly. Particularly the women, whose voices were reminiscent of a trolley-car turning a sharp curve on a frosty night. Occasionally these women laughed, hysterically. They went on laughing long after they had forgotten the banality that amused them. They seemed unable to stop.

The debate grew louder and louder — a climax seemed impending. It came. Somebody put a nickel in a mechanical piano, and a wild fox-trot ensued. You will find that it is the usual peroration to debate in Greenwich Village. A friend who lives near the Liberal Club tells me that his nights are made hideous by the mad revels of the master-minds.

When the riot was at its height I paid my check — and Henry's — and we went out into the night. It was a blessed relief. I was surprised to realize that up in the sky the cold little stars were twinkling, while over the yellow church flamed the familiar Cross.

"Well, Henry," I said, as we walked across the Square, "all this is great fun — I envy you. How amusing it must be to be able to study these odd creatures at close range. It will give you something to chuckle over when you go back home at last."

He stopped and stared at me. "Back home!" he cried. "You don't suppose I'm ever going back there?"

"Why — I thought ——" I stammered.

"Perish the thought. I'd die. I tried it at Christmas. The Philistines! The Philistines! Bound by all the old conventions. Slaves to the ancient superstitions. They're living in the dark."

"But your father, Henry. You're all he has. He depended on you."

"Too bad. But it can't be helped. My path lies far from soap and the Middle West."

"I saw your father yesterday," I ventured. "Henry, he is suffering ——"

"Inevitable. Age must suffer, because youth must advance. I shall write some verses about that:

"'Youth must advance!
Over the fallen forms of those beloved ——'

I'll work it out tonight."

I subdued an impulse to throttle him.

"You'll soon tire of this," I said weakly. "You'll be glad to go back to those who love you ——"

We had reached the house where Henry lived. He held out his hand.

"Glad I saw you," he announced. "Good night."

I had known that my errand was foredoomed to failure, but it seemed treason to the father to give up so easily.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'll come in and smoke a cigar with you."

Henry hesitated. He seemed a bit startled at the suggestion. "I was going to work on the verses," he said. "However — come along."

We ascended the steps. At the door he paused, and fumbled with his keys.

"You — er — you mustn't be surprised," he stammered, "if there should be — er — a young woman in my place."

"Of course not," I answered.

"Miss Mary Elkhart," he prepared me further. "She has consented to share my struggles — to be my inspiration — my — er — my very good friend."

"Your wife?" I asked quite casually.

Henry laughed.

"Obsolete term," he said. "Poor old Jim. Wake up! The world do move!"

He preceded me up the stairs. I gasped a little as I followed. I thought of our town back home on a Sunday morning, with the crowds winding down the Avenue to church, the frock-coated citizens and their prim little wives. Good Lord! If they could see our Henry now!

I was prepared to be very angry with the designing woman who had snared this silly boy, for I expected another like the green-robed creature of the restaurant. Then Henry opened the door, and I got the surprise of my life. For the little girl who advanced to meet us had an honest, pretty face, and her eyes were clear and untroubled. I transferred my anger to Henry, who was introducing me to "Miss Elkhart."

"Poor old Jim," laughed Henry. "He wanted to know if we were married."

The indelicate little puppy! I was pleased to note that the girl blushed and seemed embarrassed.

"Poor old Jim must know," she said, "that in Greenwich Village marriage is the one disgrace that can't be lived down. Won't you have some coffee?"

I said I would, and as I helped her with the things, she said:

"I often make it for Henry, when he is writing ——"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "Are you doing much, Henry?"

"I am getting under way," he told me, strutting up and down and running his hand through his pompadour. "I write only when the spirit moves. There are big things coming. I feel it here." He hammered his chest.

"Must be a fine feeling," I muttered.

"It is. I will write the name of Henry Trimmer where the years cannot obliterate it. Poor old father — he engraves the name on six hundred thousand cakes of soap a day. What of it? A twist of the wrist under a faucet, and the name is gone. But I — I ——"

The girl shut him off with a cup of coffee.

"We are so excited about tomorrow night," she said.

"Tomorrow night?" I questioned.

"The turning point in my career," waved Henry. "Tomorrow night the Pantry Shelf Players change their bill."

"The Pantry Shelf Players?" [*Continued on page 50*]

A King in Babylon

The Great Mystery Novel

by **Burton E. Stevenson**

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

For the story up to this point see page 57

IT passed in an instant — that sense of strain and weirdness and unreality. It was Mlle. Roland herself who broke the spell.

"Will I do?" she asked, and swept a beaming glance round upon us.

And it was Creel who first regained the power of speech.

"Do!" he echoed. "Why, you are the real thing! Just look at those natives!"

At the sound of her voice, the prostrate fellahin had looked up dazedly; but they did not rise from their knees. They crouched there, staring stupidly, with wide-open mouths, as though not knowing whether to believe their eyes or their ears.

But Mustafa, who had recovered in a moment, spoke to them sharply, telling them, I suppose, not to be fools, and they got slowly to their feet. Creel watched them regretfully.

"Too bad we didn't have the camera ready when they went down like that," he said. "We can never get them to do it again!"

"Oh, yes, you can!" broke in Davis, who was combing his beard feverishly with his fingers. "All you need is a sceptre. Maybe we'll find one before we get through with these excavations."

He had never taken his eyes from the girl since the instant of her appearance, and I had never before seen him so excited.

"I hope we do," said Creel. "Now let's get busy. Bring up the camels, Mustafa."

"Vurry good, saar," and Mustafa sprang to obey.

Five of the caparisoned camels were brought up and, by impassioned objurgation, compelled to kneel. Seeing what a job it is, I don't blame a camel for not wanting to kneel!

"This one is yours, Princess," said Creel, indicating the most gorgeous beast and giving Mlle. Roland the nickname which we all instantly felt to be appropriate. "We'll help you up."

She came forward smiling, but she didn't need any help — at least not Creel's; for she turned to Jimmy and held out her hand with a gesture truly royal; and he sprang forward and caught the hand, and supported her as she stepped up into the awkward seat as easily and gracefully as though she had done it a thousand times!

"Wait!" roared Creel. "We must have that! Billy, bring up your box — put it right here. Get down again, Princess!" He took a rapid survey of the scene to be sure everything was all right and that there would be no false note — trust Creel for seeing all that at a glance! "Bring those warriors up a little closer, Mustafa; put the rest of the natives back by those palms; now you two women stand over here. Digby, get there by the camel's head. A little more to the right, Jimmy. As the Princess comes forward, you will all bow — slowly, like this! Get out of range, professor — we can't have you in this! Now let's try it! Splendid! Are you ready, Billy?"

"All ready," I said.

"All right — shoot! Now, Princess!"

She came forward regally, with eyes only for the King — for Jimmy — and heaven knows, his eyes were only for her! — and gave him her hand. With a single graceful motion, she stepped up into the seat.

"Hold her hand an instant, Jimmy, as though you couldn't let it go," Creel commanded; but Jimmy didn't need to be told — he had the actor's instinct for such things! "Now let it go — make the camel get up, Mustafa — lead him off, Digby — that's right — that's right. Now get on your camel, Jimmy! That's it! Splendid!" for Jimmy had stepped into his seat with simple dignity. "Off you go! Now you two women on the next ones — oh, my God, no! Stop, Billy, stop," for Mollie and Ma Creel were floundering desperately in their efforts to reach their seats. "We'll have to cut it just when they turn toward their camels," he said to me. "What's the matter with you two lobsters, anyway?"

"Seeing that this is the first time I ever rode a camel," retorted Ma Creel, "I don't know what else you could expect! Oh — oh!" she screamed, for the camel had begun to rise, tossing like a boat in a stormy sea. Mollie didn't scream; she just clenched her teeth and hung on for dear life — she hadn't served her apprenticeship as a movie actress for nothing!

"It's the first time for all of us," said Creel, and I wondered if he realized how remarkable it was; "but all right — you're up now! Come along, Billy," and he led the way under the palms and out into the desert.

To walk through red-hot sand up to your ankles, with a heavy camera over your shoulder, and a burning sun blazing down upon you, isn't exactly a pleasant job; but I never thought of it, I was so uplifted and excited, as I toiled along after Creel.

We got some scenes of the caparisoned caravan out in the desert, and then approaching the oasis from the same point that the other caravan had, so the audience

would at once spot the fact that it was the same place. And when that was done, Creel dismissed the players.

"I'll want you in the morning early, Jimmy," he said, "in your khaki. I don't think I'll need you, Princess, until afternoon. Put your box away, Billy, and come with me — we've got a lot of work to do yet. I'll want four of your natives, Mustafa."

"Vurry good, saar," said Mustafa, who was divesting himself of his gorgeous raiment with evident regret, while Digby and Ma Creel, still in costume, checked up the trappings which had been worn by the camels and the natives.

It developed that what Creel wanted the four natives for was to carry the fake papier-mâché coffin containing the fake papier-mâché mummy over to the ruins, and when we got there, we found that Davis had already put to work all the rest of the natives and that the débris was pretty well cleared away.

"We'll be ready to start real work in the morning," he said, coming forward when he saw us. Then he saw the men with the coffin. "What the deuce is that?" he asked.

"That's a mummy," said Creel. "We've got to plant it somewhere so that Jimmy can dig it out in the morning. We'll tear out a piece of that wall, and put the coffin behind it, and then put the wall up again."

"My dear sir," Davis objected, "a coffin like that would be found only in a regular tomb, protected by a sarcophagus. Why, it's a royal coffin!" he added, taking a closer look at it.

"It's a copy of one in the Met.," Creel explained.

"But to suppose that it would be stuck anywhere behind a wall — "

"Its occupant was only a slave girl," Creel explained.

"Then there wouldn't be any coffin. Coffins weren't wasted on slaves."

"Oh, there's got to be a coffin!" said Creel. "Nobody ever heard of digging up a mummy without a coffin!"

"But any Egyptologist will tell you — "

"We'll have to do without the Egyptologists," said Creel cheerfully. "I don't imagine there are over a dozen or so in America — not enough to affect our receipts. Carry it down into the hole, boys."

They didn't understand the words, but they did the gesture, and they lugged the coffin down the double staircase, and set it down at the bottom of the excavation. Davis followed, combing his beard uneasily.

"See here, Creel," he said, "if you'll wait a few days, maybe I'll find a tomb for you, with a real mummy."

"We can't take the chance," said Creel. "In motion pictures, you've got to know just what you're going to find before you start to find it — also just how long it will take. There's the footage to consider. I want to do this job in about two hundred feet. Besides, a real mummy wouldn't do. It's too fragile. This one is built to stand a lot of handling."

"Let's take a look at it," said Davis.

"Sure," assented Creel, and raised the lid.

The natives, who had been standing curiously about, took one look at what lay inside the coffin, and then, with a whoop of terror, raced up the steps and out of sight.

"What the deuce is the matter with those fellows?" Creel demanded, staring after them. "One would think they had seen mummies enough ——"

Davis, who had been staring down at the weird figure and combing his beard excitedly, broke in with a laugh.

"Why, it's the Flinders mummy!" he said.

"Flinders?" questioned Creel. "Why that doesn't sound like an Egyptian name."

"It's the name of the man who found it — at Nebesheh. It was never in a coffin. It had been buried alive."

Creel stared at him an instant with shining eyes; then he struck his thigh a ringing blow.

"Buried alive!" he cried. "Whooee! Professor, you've given me the one word I needed! I've got the story now! Oh, gorgeous, gorgeous!"

It was Davis's turn to stare. "I don't get you," he said.

"There was one weak point in the story," Creel explained, more and more elated, "and it bothered me. But buried alive! It's perfect — it's consummate! But come on — let's get to work. We'll put it behind the wall without any coffin — I hope the Egyptologists will be pleased, professor; we can get the buried-alive idea across in an insert — no, by George, we'll show it! We'll show the Princess being buried alive by her ruthless lover!" He looked around the excavation and saw that it was empty. "Get those natives back here, Mustafa, and set 'em to work on that wall."

"I am feared, saar," said Mustafa slowly, "dat perhaps they will not."

I looked at Mustafa and saw that he himself was plainly disturbed and uneasy.

"Why not?" demanded Creel.

"It iss what iss called *mamnua* — forbidden — unclean," explained Mustafa, with a gesture toward the coffin.

"Why, man," said Creel, and jerked the figure upright by one arm, "it isn't really a mummy — it's just a lot of papier-mâché. Come here and feel it."

Mustafa obliged unwillingly, but the instant he touched the figure his face cleared.

"I understand, saar," he said. "I bring them," and he hurried up the steps.

Davis, too, had felt inquiringly of the mummy.

"A clever piece of work," he commented.

"Isn't it!" agreed Creel proudly. "But let me get the dope about this burying-alive business. Was it often done?"

"It was the usual punishment for certain crimes," said Davis. "This woman probably committed blasphemy — desecrated an altar, or something like that. That is the reason mummies of this sort are considered unclean; and the superstition comes down even to the modern Egyptians, as you have seen. Besides, it isn't a real mummy — it hasn't been eviscerated or wrapped. It's just a dried-up human body."

"I see," said Creel. "A king might inflict such a punishment upon a favorite whom he had tired of, or had grown to hate?"

"Yes, I suppose so. A king could do about anything he pleased in those days."

"And his conscience might trouble him about it afterwards?"

"No — I don't think a little thing like that would trouble a king of ancient Egypt. Besides, if the punishment was deserved ——"

"But suppose he found out it wasn't?" Creel asked.

"He might regret his haste. I doubt if he would go farther than that!"

"My king did," said Creel positively. "You see, he was an unusually enlightened and conscientious king, far ahead of his age. It got to weighing on his mind; and finally, as a kind of penance, he had himself buried out here in the desert beside the place where he had walled up the woman — we can use the mummy case for him! And then, four thousand years later, reincarnated as a young and handsome Egyptologist ——"

"There aren't any young and handsome Egyptologists," objected Davis. "They're all old, dried-up cranks like me!"

"Yes — there is one," said Creel, "and his name is Jimmy Allen — and some mysterious influence draws him to this spot — and he digs up the mummy of his four-thousand-years-old love ——"

"And of course recognizes her at a glance!" scoffed Davis.

"No!" yelled Creel. "But she recognizes him! Gorgeous! Gorgeous!"

Chapter XIV

MUSTAFA, with vociferous argument, brought his men up to the coffin and demonstrated to them that the mummy was a fake by the simple expedient of making each one of them take hold of it. Once convinced that they had nothing to fear, they went to work cheerfully, tearing down a section of the wall which closed in one side of the court. It was merely a rough retaining wall, built of squared blocks of a very white limestone, fitted together without mortar, and it didn't take long to make a hole in it. Then an excavation was scooped in the sand behind it, some stones piled up to keep it from caving in, the mummy stowed away between them, and the wall carefully replaced. Then a lot of débris was piled in front of it and covered deep with sand, and Creel finally expressed himself as satisfied.

"That's all right," he said. "We'll get some stuff in the morning that will make people sit up. Give your men something extra to eat tonight, Mustafa — they've done well today."

Davis looked up at the sky and then at his watch.

"The sun hasn't set yet," he said.

He and Mustafa glanced at each other, then, by a common impulse, they turned and hurried up the stair. The natives streamed up behind them, chattering uneasily. As they came out above the excavation, I saw a sudden blast of wind catch their cloaks and whip them about.

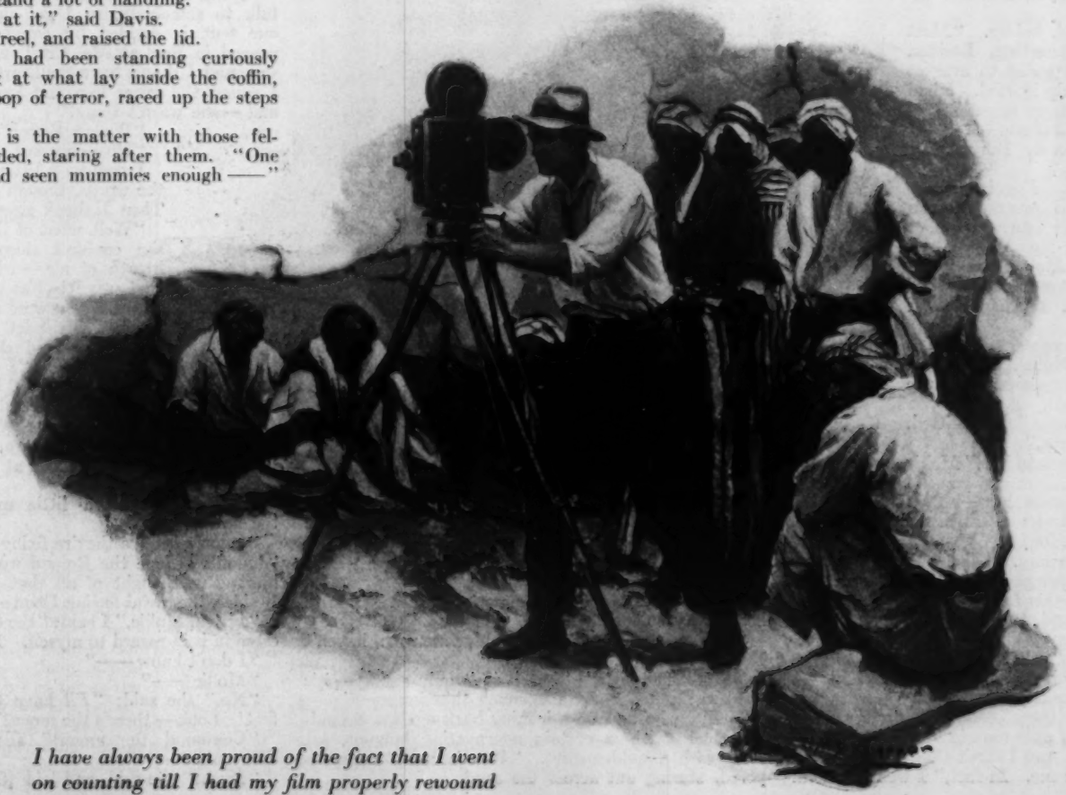
"What in blazes is the matter now?" asked Creel, staring after them. "Let's find out what the trouble is," and he started up the stair.

As we reached the top, a savage blast of wind whirled a lot of sand into our eyes; and then we saw Davis and Mustafa, standing on the highest mound, clinging to their clothing and staring away toward the south at a most peculiar-looking cloud.

"What is it?" gasped Creel, after a moment.

"It's a sandstorm," Davis explained. "We're getting just the edge of it — the center's going south of us. Good thing, too. I'd have had all that excavating to do over again!" and after another look to assure himself that the danger was past, he started down the mound.

Creel and I paused a moment to watch the cloud. It was traveling rapidly away toward the south,



I have always been proud of the fact that I went on counting till I had my film properly rewound

and its eddies and gusts and serpentine twinings were horrifyingly fascinating.

"Lord, if we could get a close-up of that!" said Creel, at last. "I guess there wouldn't have been much left of this outfit if it had passed over us," he added, as we turned to scramble down.

We found the rest of the party gathered at the edge of the trees watching the cloud, and it was rather a subdued crowd which sat down to dinner half an hour later. We felt a good deal as the passengers must feel on a ship which has just shaved past an iceberg.

It may have been that this sense of peril escaped moved Mollie to an unaccustomed tenderness; at any rate, when dinner was over and I got out my pipe, I chanced to meet her eyes; and a moment later, without knowing how it happened, I found myself walking away with her through a little group of palms. We walked on, without saying anything that I remember, until we came to the edge of the oasis; and then I sat down and lighted up, and she sat down beside me.

The night was like a piece of purple velvet. I leaned back against a hummock of sand and drew a long breath of sheer contentment.

"What's the matter?" Mollie asked.

"Nothing," I answered. "That's just it! I'm perfectly happy and contented. Aren't you?"

She did not answer for a moment, and I turned and looked at her. Her face was only a blur in the darkness; but I knew somehow that there were tears in her eyes. I moved closer, and reached out and took her hand — and she let me! Then I knew there was something wrong!

"Billy," she said in a low voice, "I'm worried."

"What about?" I asked.

"I don't know. There's just something that weighs on me. A feeling that something awful is going to happen."

"Oh, come!" I protested, and ventured to hold her hand a little tighter. "You aren't one to have the megrims, Mollie! *What's* going to happen?"

"I don't know," she said again, and brushed her free hand in front of her eyes. Then she turned to me quickly. "I don't like that Roland woman," she said. "There's something about her that's — that's not right."

"It's just temperament," I protested. "The French are like that — so I've heard."

But Mollie shook her head.

"It isn't that," she said. "I know temperament when I see it. But she's — different!"

"Yes, she's different," I agreed. "That's what makes her interesting."

"Oh," said Mollie sharply, and drew her hand away; "so you find her interesting!"

"Yes, I do," I said, boldly. "Most things different are interesting. Besides, I haven't had anything else to interest myself in since this trip started. I had sort of hoped I might see something of you; but not having a uniform ——"

"Don't talk nonsense, Billy!" she snapped.

"It isn't nonsense. I'm in deadly earnest. When I think how many miles you've tramped beside one uniform or another since we left New York ——"

"Oh, those!" cried Mollie, and tossed her head. "I was just amusing myself!"

"Well, you weren't amusing *me!*" I retorted.

"I didn't know it was part of my job to amuse you," said Mollie. "Anyway, you didn't lack for amusement after the Roland woman arrived!"

"I wasn't so lonesome," I admitted. "She seemed to like me."

"And the shamelessness of her!" Mollie panted on. "Those uniforms, as you call them, were crazy to meet her — silly fools! And I tried to arrange it! And she turned me down! Said you were quite enough for her!"

"Did she?" I said grimly. "That's the first I knew of it — but I admire her good taste!"

Mollie half-started to her feet; then she dropped back again into the sand, and, to my intense stupefaction, put her head in her hands and began to sob.

"Oh, look here, Mollie," I cried, and tried to take one of her hands again, "I didn't mean anything — really I didn't! I take it all back. I agree with you about Mlle. Roland — there *is* something queer about her! All the interest I ever took in her was — well — detached, you know. And I don't think she ever had any special interest in me. In fact," I went on, with a burst of inspiration, "I shouldn't be surprised if she took me on just to torment you ——"

"How would it torment me?" Mollie demanded, looking at me with a steely eye.

"I don't know," I stammered; "but Creel was blabbing around about my being in love with some girl — I could have killed him!"

"So could I!" said Mollie.

"Anyway," I concluded, "it's evident that Mlle. Roland's lost whatever sort of interest she ever had in me!"

"She's a cat!" snapped Mollie, as though she resented Mlle. Roland's indifference even more than her interest.

"No, she's not," I protested. "Let's be fair to her. She liked me well enough at first — perhaps still does; but she's got something else to think about. I fancy she's growing fond of Jimmy — she certainly acts as though she were."

Mollie turned and stared at me in speechless astonishment.

"Blowing hot and cold, you know," I explained. "That's the way girls do, isn't it?"

"Not nice girls," said Mollie. "They don't torture people."

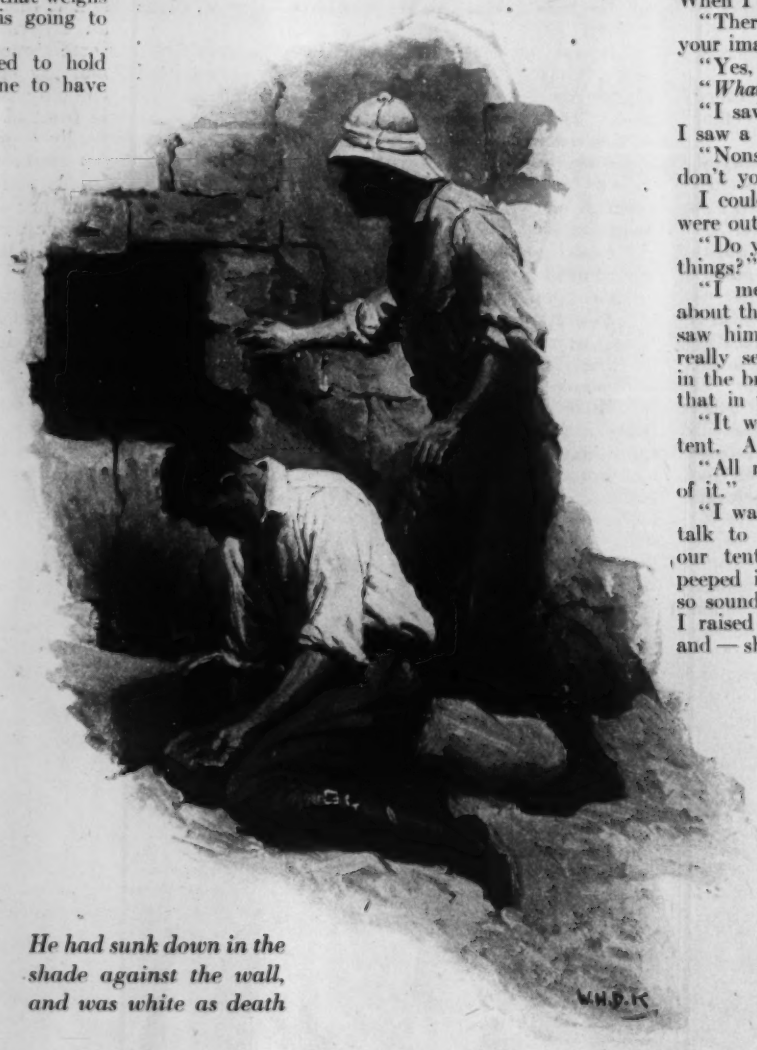
"Oh, *don't* they!" I commented.

"If you mean me, Billy Williams," she protested hotly, "it isn't so! I've never drawn you on — I've never given you any hope!"

"*Isn't* there any hope, Mollie?" I asked huskily.

She did not answer, and a sudden panic seized me.

"Don't answer right away," I hurried on. "I hadn't expected to ask that till we were ready to go home. I sort of felt that — that out here in the desert, we might get to know each other better — not that I need to know you any better — but you don't know me very well."



He had sunk down in the shade against the wall, and was white as death

"What makes you think so?" Mollie asked, with a queer little laugh.

"You've only seen me now and then — you've been away so much ——"

"I've seen you as often as you've seen me, haven't I?"

"Yes," I admitted; "but it isn't only seeing — it's thinking; and I've done so much thinking ——"

Mollie, who had been leaning back against a sand-hummock with a certain aggravating languor, sat erect with a sudden start. "What's that?" she whispered, staring out across the sand.

"What's what?" I asked, staring, too, but seeing nothing but the empty waste.

"There — over toward the ruins — there's something moving."

I followed the direction of her pointing finger.

"I don't see anything," I said, after a moment. "What was it like?"

"Just a — sort of gray shape."

She was breathing quickly, and I could see that she was really frightened.

"If it was anything at all," I said, "it was just one of the natives. Don't be foolish, Mollie!"

"I'm not foolish," she gasped. "I — I saw it last night! That's what I brought you out here to tell you."

It wasn't till afterwards I reflected that I hadn't been conscious of her having brought me out — I had thought it sort of spontaneous — for her words sent a distinct shock through me.

"*What* did you see last night?" I demanded.

She paused a moment to get her breath, and I felt her groping hand seeking mine, and seized it and held it fast.

"I don't know what time it was," she began; "but I had been sleeping a good while, and suddenly I woke, with cold sweat standing out all over me and simply shaking with fear."

"You had been dreaming," I said. "Nightmare — this Egyptian cooking is enough ——"

"No, I hadn't been dreaming — at least, nothing horrible. But suddenly I woke up, with a sense of something ghastly standing right there by my cot."

"Well, was there?" I asked.

"I didn't dare look for a moment, I was so scared. When I did look, it was gone."

"There was never anything there," I said; "just your imagination."

"Yes, there was something — I saw it go out."

"*What* did you see?" I demanded, exasperated.

"I saw the tent-flap fall behind it — and I *thought* I saw a flash of something gray."

"Nonsense!" I protested testily. "See here, Mollie, don't you get to seeing things, too!"

I could have bit my tongue the instant the words were out, but it was too late.

"Do you mean that somebody else has been seeing things?" she demanded intensely.

"I mean that one of the natives was wandering about the camp the other night," I said, "and Jimmy saw him and thought it was a ghost. *You* didn't really see anything — only your tent-flaps swinging in the breeze; in fact, I don't know how you could see that in the dark ——"

"It wasn't dark — we have a night-lamp in the tent. And that wasn't all."

"All right," I said, wearily; "let's have the rest of it."

"I was so scared," said Mollie, "that I felt I *must* talk to somebody, so I got up and — You know our tent is divided by canvas partitions — and I peeped in first at Ma Creel, and she was sleeping so sound I didn't have the heart to disturb her; so — I raised the other flap and looked into — *her* room and — she wasn't there!"

"Wasn't there?" I echoed.

"No — her cot was empty."

I confess a little chill ran over me at the words, though I can't imagine why. Then I shook myself together.

"Well, what of it?" I demanded. "If she couldn't sleep — if she wanted a breath of air — why, don't you see — that was it! She got up and peeped in to see if *you* were asleep, and you woke up just as she let the flap fall ——"

"Why should she have done that?" asked Mollie. "I don't like it!"

And then I had a flash of inspiration.

"I'll bet she had a date with Jimmy," I said. "Those two are fixing things up when nobody's around! And they never so much as look at each other when anybody is!"

Mollie rose with a little unconvinced shake of the head.

"I don't believe they're fixing things up," she said. "I don't believe the Roland woman cares a cent for him. I've thought of all that — but it's *too* simple. Besides, the awful feeling I had ——"

"Listen, Mollie," I said; "the feeling that I'm interested in is in regard to myself. How about it?"

"I don't know ——"

"Mollie ——"

"No," she said; "*I'll* have to do some thinking, first! Look — there's the moon!"

"Confound the moon!" I protested "It rises every night ——"

"Hush!" she said, and laid [*Continued on page 45*]

Uncle Sam Talks to Farmers

through Waldemar Kaempffert

Cartoon by Louis Fancher

BECAUSE I wear a rather old-fashioned star-spangled swallow-tail coat and somewhat conspicuous red-striped trousers (clothes that I never selected of my own free will, I assure you) and because I still sport an obsolete goatee, don't make the mistake of thinking me behind the times. If I am not exactly a glass of fashion in the matter of cravats, hats and whiskers, I am a very modish person when it comes to traction engines, threshing machines, test-tubes and retorts. Agriculturally speaking, I am decidedly ahead of the times. I move so fast that the farmers of the country are anywhere from a century to a decade behind me. If they would only try to catch up! How easy it would be to treble, even to quadruple our riches! How rare would be the grumbling that I hear when potatoes rot on the ground and bring twenty cents a peck in a town only fifty miles away!

Excuse me while I light my corn-cob pipe.

Well, sir, I began about sixty years ago to change the whole character of farming. Then, in common with the rest of the world, I entertained the idea that farming was a matter of plowing, planting, and harvesting — a horny-handed employment dignified by the sweat of countless generations of brows, and honorable because it was so indispensable. But the perpetually recurring mystery of birth, growth and death that follows the planting of a seed was uncontrolled. The Ohio farmer of 1860 was no wiser than the sons of Abraham. He was an agricultural gambler. When he sowed a field, he placed himself at the mercy of insect pest and plant disease, of storm and drought. He toiled and toiled, praying that a merciful Providence might shield him from disaster. Farming still has much of that old uncertainty; but it is no longer the most ancient and least understood business in the world, as it was when I first began to interest myself in its development.

It was not a farmer, but a chemist, who changed my idea of agriculture. He was Justus von Liebig, Professor in the University of Giessen. This man Liebig regarded farming as a branch of chemistry, and, what is more, he proved that his theory was right. Most of you are so young that you can't imagine what an upheaval followed the publication of Liebig's teachings. It was something quite comparable with the effect produced when the discovery of the X-rays was announced and when surgeons began to use them to perform wonderful operations. At any rate, I repeat, Liebig entirely changed my notions about agriculture.

It was hard to convince myself that a farmer was something more than a glorified day-laborer; that he was in reality an empirical chemist; and that if he was to make the most of these United States and to feed the rapidly increasing population cheaply and yet with profit to himself he would have to sow and reap, not as a manual laborer but as a scientist.

Out in Western Iowa I once heard of a farmer's boy who slaved from dawn until dusk in a dull, discouraging way.

"What do you get for your work?" someone asked him.

"Get?" he flared up. "Get? Get? Nothin' if I do. Hell if I don't!"

Can't you see in your mind's eye the farm on which that boy worked — the dilapidated outhouses and stables, the reeking pig-pens, the tottering fences, the scrawny work-horses, the lean and worn woman slaving for the men in the field, the utter brain-stunting weariness that comes when the day is done? It is the kind of farm that is passing. It is the kind of farm that *must* pass if this country is to live up to its ideals of freedom and contentment. That boy out in Iowa was better politically than a European peasant — praised be George Washington! — but he was a peasant for all that. He, too, was oppressed — oppressed by the selfishness and ignorance of others. And there seemed no escape.

I want no peasants in this broad, free land of ours. You can see at once how utterly incompatible is the idea of a peasantry with that of scientific farming. Peasant and scientist — their mental attitudes are separated from each other as far as the earth from the sun. By changing the world's point of view toward farming this chemist Liebig became a liberator.

Since I have been spreading the gospel of Liebig, there is less guessing, less gambling about raising wheat and clover than there used to be, but in spite of the $250,000,000 that I have spent in agricultural research up to the present time, in spite of the $600,000 a year that I pay merely for printing agricultural information, I fear that most of our farmers have not yet realized that they ought to be real scientists.

Hardly had I begun to take the new view of agriculture when I found that science is a key which unlocks door after door. When I discover a new kind of wheat, I want to compare it with the old in nutritive properties. So, I take up physiological chemistry. Another door is opened. That in turn leads me to the subject of flour milling. Accordingly, I study that. And so, as I say, I open door after door with each discovery, and the more doors that I open, the more new ones there seem to be that are locked.

It thus happens that I am often led so far away from agriculture that I have to rub my eyes sometimes when I consider what is expected of me as a scientific farmer. It's hard to believe that I am asked to keep an eye open for earthquakes, to teach women how to cook economically and palatably, to measure the horsepower developed by a man on a diet of cereals and bananas — hard to believe that these and dozens of equally queer tasks are assigned to me as a farmer. But when I consider how many sciences are touched in getting the most out of an acre, how even the migration of a Canada goose and the arrival and departure of trains from Chicago or St. Louis have their bearing on the growing of wheat or the making of butter, I am not so sure but I may have to make a study of deep-sea fishes in order to learn some facts that may be of use to a California orchardist. Do you know that in the interest of scientific farming I sound the atmosphere with kites and balloons to a height of miles, just as a sailor plumbs the deep sea with his lead? Or that I count sun-spots? Or that I am exceedingly desirous of finding out just how much heat the earth receives on a square rod from the sun? Or that I am gathering a whole encyclopedia of facts on volcanic eruptions and earth tremors for the purpose of enabling me to plan a house which cannot be shaken down by an earthquake?

These inquiries seem astonishingly remote from picking grape fruit in Florida or raising cotton in Texas; but I assure you that they are agriculturally important. Since the farmer is utterly dependent on wind and sunshine, I must find some way of telling him what the atmospheric future has in store for him. I can warn him twenty-four hours in advance of a coming cold wave or a drought. That's good as far as it goes. But it doesn't go one one-hundredth far enough. I want to devise a system of long-range forecasting; I want to tell the farmer what the weather will be, not the day after tomorrow, but six months hence. The astronomers have collected enough facts to convince me that the sun in general and sun-spots in particular exert a profound influence on the weather. As soon as I learned that I made up my mind that I would have to pay some attention to the sun, and that's why I improve each shining hour by squinting at the sun and taking photographs of its spots. Think what it would mean if I could tell farmers above the latitude of Indianapolis to sow only the hardiest plants in 1918 because the summer will be late in coming and spring will be cold! Isn't it worth while to spend a few thousands every year just in keeping an eye on the sun?

For years I have been puzzled about teaching farmers all that I have managed to discover with the microscope and the test-tube. I have given away books and pamphlets worth millions in the last fifty years. If there were anything to be gained by the proceeding, I would indulge in the popular journalistic pastime of figuring out how many acres the printed papers that I have published on agriculture would cover if spread out like a carpet. I wouldn't be at all astonished to learn that I have used up sheets enough to paper the entire surface of the earth. At any rate, I have distributed tons and tons of books on plowing, planting, rabbit-raising, forest fires, fertilizers, home economics, apple-raising, soil improvement and plant nutrition with results that have not been commensurate with my efforts at education. Geologists say that after millions and millions of years a running stream will wear away rock. They call the process erosion. I haven't noticed that the mental erosion caused by the whole libraries that I have scattered over the country is very marked. I wish that farmers would write more often to my chemists, engineers, bacteriologists and physicists in Washington — write to me, in other words. They don't realize how much help these agricultural experts can give.

I am now trying to reach these diffident farmers by a new method. Four years ago I opened up a new bureau in the Department of Agriculture and I called it the "Office of Information." Its purpose is to secure the widest possible circulation for the discoveries and recommendations of the scientists, specialists and field workers of the department. The Office of Information publishes a Weekly News Letter, a little periodical which presents the latest scientific information in popular form and which is sent to any newspaper editor who wants to reprint its articles. Since the News Letter is mailed free, I hope the demand for it will increase.

It will cost me $15,810 in 1917 to keep the Office of Information open to the public. Its usefulness is constantly increasing. No doubt that increase is in part due to its name. Somehow, I think that a farmer whose orchards are infested with destructive birds has some hesitation in writing to the Biological Survey of the Department for advice. "Office of Information" sounds more inviting, doesn't it? "Biological Survey" calls up visions of bespectacled, professional persons who don't like to be bothered with the farmer's

troubles, however accommodating they may be, in reality. So, I have arranged that anybody who has the price of a two-cent stamp can introduce himself to any one of the five hundred experts of the Department of Agriculture through the Office of Information. Don't blame me if the gypsy moth attacks your orchard. Don't complain in letters to the newspapers that Uncle Sam, for all the millions that he is spending, is indifferent to your individual wants. Don't wonder why your soil is clover-sick. Don't charge me with neglect if the mold spoils your corn.

It may be that I have not covered everything in my investigations. In fact, I am conscious of my limitations. Four years ago, to cite an example, someone said "the farm woman has been the most neglected factor in the rural problem, and she has been especially neglected by the national Department of Agriculture" — meaning me. The charge was not altogether true, but it made me sum up in my mind what I had actually done for the women. I had to admit that it wasn't much from a housewifely standpoint. To make good my neglect, I sent out fifty-five thousand letters to farm women. I asked them about the way they cooked, how they looked after their children, how they clothed themselves, how they spent their leisure moments (some of the farmer's wives must have smiled at that question), and whether they used washing machines and other mechanical devices to lighten the drudgery of housekeeping. It did me good to read the replies that I received. I collected them all and published them for the benefit of the country at large. Get them from the Superintendent of Public Documents. They will show you how few farmers really understand the needs of their wives and daughters, how the women have to struggle as best they can with equipment that was old in Thomas Jefferson's time. It made me angry to find out that a farmer will defend his wife's sacred honor to the last drop of his blood but that he will not buy her a fireless cooker or an electric iron or a mechanical dish-washer, even though he is ready to invest in the newest engine-driven wood-chopper or corn-sheller to save his own precious back.

After I got all those letters I sent out four hundred women county agents to teach farmer's wives how to keep house economically, how to cook, wash and iron, how to take care of the baby, how to can fruit — in a word, how to do everything about the farm house in a twentieth-century way. There ought to be an Aunt Sally as well as an Uncle Sam to look after the women. It really isn't a bachelor's task. At any rate, no one will ever say again that I am spending much time and money in teaching farmers how to raise pigs and apples, but that I never even say "good morning" to their women as I pass by. A farmer's wife certainly needs scientific teaching as much as her husband. I want her to regard her kitchen as a chemical laboratory, and the sooner that she does so, the sooner will she learn how to prepare nourishing food economically and palatably. What does she know about the digestibility of the hard palates of cattle? Or about the kind of luncheons that are best for a school boy? Or about the selection and combinations of food to form rational meals?

Largely to find out a few facts about food so that I could talk authoritatively to housewives who preen themselves on being good cooks, I bought a very complicated and expensive machine called a "respiration calorimeter." It is a box-like apparatus, a kind of room, in which you are confined while you do a certain amount of mental or physical work. Every lungful of air that goes into that box is measured, and so is every ounce of food and drink. There are also instruments that accurately record the amount of physical energy that you expend as the result of breathing a certain amount of air and eating a certain kind of food. In other words, I treat you, for the time being, as a living engine and the food you eat as so much fuel in order to find out the relative energy values of food-fuels. No farmer's wife need tell me what food gives the most energy for the least money. I know absolutely — yes, sir, absolutely — because I have experimented with nearly all foods in my respiration calorimeter. I simply will not let the woman argue with me. Why, bless you, I have actually made women scrub and sweep and perform real household tasks in the respiration calorimeter to find out how they themselves work when given different foods to eat.

My reports on agriculture are full of practical discussions of this kind. Scattered through them are hundreds of ideas for making money. I have heard of men who have spent huge sums in fitting out expeditions to recover covered or sunken treasure. If they would only dig up the treasures that lie buried in the millions and millions of pages that I have written on soil improvement, on utilizing waste woods and stumpage, on growing new, valuable fruits that even Burbank never dreamed of, on preventing canned vegetables from spoiling, and on converting anything that grows into a salable product! If the farmers would only realize that if all the knowledge that I have gained and that I am ready to impart free of charge were to be applied by the farms of the country the value of their crops would be increased ten million dollars for each growing day in the year! Over and over again I hear farmers railing at Wall Street, envying the fortunes piled up by munitions makers, and exclaiming, "I haven't a chance!"

Haven't a chance? Let me scatter a few chances right here.

A fortune can be made in this country by growing such medicinal plants as belladonna, Japanese mint (from which menthol is obtained), digitalis (prescribed by physicians for heart trouble) and a hundred others. I am experimenting with drug plants in Virginia, in Maryland, and in the upper Mississippi Valley, so that I know just what the cost of production and marketing should be. Why doesn't someone write to me about this?

Most of our red pepper and paprika is imported. In a country with such a varied soil and climate as ours, why can't we raise our own red pepper? I asked myself that question some years ago. Now, I can indicate very clearly how paprika can be successfully grown, here. Why not take the trouble to read my Department Bulletin No. 43 on the subject and find out whether it would not pay you to become a paprika grower?

Man alive, I could string the list of chances out until you would be weary of reading it. And farmers say they haven't a chance!

The so-called business men of large cities are as unimaginative as the farmers. Perhaps I can divert their attention from the stock of some wildcat mining company by tossing off a few money-making ideas on this page.

Four years ago I began an investigation to determine if there were not some way of making pure apple cider that would endure transportation without the use of preservatives. I found that if the cider is frozen, crushed and whirled in a centrifugal machine, it can be concentrated for less than twenty cents a gallon and that the finished product can be transported to market without the use of preservatives. One plant has been erected to make use of this success. Why are there not more such plants?

I have chemically studied eggs which are unfit to eat, and I am convinced that denatured egg-yolk can be used in tanning without injuring leather. Why am I not overwhelmed with an avalanche of letters from tanners imploring me to tell them about my results?

Two years ago, I began an investigation of enameled cooking utensils in the Bureau of Chemistry. I have cooked all kinds of foods in enameled ware to discover what kind of enamel is least affected by the food and what kind is therefore the safest to use. The man who first conscientiously carries out in actual practice the scientific procedure that I have evolved ought to die rich. Who is he?

I wonder who will be the first to take advantage of an investigation that I am now conducting to determine why wagon and hay-stack covers mildew; who will learn from me how a bookbinders' leather can be made that will not deteriorate; who will introduce my economical methods of making potato starch; who will buy the waste yeast of breweries and convert it into a fattening cattle food in a way that I will explain; who will build a machine that I have designed for packing sardines in cans efficiently and cheaply; and who will profit by the study of coffee roasting that I have made? Where is the Cortez who will conquer the south with my methods of economically utilizing the long-leaf yellow pine? Where are the Balboas and Pizarros whom I am ready to arm so that they may triumph in the art of paper making?

I must stop here simply to catch my breath and not because I could not recite hundreds of business opportunities, hundreds of processes that I am ready to disclose to any American citizen, whether he be a manufacturer or a farmer.

And Americans, supposed to be the most agile-minded, the most astute people in the world, say they haven't a chance!

I am bent on making the farmer realize that he has a chance — so much so that I am actually going in person right into his house, into his stable, and even into his pig-pen. If table-banging is the only way to make him understand, then I'll make the breakfast crockery dance.

But, you ask, how am I going to visit the farmer in person? Metaphorically speaking, I split myself up into more than one thousand Uncle Sams in the persons of as many demonstration agents. Disguised as an agent (I'm afraid those red-striped trousers and that starred, blue, swallow-tail coat of mine are more useful in patriotic cartoons than on the farm) I go right out into the field or into the house and see for myself whether or not the owner of the place has learned some of the lessons that I have been trying to teach him through my own agricultural reports and through the press of the country. If the man is progressive, if he wants to be a member of a cooperative marketing or cattle association, I will move heaven and earth to help him. I will arrange for the importation of pure-bred stock, if he needs it; I will show him how to protect valuable animals by inoculating them with preventive serums; I will teach him bookkeeping, if he doesn't know anything about it; I will help him build a drainage system, if the lack of one prevents him from succeeding.

Last year I paid about five hundred thousand visits to farmers in fifteen southern states alone. I demonstrated everything from building a silo to inoculating hogs with anti-cholera serum. I made those southerners terrace hillsides to stop rain from washing away the soil, pull up stumps, drain acres that were under water half the year, plant home gardens and buy labor-saving implements. Then I organized about five hundred communities so that they would cooperate in some useful way — breeding live stock, for example, or selling seed, or market crops, or borrowing money in a [*Continued on page 63*]

The Ghostly Bugles

by **Lizette Woodworth Reese**

Pictures by John Wolcott Adams

WHEN all the candles of the sun
Are quenched, and the long day is done,
And gusts about the highways go,
And twirls the vane on shadowy barn,
Then dim the bugles blow and blow,
The bugles of the Marne.

The houses standing all so meek,
Strain forward, sorrowing cheek to cheek;
The folk within them start and cry.
Like stir of reeds by some vague tarn,
The bugles whisper lean and high,
The bugles of the Marne.

There are great ghosts come marching by!
France listens with her face to sky;
France listens with her head on knees —
The ghosts of them that fought at Marne!
The bugles break with memories,
The bugles of the Marne.

Archangel Michael heads the train;
Next, Joan, like cloud of windy rain;
And next, the dead in swaying wall;
By old, hushed wharf, by croft and barn,
The aching bugles fade and fall,
The bugles of the Marne.

He saw two figures struggling at the taffrail. He couldn't tell who they were

"Divided We Fall"

by Dana Gatlin and Arthur Hately

Illustrations by Anton Otto Fischer

A MINOR episode, scarcely noted at the time, and not apparently relating to the story I'm going to tell, now stands out in my memory with startling significance. I was sitting on the wharf of an island seaport, idly watching a schooner's crew as they were clearing away the deck; two loaded gunnysacks remained, isolated but still supporting each other upright, when a sailor rushed up and rolled one away, leaving the other to topple to the deck.

The occurrence, of course, made no impression on me then; I went on observing the methodical movements of the crew. I almost envied those men, for I was penniless and thousands of miles from home. That is the reason I came to see the overture to the terrific drama of the after cabin, and then to get a seat, as it were, for the whole play. Not that I mean to speak as if I found entertainment on board the *Robin Lenners;* I'm not a sensitive plant — but that's not the way it struck me.

A man passed me, coming from the shore end of the wharf. The whole cut of his jib told that he was the captain; he was a big fellow, over six feet and well proportioned. He stopped at the gangway and looked back somberly at the row of water-front saloons. There was something striking, though I could not tell why, in that scrutiny.

After the captain had stepped, lightly for so big a man, down the plank and into the cabin companionway, another chap came down the wharf. He, too, stopped at the plank, but not to gaze back; passing a hand over the stubble on his chin, he furtively pulled a bottle from under his drill coat, drained it and threw it overboard. His looks did not tell that he was the Mate, but after I'd got a job aboard, I found that he was.

It was a minute-born impulse that took me aboard the ship to ask for work. I approached a man who was leaning on the handle of his broom, supervising the sluicing of the deck.

"Where's the Captain?" I asked.

The man turned a pleasant, weather-beaten face to me, scrutinized me, and then said:

"He's aft."

But just then the big man I'd first noticed, stepped from the hatch; and my informant said:

"Someone to see you, sir."

The Captain stared down at me. He had an almost stupid-looking face, but, even in the first encounter, I sensed power behind those expressionless eyes. His voice sounded harsh and dead, as he asked:

"What do you want?"

"I want to ship home with you. I'm broke."

He stared a moment longer, then turned away. At the hatch he turned again, and spoke down:

"Get your duffle aboard tonight — I sail at seven in the morning. You'll be cabin-boy and sleep aft. And remember there's two ends to a ship, and don't let me catch you in the fo'c's'le. The cook'll show you your duties."

So, that afternoon, with my few belongings, I was back on the *Robin Lenners.*

"You wait on table," instructed the cook, whose eyes were the brightest beads and whose hair was the blackest bristles ever I saw. "Wash cabin dish, and do what Ol' Man say sometime. You got plenty time sleep. Cabin boy ni-i-ce job — Ol' Man ver' easy for cabin boy. He on deck one hour, sleep one hour, on deck one hour, nevar say notting to you. Sometime to Mate he say plenty hell."

At that last I remember I laughed. Could I have foreseen, that laugh would have frozen hard on my lips!

Next morning we towed out, and, when we cast off the tug, the island was nothing but a line of surf, a glistening strip of beach, and a soft green blur sloping

back to the mountain crests. That day nothing eventful happened; I was busy till sundown; then, after writing in my diary, I took out some blankets, stretched myself on deck, and lit my pipe.

I remember how contented I was, and how lucky I counted myself — at last on my way home. Everything seemed very peaceful. The breeze had died, leaving our idle canvases slatting and banging as we rolled on the long ground swell. In the west the fiery sunset, so short-lived in the tropics, was already a somber glow. Then quickly, as if in some prearranged order, the stars began flashing out. In the atmosphere of peace, they seemed to me like the candles of a cathedral, touched, one by one, by the torch of the altar-boy.

In the morning, the island was a mere blue hump on the horizon far astern. Before us the sea was undulating velvet, as blue as the sky above, and sprinkled with diamond dust. The *Lenners* plodded on like a percheron, now with head up, now nosing into the friendly Pacific, an intent but unstraining progress.

That tranquil, sunny morning, I first got an inkling that there was something strange in the relationship between the Captain and the Mate.

I had gone below, helped get breakfast, and then knocked at Captain Richie's stateroom door. He came out at once. He reminded me of a huge Buddha I'd once seen, silent, and staring at you from those little, unblinking, unreadable eyes. I crossed the saloon, over to the entry off which the pantry and two Mates' rooms opened, and knocked on the first Mate's door. There was no answer.

"Knock again!" commanded Captain Richie shortly.

I did so, and then, after a long minute's wait, the door opened and the Mate — Mr. Haddon — appeared. His clothes looked as if he'd wallowed, fully dressed, all night in his bed. He was a very blond man, and showed traces of good looks of a weak kind. He didn't seem like a seaman; later I learned he wasn't truly a seaman — wasn't *of* the sea, that is. Now, unkempt and heavy-eyed, he moved to the table.

Captain Richie stared at him, saying nothing, and again his eyes reminded me of the expressionless idol. Haddon slumped down in his chair, his eyes on his plate. He lifted them to the Captain, quickly dropped them again; it struck me there was something furtive in that glance.

Then the Captain spoke:

"Ain't you going to eat?"

Haddon glanced up again, started to say something, stopped. The Captai gazed at him a minute longer, then turned his dead eyes to me.

"You'll find a bottle of medicine on my cabin table. Go and fetch half a glassful of it to Mr. Haddon."

I hurried, more quickly obedient to him than I've ever been to any other man. The "medicine" I found to be whiskey, but I half-filled the glass. When I returned, the Mate rose from his chair to take it, drained it neat, and then, without a word, shambled out of the room. Captain Richie watched his departing reflection in the bulkhead glass. His hands were spread flat on the table at each side of his plate; but, just after the Mate disappeared from view, I saw the hands slowly clench themselves, then relax.

However, when Jensen, the second Mate, entered, the Captain's tone, in greeting, was as bland as could be expected from that harsh, dead voice.

"'Morning, Mr. Jensen," he said, rising. "Begin on the fo'c's'le-head today, and work aft. Scrape the loose paint, and when she's clean, all hands can give her a coat of white. Deckloads play hell with the paint."

"Very well, sir," replied the second Mate.

"You'd better take on some of Mr. Haddon's work, too," went on the Captain. "He ain't feeling good today."

Then he carefully selected a toothpick and, with his step so marvelously light in so heavy a man, left the room.

It was that same morning, I remember, that I first saw the picture of the girl in Haddon's stateroom. Passing the half-open door, I glimpsed the photograph in its ornate, mock-gold frame upon the table, and I must admit that curiosity took me in there trespassing. And it was a picture, somehow, to draw one. A cheap cabinet photograph of a girl — it was evident she was a girl, from the slender lines of throat and bust, the rounded contour of her cheek; but her expression was not a girl's, and I could scarcely have told why. Perhaps it was because, even there in that cheap photograph, she gave the effect of being still, very still. Yet there was something curiously exciting and touching about that immobility. She had a weak, pretty mouth, and her eyes, though calm and gentle, conveyed to you a strange hint of audacity.

I gazed at the picture longer than I'd intended; then my eyes, withdrawing, fell on an object, so absurdly incongruous in those rough seaman's surroundings that I laughed aloud. It was a long, narrow case of silk which had once been baby blue, embroidered with pink rosebuds and bearing the inscription "Handkerchiefs." But my laugh quickly died, and a soft, large lump wedged my throat; and, before I stole from the room, I, a vagabond who'd foresworn all ties, dared rest my roughened hand a second against that silly little token of somebody's love.

Many times after that I stole in to gaze at that pictured face, the only hint of femininity on that rough ship of men. And the face grew on me, seeming to take on new attributes, developing with acquaintance. For all that calm expression, there was something charming and tender and fiery and merciful about it — an aura.

One day Haddon caught me in there. He entered clumsily, saw me, stopped, started forward with unsteady anger. But I apologized:

"Pardon me, Mr. Haddon. I shouldn't be in here, but I saw this pretty picture, and it made me so homesick I couldn't get away."

The Mate blinked at me uncertainly. "She's my wife," he said.

I was surprised; for some reason it had never occurred to me she was the Mate's wife. And because it hadn't, I felt a little confused. Rather inanely, I reiterated:

"She's very pretty."

At that the Mate tried to straighten up — did hold himself straighter than I'd seen him for several days.

"She's more than pretty — she's the finest woman in God's world!"

And then, slumping his shoulders again, his tone lifting to the whine of a complaining little boy, to my amazement he went on:

"The finest woman in the world — don't know why she had to get such a rotten deal. We both got rotten deals. Nothing for you in this world unless you're born to luck. Luck's always been against me. Luck and — folks. What chance is there? I wouldn't care — I got past caring long ago — I wouldn't care a damn if it wasn't for her. But she's so pretty and sweet and good — so ——"

At this point the Mate's voice broke and he collapsed to his bunk and began to weep. I got out at once; but, passing him, I caught a strong whiff of rum. Later I found out that he was apt to get weepy and peevish and garrulous at certain stages of intoxication; but, generally, at these times the Captain contrived to be around and his taciturn presence seemed enough to put an uneasy silence on Haddon.

I wondered why the Captain didn't put a stop altogether to the other's drinking. The Mate was virtually of no account. Even when comparatively sober, he would just moon from one job to another, at intervals cursing irritably at the men of his watch. The men didn't seem to mind and, behind his back, even grinned at one another. At last, one night in Jensen's room, I made bold to ask him about the matter. Jensen was the kindly second Mate who'd introduced me to the Captain that first day, as gentle and just and efficient a seaman as ever deserved to be a master himself.

"I wouldn't worry my mind about it," Jensen advised at first.

"But the Old Man could keep the stuff away from him, couldn't he?" I persisted.

"Maybe."

"Then why does he give it to him, himself?"

Jensen reached over my head and knocked his pipe out the edge of the porthole.

"Does he do that?" he asked.

I told of having seen the Captain, that very morning, give the Mate a half-tumbler of neat spirits.

"Well," commented Jensen, "I reckon he's got to work it that way. But he's really trying to help Haddon taper off. That's why he brought him along this trip."

"Just to sober him up?" I asked incredulously, for the Captain hadn't struck me as being the kind of a man who puts charity before efficiency.

"Yes," said Jensen. "The Old Man's sort of a friend of the family, I believe. Knows Haddon's wife and all."

"Ever see Haddon's wife?" I asked, thinking of the picture and the absurd little "handkerchief case."

"Yes," replied Jensen. "She was down to the dock when we sailed from Seattle."

"Pretty?"

"Yes, she's pretty."

We were silent awhile. Jensen took two or three puffs at his pipe, then knocked the ashes out on the porthole again.

"How's the barometer?" I asked.

"High, and the wind's dropping. We'll be without headway before morning." He blew through his pipe, refilled and lighted it, twisting the glowing end of the match between the thumb and forefinger.

Presently my inquisitiveness found voice again.

"Well," I said, "Haddon's a queer one to be in the berth of Mate."

"There's all kinds of sailors," returned Jensen to that, "but this Mate's the only one I ever saw get so far up with no stiffening in him but booze."

Then he told me more about Haddon's history. It seems that he came of pretty good stock, back east somewhere. In spite of his drinking, he worked up in the China passenger service till he became Third Officer on one of the big vessels out of San Francisco. He was the kind that's popular with passengers, good-natured and good-looking; and he wasn't a bad officer — when he was sober. Many offenses were overlooked; but one homeward trip something happened, and he was fired the day he landed. That was more than a year ago.

"It's all hard on his wife," I commented, thinking of that pictured face.

"Yes, women always have the hardest lot."

"Guess the Old Man must have been sorry for *her*," I pondered. "Yet it doesn't seem like him, does it?"

"No," agreed Jensen.

"I can't make the Old Man out anyway," I said.

Then Jensen who, under his mild exterior, concealed much of that insight and philosophical contemplation so characteristic of his race, for a moment laid aside his usual reserve and spoke aloud his thoughts.

"He's a seaman," he said, "which Haddon's not — in his soul. But Richie's born of the sea. The sea's got her children, and Richie's a son of her calm, callous, dogged mood. I love the sea and I've found many moods in her — soft, and mischievous, and malicious, and angrily superb; most [*Continued on page 68*]

A woman's voice murmured in my ear, "Hello, there, boy!"

Training Acorns to Be Oaks

Another Fine Talk in the "How to Live Long" Series

by **Cleveland Moffett**

NO father — and no mother — should fail to read this splendid article. It is sound and sincere, with the ring of eternal Truth in every word. It is Mr. Moffett — a father himself — at his very best

I SUPPOSE there come to every father as his children grow older (say from ten to seventeen) periods of discouragement when he feels himself unequal to the responsibility of these young lives.

"I cannot do it, I cannot bring up my own children," said a friend of mine to me, "I'm not a good father, I know it; I'm not equal to the job. I've worked hard all my life, I've tried to do right; but—no, sir, I can't bring up my children."

Then he went into details — I can hear him still. He seemed to speak the thoughts of thousands of fathers, for, after all, his were only ordinary problems, only average children perplexities.

"My children are so noisy, so heedless," he complained.

"And so disorderly, so forgetful," I smiled.

"Exactly. And they are so inconsiderate, so indifferent to everything I say to them; so exasperating —"

"In short, they are children, the very same kind of children we were."

"I suppose so," he grumbled.

"The very same kind of children they will have themselves."

"That may be true; but the question is, what are we going to do about it, we fathers?"

At this I laughed frankly.

"You talk as if you had brought these children into the world. How many nights have you ever sat up with them when they were sick? How much do you worry about their coats and overshoes?"

"Of course, their mother —"

"Precisely. Their mother does everything, thinks of everything and *she* doesn't complain about the children, does she?"

At this he became very penitent, extolling his wife as a saint and condemning himself as an irritable fool who did not deserve to have four splendid children.

The truth is he is simply an average, badly-organized father, a tired city dweller, over-fed, under-exercised, who really worships his children and realizes how their joyful presence rejuvenates the home; he would die if anything happened to them, but he has never learned to behave towards them in a rational way. He either plays with them and indulges them, as if they were kittens, keeping his conversation on the plane of a three-year-old intelligence (because this amuses him), or else, if he happens to be on his nerves, he suddenly becomes serious and authoritative and expects them to have the wisdom of forty.

"Father has exploded again," one of the children whispers to another; and for an hour or so the home is hushed in gloom, but this quickly passes with no particular results, either good or bad, except that father becomes a rather undignified figure, his real force being wasted.

Now, to repeat my friend's query: What are we fathers going to do about this? It is certain we must do something about it, for the years are passing, children's habits are forming; in another ten years this dear, sloppy, good-natured boy of twelve, our son, who tumbles about the house whistling through his teeth, will be battling single-handed with the devils of life. We must help him while we have the chance.

And this lovely child of sixteen, our daughter, so care-free, so buoyantly, so provokingly sure of herself — what will another ten years bring to her? What disillusioning truths? What soul-compelling mysteries? Let us not forget how very few years separate sweet sixteen from the sacredest of all mysteries, and help while we can, wisely, persistently, *while we can.*

Strange how little fathers understand their children! How little they remember their own feelings as boys! How easily they make towards their children the same mistakes *their* fathers made toward them. Take those two most cowardly, most devilish weapons for an adult to use against his defenseless ones, anger and sarcasm. Do fathers remember the searing lash of these when *they* were children? The long-torturing wounds? No. They have forgotten.

But sometimes, in a flash of tragedy, fathers are forced to see and understand. We may be sure that unhappy Massachusetts father saw and understood the other day after he had ordered his fourteen-year-old son to give a capsule of poison to the boy's pet dog. The boy did not argue, he did not explain, (boys are not fluent in interpreting their deep feelings) but he took the poison himself and he left this heart-breaking message for his father:

"Don't kill big puppy. I died in his place."

The trouble with the modern American father is that he does nothing to fit himself for the responsibilities of fatherhood. In other things he is intensely practical; if he buys an automobile he learns to run it; if he takes up golf, or billiards, or politics, he spares no effort to master the game. But when infinitely precious lives are put into his keeping he seems to think himself qualified to guide these lives and to make all decisions concerning them, including punishment decisions, without competence or preparation. He gives far less thought to children problems than he would give to dog problems, or horse problems, or poultry problems, if he was ambitious to win a blue ribbon at some country fair.

And yet there are blue ribbons in life that his children must win or lose! Blue ribbons of happiness! Of health! Of success! Half an hour a day of his serious personal attention would go far towards deciding these issues. Half an hour a day to the constructive work of being a father! It is not much when one thinks what is at stake and how ill prepared we are; yet it is more than the average hustling American will give — much more.

I know one American, a successful business man, who suddenly realized that his wife was overwhelmed with home problems (which were, after all, his problems) and resolved to help her. This idea came to him on a wonderful Easthampton day as they lay on the white sand and watched fishhawks soar over the breakers and let the clean sunshine soak into them. They were serene and comfortable, not in a hurry, and, before they knew it, they had smoothed out two or three domestic tangles that had been making trouble for months.

"Wouldn't it be fine," sighed the wife, "if we could always solve our problems in this wise, easy way?"

The husband was silent, wondering why it is that business and money problems, even of minor importance, are discussed with the utmost gravity at meetings of partners, directors, stockholders, whereas these home problems involving the welfare and happiness of precious children are left to one tired mother who cannot be expected to possess the wisdom of the universe just because she is loving. Why should there not be regular family discussions? Why should there not — Then the idea came.

"We could, we will," he answered, and he straightway suggested a Family Council: father, mother and children to assemble once every week at a regular hour to consider matters of mutual interest.

"We can tell the children calmly and good-naturedly anything that we think we ought to tell them," he went on, "and we can give them a chance to tell us calmly and good-naturedly anything that they think they ought to tell us."

This Family Council, it appears, was a success from the very start. Even the children regarded it as a success, for they found many of life's little hard corners made easier for them through this concentration of home wisdom. It was a business-like gathering at a regular time, and children like regularity. It was a coming together of the family for mutual fair play, and children like that.

As for the parents, this plan gave them welcome relief from the ceaseless necessity of immediate and often ill-considered or impatient decisions.

"We will leave that until the Family Council. You can bring that up at the Family Council."

The result was a lessening of daily tension in the home. A new safety-valve had been provided; a convenient pigeon-hole into which all disputes, grievances and grouches could be filed away for future consideration. Wait until the Family Council! Injustices no longer rankled since here was a tribunal for their fair adjustment. Also, for various reasons, acts of disorder and disobedience became less frequent when it was known that the hour for making amends would presently and inevitably strike.

No one was cross at these gatherings, no one was excited. Whatever was said had to do with things that had happened several days before, things that had been calmly considered since they happened and were now submitted to the Family Council without heat or exaggeration. One of the elder children kept minutes of the proceedings which were read the following week and which became a prized family record.

I was allowed to look over this record and came upon many interesting entries:

Harold will write out ten times neatly in ink and present at the next Family Council this statement: I realize the importance of keeping myself neat and clean, especially my hands and finger nails, and I will try to do this in the future. [Harold despised long words like "importance" and "especially."]

Mary receives high commendation for the performance of her home duties and her school work. She pleases father and mother very much.

AND so on, with many little devices, adopted after Discussions in Council, to give the children habits of order — some of which succeeded!

In the matter of discipline the children were shown that life abounds in punishments, that every act has inevitable and inescapable consequences, and they learned to take their medicine cheerfully when they realized that there was wisdom behind it. They even became interested in discussing the suitableness of particular punishments. When Douglas, at the age of seven, developed a habit of running away from home, it was regarded by all as perfectly fair (although humiliating) to tie him by a long rope to a tree in the front yard. This was a natural punishment and it proved efficacious. And Mary, at the age of ten, was cured of making ugly faces (a persistent trick of hers) when she was required to wear ugly hats to match the ugly faces, this idea being hit upon at the Family Council, and, of course, all her nice hats were taken away.

Here we have a constructive idea that might be developed in many homes, one that allows the father, without any great effort, by giving one hour a week, to co-operate helpfully with the mother in this most important business of training acorns to be oaks.

One hour a week! And a delightful hour!

Another hour a week might well be spent by fathers who really wish to be fathers in reading books that explain the strange laws of heredity, the mysteries of that fascinating new science of eugenics. Let them study "Heredity and Environment" by Edwin Grant Conklin, professor of biology at Princeton University. And Saleeby's "Parenthood and Race Culture." And "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics," by C. B. Davenport of the Carnegie Institution. This knowledge illumines all health problems, all educational problems, and makes us more reasonable and merciful when it comes to passing judgment on the younger generation.

"LET a father, then, as soon as his son is born, conceive, first of all, the best possible hopes of him, for he will thus grow the more solicitous about the boy's improvement from the very beginning."— Quintilian

In such books fathers learn (and mothers, too) that it is foolish for them to look for rare qualities or talents in their children unless they themselves, *both of them*, or their ancestors have possessed those qualities and talents. A mother who has musical or artistic ability, a father who has literary or mechanical ability will naturally expect to have children similarly endowed, but they will probably be disappointed — nor should the children be blamed — unless the desired talent, the same talent, comes from both sides of the family. The only way a woman musician can be *sure* to have musical children is to marry a musician. Then the thing is practically certain. And the same is true of memory, of will power, of superior mentality, of superior health, of energy, of longevity. So it becomes clear that a man really selects his children and a woman really selects her children, that is, they limit the children pretty definitely for better or for worse, *when they select each other as mates!*

"Surely you do not mean that parents are responsible for laziness in their children?" someone may object.

Not entirely responsible, yet partly so; for laziness is an indication of lessened energy, and energy is a matter of inheritance. Witness these two laws of heredity that parents should ponder well before chiding too sharply some indolent youth or slow-witted maiden and before bestowing their praises too extravagantly in meritorious cases:

(1) Where both parents have high energy the children will range from medium to high energy.
(2) Where both parents have low energy the children range from medium to low energy.

These are facts, not fancies; they are eugenic laws as unchangeable as two and two make four and must be taken account of in the home and in the school. We must study the oak before we can understand the acorn. And we must not find fault with any particular acorn until we know which particular oak and line of oaks produced it.

Whether our boys and girls are favored or unfavored by heredity one thing is certain — they must be taught to make the best of what they have; they must be made to understand that success, whether in education or in life, calls for the ability to *do things that must be done*, pleasant things or unpleasant.

"But why," complains rosy-cheeked Reginald, a weary young philosopher of thirteen, son of well-to-do and indulgent parents, "why is it that all the things we want to do and enjoy doing, like rough-house in the parlor, and staying up late and reading about train robbers, are wrong, and all the detestable, hard things like Cæsar, and compound fractions, and going to the dentist on Saturday afternoon instead of going skating, are right?"

Poor Reginald! He echoes the query of the ages: Why are all the pleasant things wrong?

And lovely Mildred, his sister, a temperamental girl of sixteen with ideas of her own about life, makes a sounder attack upon educational methods. Her arraignment is against some particular curriculum, she rebels at school work that seems to her valueless.

"*Why* must I have these dreary, hateful studies? What is the *use* of it — French grammar and Latin composition and algebra? What *good* does it do?"

And she begs her parents to let her drop the regular course and take instead things that she really enjoys — French literature and drawing and physiology.

I am the last person to oppose a modernizing of our school and college courses. I believe in replacing Latin and Greek with French, German and Spanish, and in having these useful languages taught with a view to practical results (reading and speaking) without burdening children's minds with needless grammatical subtleties. I believe in the extended teaching of modern science and domestic arts and would have teachers of mathematics dwell less upon the value of their subject in the way of mental gymnastics and more upon its practical usefulness in other studies or in life.

Practical usefulness!

That should be the main purpose of our American schools and colleges and I am glad the General Education Board (Rockefeller foundation) have recognized this in sweeping curriculum changes that are now planning, *but* —

All this being granted, it is nevertheless true that, after these changes have been made, our children will still face the painful necessity of working. Alas! How is Miss Mildred to become proficient in her favorite physiology, her favorite drawing, her favorite French literature (she thinks them her favorites) unless she works? What can prevent these new studies or any other studies from seeming just as irksome as the old ones, once the novelty of change is worn off, unless she works?

Work! Regular work! There is the overshadowing burden, the unescapable destiny that saddens young America! How can we explain to our sons and daughters, filled with the *joie de vivre*, this sombre and unwelcome fate?

I recently listened to an address by the president of Yale University in which this distinguished educator discussed various ways of getting work out of students, the old, hard, competitive system of good and bad marks (heaven and hell) and the new elective system where love of congenial work is supposed to make effective workers, but in practise does nothing of the sort. The speaker seemed at a loss to say what *will* make students put forth their best powers of achievement.

Work! Why must our young men work? Why must our young women work?

The obvious answer is that work is the common lot, the universal law; the enormous majority of men and women work because they are [*Continued on page 38*]

SUMMER — *by* Edith Wharton

Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

This great novel will end next month

THAT night, as usual, they said good-by at the wood's edge.

Harney was to leave the next morning early. He asked Charity to say nothing of their plans till his return, and, strangely even to herself, she was glad of the postponement. A leaden weight of shame hung on her, benumbing every other sensation, and she bade him good-by with hardly a sign of emotion. His reiterated promises to return seemed almost wounding. She had no doubt that he intended to come back: her doubts were far deeper and less definable.

Since the fanciful vision of the future that had flitted through her imagination at their first meeting she had hardly ever thought of his marrying her. She had not had to put the thought from her mind; it had not been there. If ever she looked ahead she felt instinctively that the gulf between them was too deep, and that the bridge their passion had flung across it was as insubstantial as a rainbow. But she seldom looked ahead; each day was so rich that it absorbed her. . . . Now her first feeling was that everything would be different, and that she herself would be a different being to Harney. Instead of remaining separate and absolute, she would be compared with other people, and unknown things would be expected of her. She was too proud to be afraid, but the freedom of her spirit drooped. . . .

Harney had not fixed any date for his return: he had said he would have to look about first, and settle things. He had promised to write as soon as there was anything definite to say, and had left her his address, and asked her to write also. But the address frightened her. It was in New York, at a club with a long name in Fifth Avenue: it seemed to raise an insurmountable barrier between them. Once or twice, in the first days, she got out a sheet of paper, and sat looking at it, and trying to think what to say; but she had the feeling that her letter would never reach its destination. She had never written to anyone farther away than Hepburn.

Harney's first letter came after he had been gone about ten days. It was tender but grave, and bore no resemblance to the gay little notes he had sent her by the freckled boy from Creston River. He spoke positively of his intention of coming back, but named no date, and reminded Charity of their agreement that their plans should not be divulged till he had had time to "settle things." When that would be he could not yet foresee; but she could count on his returning as soon as the way was clear.

She read the letter with a strange sense of its coming from immeasurable distances, and having lost most of its meaning on the way; and in reply she sent him a colored post-card of Creston Falls, on which she wrote: "With love from Charity." She felt the pitiful inadequacy of this, and understood, with a sense of despair, that in her inability to express herself she must give him an impression of coldness and reluctance; but she could not help it. She could not forget that he had never spoken to her of marriage till Mr. Royall had forced the word from his lips; though she had not had the strength to shake off the spell that bound her to him she had lost all spontaneity of feeling, and seemed to herself to be passively awaiting a fate she could not avert.

She had not seen Mr. Royall on her return to the red house. The morning after her parting from Harney, when she came down from her room, Verena told her that her guardian had gone off to Worcester and Portland. It was the time of year when he usually reported to the insurance agencies he represented, and there was nothing unusual in his departure except its suddenness. She thought little about him, except to be glad he was not there. . . .

She kept to herself for the first days, while North Dormer was recovering from its brief plunge into publicity, and the subsiding agitation left her unnoticed. But the faithful Ally could not be long avoided. For the first few days after the close of the Old Home Week festivities Charity escaped her by roaming the hills all day when she was not at her post in the library; but after that a period of rain set in, and one pouring afternoon, Ally, sure that she would find her friend indoors, came around to the red house with her sewing.

The two girls sat upstairs in Charity's room. Charity, her idle hands in her lap, was sunk in a kind of leaden dream, through which she was only half-conscious of Ally, who sat opposite her in a low rush-bottomed chair, her work pinned to her knee, and her thin lips pursed up as she bent above it.

"It was my idea running a ribbon through the gauging," she said proudly, drawing back to contemplate the blouse she was trimming. "It's for Miss Balch: she was awfully pleased." She paused and then added, with a queer tremor in her piping voice: "I darsn't have told her I got the idea from one I saw on Julia."

Charity raised her eyes listlessly. "Do you still see Julia sometimes?"

Ally reddened, as if the allusion had escaped her unintentionally. "Oh, it was a long time ago I seen her with those gaugings. . . ."

Silence fell again, and Ally presently continued: "Miss Balch left me a whole lot of things to do over that time."

"Why — has she gone?" Charity inquired with an inner start of apprehension.

"Didn't you know? She went off the morning they had the celebration at Hamblin. I seen her drive by early with Mr. Harney."

There was another silence, measured by the steady tick of the rain against the window, and, at intervals, by the snipping sound of Ally's scissors.

Ally gave a meditative laugh. "Do you know what she told me before she went away? She told me she was going to send for me to come over to Springfield and make some things for her wedding."

CHARITY again lifted her heavy lids and stared at Ally's pale pointed face, which moved to and fro above her moving fingers.

"Is she going to get married?"

Ally let the blouse sink to her knee, and sat gazing at it. Her lips seemed suddenly dry, and she moistened them a little with her tongue.

"Why, I presume so . . . from what she said. . . . Didn't you know?"

"Why should I know?"

Ally did not answer. She bent above her blouse, and began picking out a basting thread with the point of the scissors.

"Why should I know?" Charity repeated harshly.

"I didn't know but what . . . folks here say she's engaged to Mr. Harney."

Charity stood up with a laugh, and stretched her arms lazily above her head.

"If all the people got married that folks say are going to you'd have your time full making wedding-dresses," she said ironically.

"Why — don't you believe it?" Ally ventured.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his. "I'm going to see my mother"

"It would not make it true if I did — nor prevent it if I didn't."

"That's so. . . . I only know I seen her crying the night of the party because her dress didn't set right. That was why she wouldn't dance any. . . ."

Charity stood absently gazing down at the lacy garment on Ally's knee. Abruptly she stooped and snatched it up.

"Well, I guess she won't dance in this either," she said with sudden violence; and grasping the blouse in her strong young hands she tore it in two and flung the tattered bits to the floor.

"Oh, Charity —" Ally cried, springing up. For a long interval the two girls faced each other across the ruined garment. Ally burst into tears.

"Oh, what'll I say to her? What'll I do? It was real lace!" she wailed between her piping sobs.

Charity glared at her unrelentingly. "You'd oughtn't to have brought it here," she said, breathing quickly. "I hate other people's clothes — it's just as if they were there themselves." The two stared at each other again over this avowal, till Charity brought out, in a gasp of anguish: "Oh, go — go — go — or I'll hate you too. . . ."

When Ally left her, she fell sobbing across her bed.

THE long storm was followed by a northwest gale, and when it was over, the hills took on their first umber tints, the sky grew more densely blue, and the big white clouds lay against the hills like snow-banks. The first crisp maple-leaves began to spin across Miss Hatchard's lawn, and the Virginia creeper on the Memorial splashed the white porch with scarlet. It was a golden triumphant September. Day by day the flame of the Virginia creeper spread to the hillsides in wider waves of carmine and crimson, the larches glowed like the thin yellow halo about a fire, the maples blazed and smouldered, and the black hemlocks turned to indigo against the incandescence of the forest.

The nights were cold, with a dry glitter of stars so high up that they seemed smaller if more vivid. Sometimes, as Charity lay sleepless on her bed through the long hours she felt as though she were bound to those wheeling fires and swinging with them around the great black vault. At night she planned many things . . . it was then she wrote to Harney. But the letters were never put on paper, for she did not know how to express what she wanted to tell him. So she waited. Since her talk with Ally she had felt sure that Harney was engaged to Annabel Balch, and that the process of "settling things" would involve the breaking of this tie. Her first rage of jealousy over, she felt no fear on this score. She was still sure that Harney would come back, and she was equally sure that, for the moment at least, it was she whom he loved and not Miss Balch. Yet the girl, no less, remained a rival, since she represented all the things that Charity felt herself most incapable of understanding or achieving. Annabel Balch was, if not the girl Harney ought to marry, at least the kind of girl it would be natural for him to marry. Charity had never been able to picture herself as his wife; had never been able to arrest the vision and follow it out in its daily consequences; but she could perfectly imagine Annabel Balch in that relation to him.

The more she thought of these things the more the sense of fatality weighed on her: she felt the uselessness of struggling against circumstances. She had never known how to adapt herself: she could only break and tear and destroy. The scene with Ally had left her stricken with shame at her own childish savagery. What would Harney have thought if he had witnessed it? But when she turned the incident over in her puzzled mind she could not imagine what a civilized person would have done in her place. She felt herself too unequally pitted against unknown forces. . . .

At length this feeling moved her to sudden action. She took a sheet of letter paper from Mr. Royall's office, and sitting by the kitchen lamp, one night after Verena had gone to bed, began her first letter to Harney. It was very short:

"I want you should marry Annabel Balch if you promised to. I think maybe you were afraid I'd feel too bad about it. I feel I'd rather you acted right. Your loving

"CHARITY."

She posted the letter early the next morning, and for a few days her heart felt strangely light. Then she began to wonder why she received no answer.

One day as she sat alone in the library pondering these things the walls of books began to spin around her, and the rosewood desk to rock under her elbows. The dizziness was followed by a wave of nausea like that she had felt on the day of the exercises in the Town Hall. But the Town Hall had been crowded and stiflingly hot, and the library was empty, and so chilly that she had kept on her jacket. Five minutes before she had felt perfectly well; and now it seemed as if she were going to die. The bit of lace at which she still languidly worked dropped from her fingers, and the steel crochet hook clattered to the floor. She pressed her temples hard between her damp hands, steadying herself against the desk while the wave of sickness swept over her. Little by little it subsided, and after a few minutes she stood up, shaken and terrified, groped for her hat, and stumbled out into the air. But the whole sunlit autumn world reeled and roared around her as she dragged herself along the interminable length of the road home.

AS she approached the red house she saw a buggy standing at the door, and her heart gave a leap. But it was only Mr. Royall who got out, his traveling-bag in hand. He saw her coming, and waited in the porch. She was conscious that he was looking at her intently, as if there were something strange in her appearance, and she threw back her head with a desperate effort at ease. Their eyes met, and she said: "You back?" as if nothing had happened, and he answered: "Yes, I'm back," and walked in ahead of her, pushing open the door of his office. She climbed to her room, every step of the stairs holding her fast as if her feet were lined with glue.

Two days later, she descended from the train at Nettleton, and walked out of the station into the dusty square. The brief interval of cold weather was over, and the day was as soft, and almost as hot, as when she and Harney had emerged on the same scene on the Fourth of July. In the square the same broken-down hacks and carry-alls stood drawn up in a despondent line, and the lank horses with fly-nets over their withers swayed their heads drearily to and fro. She recognized the staring signs over the eating-houses and billiard saloons, and the long lines of wires on lofty poles tapering down the main street to the park at its other end. Taking the way the wires pointed, she walked on hastily, with bent head, till she reached a wide transverse street with a brick building at the corner. She crossed this street and glanced furtively up at the front of the brick building; then she returned, and entered a door opening on a flight of steep brass-rimmed stairs. On the second landing she rang a bell, and a mulatto girl with a bushy head and a frilled apron let her into a hall where a stuffed fox on his hind legs proffered a brass card-tray to visitors. At the back of the hall was a glazed door marked: "Office." After waiting a few minutes in a handsomely furnished room, with plush sofas surmounted by large gold-framed photographs of showy young women, Charity was shown into the office. . . .

WHEN she came out of the glazed door Dr. Merkle followed, and led her into another room, smaller, and still more crowded with plush and gold frames. Dr. Merkle was a plump woman with small bright eyes, an immense mass of black hair coming down low on her forehead, and unnaturally white and even teeth. She wore a rich black dress, with gold chains and charms hanging from her bosom. Her hands were large and smooth, and quick in all their movements; and she smelt of musk and carbolic acid.

She smiled on Charity with all her faultless teeth. "Sit down, my dear. Wouldn't you like a little drop of something to pick you up? . . . No. . . . Well, just lay back a minute then. . . . There's nothing to be done just yet; but in about a month, if you'll step around again. . . . I could take you right into my own house for two or three days, and there wouldn't be a mite of trouble. Mercy me! The next time you'll know better'n to fret like this. . . ."

Charity gazed at her with widening eyes. This woman with the false hair, the false teeth, the false murderous smile — what was she offering her but immunity from some unthinkable crime? Charity, till then, had been conscious only of a vague self-disgust and a frightening physical distress; now, of a sudden, there came to her the grave surprise of motherhood. She had come to this dreadful place because she knew of no other way of making sure that she was not mistaken about her state; and the woman had taken her for a miserable creature like Julia. . . The thought was so horrible that she sprang up, white and shaking, one of her great rushes of anger sweeping over her.

Dr. Merkle, still smiling, also rose. "Why do you run off in such a hurry? You can stretch out right here on my sofa. . . ." She paused, and her smile grew more motherly. "Afterwards — if there's been any talk at home, and you want to get away for a while. . . . I have a lady friend in Boston who's looking for a companion . . . you're the very one to suit her, my dear. . . ."

Charity had reached the [*Continued on page 53*]

Overheard in the Cars

by Richard Le Gallienne

I THINK there is nothing more comforting to those of us who, through all the grind of existence, have succeeded in retaining a percentage of our youthful idealism than the surprise we occasionally receive from the chance-heard remark of some stranger on the cars, or on the street, which reminds us that we are not so much alone in our ideal interests as we perhaps thought ourselves.

Such was the remark that fell on my ears recently, in a smoking-car, on my way to town.

Two deep-voiced men were talking earnestly behind me. I had been reading, and had not noticed them, till suddenly this, from one of them, fell on my astonished ears:

"*There is beauty in it — if you are big enough to get it.*"

I should hardly have been more amazed if a nightingale had suddenly begun to sing over the heads of the poker-players in front of me.

Involuntarily, I turned round to have a look at the talkers. They were big, manly young men of the American business-man type — "mere business-men," as a young poet would say. My look cost me the clue to their conversation, for they lowered their voices after that — but I got the idea somehow that they were talking either of American architecture, or the evolution of American politics, to either of which I found no difficulty in applying their words. However that be, I found them inspiring words to carry about with me for that day, all the more so for the circumstances of their utterance.

One evening, several years ago in New York, I was standing on the rear platform of the 125th Street cross-town car, and had just started in to glance at the headings of my evening paper, under the lamp, when, at the same instant that I had observed the news for myself, a voice exclaimed over my shoulder:

"Mr. Swinburne dead!"

I turned, in natural surprise. It was the conductor! He paused a moment to help aboard a stout old lady with bundles, rang up the motor-man, and then turned again to me.

"And they used to say that he was all music and no meaning," he continued, and then added, "As if most of the meaning of poetry wasn't in the music!"

I took this singular young conductor's name and address, promising myself further talks with so true a poetry lover and so good a critic; but it is one of the many regrets of my life that I afterwards lost it, and my Swinburnian conductor has thus vanished into the fairyland from whence, perhaps, he came.

One other piece of luck, more pertinent to the hour, I had on the cars, one evening soon after the opening of the present war. Seated next me was a well set-up young man of about thirty-five, whose voice, as he asked for a match, was unmistakably London. So, of course, we got to talking about the war. At the moment, he said, he was taking care of a gentleman's stable, but a few years ago he had "done his bit" for the old country, and was ready to do it again — done it in the Boer War. I asked him about fighting, how it felt to make a charge, storm a hill, and so forth. He told me many things, but this is what I took away from our talk as chiefly remarkable — and I must preface his statement by saying that his general talk and style was far from suggesting a Y. M. C. A. Therefore, it had the more significance.

"But strange as it sounds," he said, or words to that effect, "and God's truth, I'm far from being a religious man — the biggest factor in war is God! However little religion you've got at home, the biggest blackguard in the ranks prays as you go into action."

Then he added, "You figure yourself out as dead already — you see your mother, your girl, all your people dressed in black — and somehow this feeling of being dead to yourself nerves you up to fight all the harder — and you rush at it without any more fear. What is there to fear? — you are dead already."

Some Slick Slackers

Drawn and Quartered by J. André Smith
(of The Vigilantes)

Hardly Fixit

Efficiency expert, who considers himself beyond the age limit and believes he can best serve his country by standing aside for a younger man

Septimus Seller

Author of "Household Hints" and "Kitchen Chats," who is now at work on his great American war novel, "The Bloody Dawn"

Florence Flapper

Leading lady of the Twilight Comedy Company, who is training herself to be a traffic cop

Reginald Dolittle

Who has ventured to become Corporal in the Hazel Manor Home Defense League on first and third Tuesdays — until actual War

Peter Popover

Who has sacrificed himself in marriage to avoid the trenches — and deserves what he gets

Sidney Goldenheimer

Emergency Quaker and conscientious objector

Ernest Hope

Who expects to be a father in September

Harry Phake

Who has learned that the loss of a tooth is a cause for exemption and has sacrificed his looks to save his life

Freddy Stall

Who has suddenly discovered a varicose vein and a dependent though distant aunt

John Piker

Statistician, who has it doped out that the war will be over before we can get ready. So why worry?

Not a Cent in the House

Part II

"Oh, Jerry, why did you take it?"

by Anna Steese Richardson

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

DANGER in any form is stimulating. It rouses you from lethargy. It sharpens your wits. It teaches you to concentrate. It makes mere inconveniences and deprivations seem petty. And, if you are a woman, it brings to the surface those attributes commonly credited to the maternal instinct.

I've never felt so vitally, thrillingly alive in my life!

When I realized that Jack had spent his last cent on a limited supply of staple food stuffs, and that he could not raise a dollar on the crop which cannot be harvested for two months, I knew we were in danger. Not that I am afraid of starving. This doesn't happen in a civilized community unless you're mentally defective, or, for some reason, afraid to make your needs known. The great danger which confronts us is being forced to relinquish the land before we harvest the crop, in order that we may live. The thought of Jack's losing all he has invested in the ranch and starting afresh *with nothing* is the dread which crouches just outside our door day and night.

My work is to keep it there—outside!

So I've been taking account of stock.

First, I figured on that last grocery order like a commissary in war time, and every night I make Jack set the traps afresh, for the field mice invade both my tiny pantry and the outdoor cellar.

Then the precious green things which are raising their heads in the little patch which Jack let me plant in vegetables, *for exercise!* I wish I had asked for half an acre! I wonder why men who set out to be wheat kings have such an aversion to raising vegetables. They seem to concentrate their own energies and everyone else's on grain.

Nancy, our cow, is dry, but Jack says she'll have a calf in a week or so, and then we'll have all the milk we need. I'm glad he bought feed for Nancy instead of the gelatin, figs, oranges and olives I had on the grocery list.

Then there's mountain trout in the river, and jack rabbits make almost as good a fricassee as chicken. But I wish I had a hundred hens instead of ten!

Hattie-Belle, do you remember how we all wore our newest and freshest toggery when we went to take the Regent's exams? We were scared stiff—and we needed the moral support of looking our best! Well, I have just worked over my rose charmeuse and a lace dinner frock into a love of a peignoir. If I have to set Jack down to fried cornmeal mush, brown sugar syrup and stewed prunes, he shall at least have a rose-colored supper partner. For I'm scared, Hattie-Belle, not of mush and brown sugar, but of a memory—Mrs. Meagher, in the rusty black silk, and the cotton fichu that she wore at the Blackmore dance. And all day I haven't dared to look at the mountains for fear each peak would stand out like a glistening bayonet in a gigantic granite hand, holding the pass against those who are penniless.

When I woke up this morning, I missed a familiar sound—the impudent ticking of our alarm-clock—the same one, Hattie-Belle, that once goaded me to early rising in Reading. I told Jack to wind and set it before he went out to the corral, but he stalked off whistling. For that, he should wait for his eggs, I decided. He likes them boiled three minutes—*just so*. When he came in for breakfast, he said he didn't want eggs this morning anyway, and how would I like to go fishing in a day or so? Mountain trout are the loveliest things—flashes of tan, gray, pink and silver, as they leap from pool to pool. So you see, Hattie-Belle, I was so diverted that I forgot all about the clock, until I had been fortified with oatmeal, coffee and hot biscuits. After this, the discovery that Jack could not set the clock, because he no longer has a watch, was less of a shock than it might have been on an empty stomach! All troubles are comparative, and if taken singly, can be borne easily. Suppose that the mainspring of the clock had snapped, too!

With a woman's morbid yearning for details, I insisted on knowing which of King City's seventy-nine adult inhabitants had swung the three-ball sign to the breeze. Jack looked at me above his pipe.

"You can just wager, Peggy, that I didn't advertise my need of cash in King City. Jerry, good old pal, rode all the way to Copeland and raffled it off—at the Empire Saloon!"

How much we owe to the movies! I could close my eyes and see it all—the low ceiling, the rafters, the smoky lamps, the slouching cowboys, the sharp-featured barkeeper, a dancing girl or two in tawdry finery, and Jerry, dare-devil, brown-eyed, laughing Jerry, baiting the buyers with jokes.

"Well," I mused aloud, "Jerry could do that sort of thing better than you could. It's in his line—raising money!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Jack, his pipe in mid-air.

It must have been the way I said it, more than the words. I pulled myself together in a flash.

"He's a better mixer than you are, Jack; that's all. He ought to have been an actor—or an evangelist."

"Yes," answered Jack, mollified by my praise, "the toughest cowpuncher and the surliest sheepherder on the range has a 'Howdy' for Jerry. I've seen him stop a row by sitting down to the rattle-trap piano in the Empire and singing 'My Old Kentucky Home.' On the second verse the belligerents are usually swearing life-long friendship, and the rouge on the town's latest beauty is smeared like the pink icing on a birthday cake.

But somehow—you and Jerry don't seem to hit it off. Don't you like him, Peggy?"

It's desperately hard to dodge a question like that, when the onliest man lifts your chin with his lean, brown hand and looks down into the very depths of your eyes.

"Yes, I like him, Jack, but I'll never quite—quite forgive him for knowing you two years before I did. I'm

I got on the south side of the shack watching the men lay the foundations of our new house. Jack, Jr., was lying across my knees

that jealous. Oh, Jack, suppose I never had met you!"

And what he said in reply to that, Hattie-Belle, is not to be repeated—even to you!

But when he'd gone off with Quito to the ditches, I went to my trunk and dug up my watch, one of those absurd Swiss trinkets, all blue-and-gold enamel, the very sort of watch a middle-aged uncle would pick out for his niece's sixteenth birthday. Then I found a piece of black grosgrain ribbon, made a fob to take off the curse of blue and gold, and while Jack is asleep tonight, I'll slip it into his empty pocket.

He set the clock for noon when he squinted the sun directly overhead, but we shan't be sure of the time until Jerry or Manuel Sanchez stops off. Isn't it funny, Hattie-Belle—I can't telephone Central for Western Union time, and I can't drop into a bank to cash a check, and yet I can sing at my work!

Quito has gone—Quito with his funny, crooked smile, his ubiquitous cigarette, his clicking-clacking spurs.

I found Jack and Jerry discussing his fate when I came in from my little vegetable patch with the crispest radishes you ever sank your teeth in, Hattie-Belle, and the shade of sparkling Burgundy!

Jerry was dead against it.

"You can't afford to let 'em know over in King City, that you can't even hold onto your Mexican. A move like that will hurt your credit."

"I can't hurt something that no longer exists," Jack answered bitterly. "Quito would wait till kingdom-come for his wages—but meantime he's got to be fed—and Fawcett wouldn't give me credit for the makings of a cigarette these days. I can't let a matter of pride stand between me and holding this land."

Jerry snuffed his cigarette absentmindedly in Grandmother Earl's candlestick and plunged his hands into his pockets.

"Darned if I can see through their game. Five years ago, the ditch people, the real-estate men and the banks were all laying down the red velvet carpet for investors—everything offered us from low interest to bonuses—anything to develop the country. And now, all of a sudden, neither of us can get our notes renewed and our credit seems to have died a violent death. Somebody's got it in for us, Jack."

Just then a narrow, dark shadow fell across the threshold. I was going to say "Hush!" when I realized that nobody could ride up to the shack without being heard. And it might be a hawk. I ran to the window and took a quick look at my small flock, but they were clucking and scratching too peacefully for overhead danger to threaten. When I went back to my sewing, Jack was walking the floor restlessly.

"It's not the extra work I mind. I can swing that all right. It's the idea of letting Quito go. He's been more like a member of the family than a greaser ranch hand. No matter how far I had to go or for how long, I felt safe about Peggy. I hate to think of his working for some man who doesn't know the difference between a white Mexican and a yellow one."

"I wish I could take him over, Jack, but—"

"I know—I know," muttered Jack, and then they talked of other matters.

Tonight, after supper Quito came over from his lean-to, wearing a high, peaked white sombrero with silver braid, that I'd never seen before.

"Maybe, Mr. Creighton, you let me go down by Albuquerque poco pronto, see my old mother? We have great time, her saint's day. Chicken pulling, hey?" He whirled his white sombrero above his head gaily. "Mucha pretty girl. Fine dance. You write a letter when you need me. I come back. Mr. Jerry, he help when you get pushed, hey? You doan need me now."

I thought Jack would explode. Then he burst out:

"You bet I'll send for you when I can—when I need help again."

And after Quito had strutted back to the lean-to in all the pride of a man who had reached the point where he could demand a vacation, Jack turned to me, his eyes as innocent as a baby's.

"Well, what do you think of that for luck? I didn't have to let him out."

I started to tell Jack about the shadow that had fallen on the doorstep while he and Jerry had argued over Quito's fate. But it *might* have been a hawk, so why disturb Jack's peace of mind? He has enough worries these days.

Christmas! I wonder what set me thinking of making Christmas presents today, with a summer sun cooking the tar paper on our roof. It might have been the way in which the sunlight struck the mountain peaks, making them shine like the powdered mica on the little green and red village that Aunt Lucy Dixon used to set up in the moss under her Christmas tree. Or it might have been just the need of occupation. The shack was in order to its furthest corner. Not a weed raised its head in the vegetable garden. I had cleaned the hen-house only three days ago. So, like the piazza brigade at a New England summer resort, I turned to the making of Christmas gifts.

I followed the big ditch to the mesa, that gradual slope to the foothills. There I found patches of colorful flowers, yellow poppies, and fragile desert blossoms in amethyst and flame color, miniature cacti that belong in Japanese gardens and frosted gray leaf-plants beside which the dusty miller back home would look dead and withered. I pressed the flowers in a big ledger. They will glorify coasters, paper-weights and transparencies some day. A group of rocks which look as if they might have been flung into the valley when the far-away mountains were in ugly mood, yielded perfectly formed, sweet-smelling cones from dwarf piñons, and half a dozen arrowheads in pinkish gray stone.

I sat down on a rock to sort my treasures. The arrowheads summoned visions of the Indians who years before must have watched with jealous eyes the progress of the white host toward this, their granite-girdled paradise. How they must have hated the white men who drove everything before them with the Washington-made law, the money and the fire-water, neither of which the Indian could withstand. I wondered if they had sensed the menace of money, as Jack and I sense it today, vested in the corporation interests who look covetously on our ranch.

Of course the next step was day-dreaming of Jack's ultimate triumph. I saw him harvesting a bumper crop, envy and marvel of the valley. I staged a dramatic scene in the president's room of the King City Bank, the bewhiskered villains, with their eyes fixed upon the clock, counting the slow minutes until they could foreclose the mortgage on my husband's three hundred and twenty acres.

"Ha-Ha! the land is ours!" cries the arch villain—and then a clatter of horses' hoofs without, a haggard, white-faced, alkali-sprinkled figure dashes into the room, flings the price of his record-breaking wheat crop on the table with such force as to stir four or five pairs of whiskers, saying:

"S-z-sz-sz—"

Whereupon my day-dream crumbled to earth, likewise several choice cones and one arrowhead, never to be recovered, for the sound of many "s's" and "z's" emanated from the business end of a huge rattlesnake. Even as I made what Jack calls a "quick get-away," my sympathy was with the snake. It's the law of the land to fight for the spot you call home.

Which reminds me of Mrs. Meagher. She refuses to credit this beautiful valley with a single reason for existing. The last time we met in Fawcett's store, I made the fatal mistake of going into ecstasies over a mirage Jack and I had seen during our early-morning ride. Mrs. Meagher fixed me with her melancholy gaze and remarked:

"Well, some of these here shiny things are and some ain't. The day after they brung home a brand new upright piano for our girl, Mabel, I seen something shiny under it. Thinking mebbe some of its strings had fell down, I called to Pete to bring in a broom and investigate. Next thing I knew him and Pedro was emptying their six-shooters at the two-inch space under Mabel's piano, the result being a number nine rattler. And Mabel's teacher she says the piano ain't really been up to concert pitch since."

The perpetual sunshine of this mountain valley, five thousand feet above sea level, gets on your nerves. A gray, cloudy day is sometimes a comfort. Nature seems sympathetic with your own mood. But here every day is like unto those that went before, long hours of clear, sparkling sunlight. Even when it rains, the sun strikes at the drops of moisture until they gleam like diamonds, and in thunder-storms, the cloud never comes nearer than the mountain peaks, fifty, sixty, a hundred miles away.

So this morning, I turned my back on the sun-drenched world, slammed the door of the shack, drew the chintz curtains over the window and sat down in the tempered light to rummage through my trunk.

There is nothing so soothing to a woman's nerves as clearing out a closet, a trunk or a piece-box. Besides there are certain boxes in the very depths of the trunk which I rarely open because they hold the few bits of jewelry and luxury which someone had thoughtfully laid aside for me in that unexpected black hour when mother's life went out that mine might

The four of us are huddled in our shack. Jack and Jerry have covered the windows with boards and battens

be saved. I have never put them to use — just safeguarded them with camphor, blue tissue-paper and cotton wool. But now that my own baby will be needing warm things—the mother who has passed on to the life where all things are made clear, will be glad, whatever I may do.

The very first box that came to hand held a great braid of her silky brown hair folded in a fine balbriggan shirt. The hair is still glossy. I stroked it with a thrill I have never had before. Since I have felt Jack's hand on my hair, I can understand why my poor father went into the heart of South America to forget the sleek, silken brownness that his hand could never touch again.

I laid it away, this time in a narrow gore of pompadour silk. The balbriggan will make wee shirts and bands for my own little man.

Then there were her wedding veil, with its fine edging of Brussels lace, a marvelous gown of Lyons silk in silvery gray and blue, yards of hand-embroidered flouncing, a Paisley shawl, white with a gray-and-green border, a three-cornered shawl of Chantilly lace, a necklace, earrings and bracelet of garnets, two brooches, one a cameo surrounded by pearls and one of carved lava set in a narrow frame of thin gold that must have been her mother's. If I were in New York, Celeste would sell the garnets and brooches at a fancy price to some customer who is long on limousines, and short on ancestors. But the Ogre of Nothing-to-Eat must come closer to us than he does today before I'll part with them. So I packed them all away, thinking of the little mother who had made ready for my coming with all that a baby could need, and who had never looked into my eyes nor pressed me to her heart.

Just then an envelope that tinkled slipped out of the box in which I was packing the jewelry and some of father's old letters. I opened it curiously, and, Hattie-Belle, my heart almost stopped beating from sheer joy. Gold pieces, five of them, two dollars and a half each! I held them up in the dim light to make sure they were gold and not tinkling sequins from some old masquerade costume, and then I saw how they had come there — monogrammed bangles, pierced with tiny holes. You remember, Hattie-Belle, we all had them in our junior year — friendship bracelets. No doubt I lost the bracelet long ago, but there are the gold pieces, with your monograms, and Jerry's and Bob Frawley's and Gilbert Mead's. I kissed them one by one. I don't know what coins are worth when they've been mutilated like these, but surely they will bring their weight in gold — and that means four important things, feed for the stock, wool shirts for the baby, tobacco for Jack and a whole dollar's worth of stamps.

To a man like Jack the makings of a good smoke are as ammunition to a gunner. And there's only one way to keep up appearances with your people back home — write to them!

I flung back the curtains and opened the door. I felt like apologizing to the sun for shutting him out of my happy hour. It just shows, Hattie-Belle, how we poor, foolish mortals deliberately turn our backs on the good things which stay right on the job, just the same.

THE queerest old creature was dropped at our shack door this morning. Jack was away and the Mexican who brought her pretended he couldn't understand English. I tried to convey the idea that we were not expecting visitors, and that we had only one room in the shack. The old woman sat silent among her bundles. The man watered his horses and drove off again.

I felt as if someone had tied an old woman of the sea to my back. The wagon sailed out of sight, over the mesa. I leaned dizzily against my doorway. Another mouth to feed! I shivered at the thought.

The old creature shaded her eyes with her hand to make sure that the wagon was out of sight. Then she scrambled to her feet and trotted off briskly to Quito's empty lean-to. By and by I gathered strength to follow her. She had built a fire in which tamales were warming. As she ate, she sorted out bright bits of cloth from one of her many bundles. At sight of me, she brushed some crumbs of meal from her parchment-like hands and grinned at me in hideous pleasantry.

"Poco pronto, I wash Mees' Jack's clothes — make the house clean — take care leetle baby wen he comes — Quito, my boy, he say Mees' Jack, she one damfine-lady — you be good to her till I come."

Quito's mother, gnarled, bent, standing now against the sun like a mummy come to life! Dolores her name is — Dolores whom you picture as young and straight with melting eyes, soft curves, and young men in her train! But she is beautiful to me, because she has come with love in her heart, to guard me through my hard hour. And Quito sent her, bag, baggage and food supply! It's a lovely, friendly world, after all!

Old Dolores and I are alone. Jack didn't want to go, but I made him. I wouldn't let them say that his cowardly, tenderfoot wife stood between him and the duty he had sworn to do as deputy sheriff.

And the deputies rode in from every direction — I could see them through the glasses, astride their low-running ponies, tall figures and short, all wearing broad sombreros. Manuel Sanchez, who has a telephone, brought the word to Jack.

No, Hattie-Belle, don't picture a mad ride after cattle rustlers. It's nothing so picturesque — just five poor, ignorant, liquor-crazed Mexicans who broke the county jail where they had been locked to sober up. If they had made the ordinary get-away, they would probably have been rounded up by a group of laughing men and driven back; but they sneaked up behind the deputy jailer, knocked him unconscious, then bound and gagged him so that he couldn't summon help when he came to.

And they gagged him too tight, for you see, he was a poor lunger who'd been given the job tending the few prisoners and cooking for them, by a sheriff who had never dealt with desperate characters.

When they found him in the morning, the gag had done its ugly work to his poor, weak throat and lungs. He was nearly choked with hemorrhages, and after getting Dr. Clark on the job, the sheriff sent out the alarm. And now the whole county is aflame with racial fury — the Mexicans determined to give their own kind a chance, the posse equally determined to show them no quarter. And my Jack is riding through the darkness, or camping without the fire that might warn the fugitives.

Jerry stopped after Jack had left, to finish up the chores. Something in the droop of his shoulders and the fashion in which he had drawn his hat over his eyes told me how it had hurt him to see Jack ride off without him. Later I found him leaning against the corral fence, a cold pipe gripped between his teeth.

"'Fraid, Peggy?" he asked, as he summoned his unfailing smile.

"No!"

"That's a good girl. I'm not worried about Jack, only — it's the one job where we can't pal. This is the second time he's ridden off without me."

"Why didn't you join the sheriff's posse, Jerry?" I asked thoughtlessly. "I should think ——"

"It would take a thief to catch a thief, eh?"

I met his suddenly sullen glance bravely.

"No, Jerry — I was just thinking that no man 'round here can stand up under hard riding like you can."

"I used to ride hard — to forget." He leaned forward, studying me curiously. "Peggy, why have you never told Jack about the trouble at the bank?"

"Because I knew that when you got ready you'd tell him yourself."

"You always were a good sort, Peggy. And I'm going to tell Jack some day, when he — he don't need me quite as much as he does just now. I owe Jack a debt that I mean to pay before we come to the parting of our ways."

"A debt!" I echoed stupidly.

"Yes — I came out here with the deliberate intention of going to hell as fast as booze, bad men and worse women could send me. But I met up with Jack, in Trinidad, and we fell for each other. Palling with Jack, Peggy, is like daily contact with everything that's decent, fine and clean. If you stick long enough you get sort of purified in spite of yourself."

He looked away from me, to that wonderful line where mountain peak and clear blue sky meet. A filmy veil of clouds slipped down the mountain side, and vanished in a blue-white gorge.

"In November, I made good the last dollar the surety company paid the bank, with interest. I've felt like a different man ever since; but technically, legally, I'm still a thief — and there's no use trying to get away with it, Peggy; I haven't paid the penalty society demands. Some day, perhaps ——"

I knew what he could see beyond the circle of blue white mountains — the dull gray walls of Sing Sing. And suddenly the stern mountains stood forth like Jerry's protectors, and the squat figure of a man urging his horse toward the arroyo took on the freedom of a bird skimming through the air.

"Oh, Jerry, why did you take it?"

"I was sort of crazy — I don't offer it as an excuse — I merely state it as a fact. After Dad broke under the K. M. & K. deal, I had to do something. They offered me a fifteen-dollar job in the bank of which he had been a director. Mother had just enough to live in a second-class boarding-house. We couldn't pay for the monument we'd ordered for Dad's grave. Then one day — there in the bank, I found that Dad hadn't been a rotten business man, as we'd all thought, but he'd trusted his old friends too far, and they had squeezed him dry. The prize rotter of the bunch was president of the bank. I went to him and demanded a raise in salary. He gave me a line of efficiency talk — telling me that the bank was training me for usefulness at their expense. I came back with the argument that they had no right to let a man handle hundreds of thousands on a salary which a bricklayer would scorn. When he muttered something to the effect that while my father had lacked business perspicacity, he had at least been honest, I saw red. [*Continued on page 65*]

Your Mental Photograph

by Dr. Frank Crane

ANSWER these questions and anyone can tell about what sort of person you are.

What kind of person is your most intimate friend?

Whom are you gladdest to see?

With whom do you feel most at ease?

What do you like best to do when you have leisure and can do as you please?

What drink do you crave most?

How much time and thought do you spend on the clothes question? Upon the subject of eating?

What books did you read the last month?

What do you study regularly?

Have you any hobby? What is it?

Do you think you have many friends, or few?

Do you think that if you were richer you would be happier?

Do you believe most people are sincere and honest, or the contrary?

Did you save something of what you got last pay-day, or are you waiting till you get more?

When you open your newspaper what part do you turn to first? What part do you never or rarely read?

Are you as smiling and agreeable to your family as you are to strangers?

Do you remember where you put your hat?

What does your top bureau drawer look like?

Are your opinions your own, or second-hand?

Are you as strict with yourself as you are with your children?

How do you get along with the hired girl, the stenographer and the office-boy?

If you are a man, what is your opinion of women generally?

If you are a woman, what do you think of men?

Do you like animals? Do they like you?

Are you on time when you have made an engagement?

Do you like cabarets?

Are you trying to "improve" your husband, your wife, your friends?

Do you argue about religion? politics?

Do you wear jewelry?

Do you talk about your ailments?

Do you think such a person as you ought to have a better job than the one you have?

When you learn of another's success, or promotion, or social prominence, or good luck of any kind, does it give you a little pain at the bottom of your heart?

How many things have you done last month, that were intended to help someone, and that you have never told anybody?

Akron: Standing Room Only!

[*Continued from page 15*]

in his hands, heard his awsome helpmeet coming. Feeling that a domestic jar was imminent, he threw the material into the stove. Afterward when he took up the ashes he discovered, to his amazement, that the heat had done the thing he had been trying for years to accomplish. The only element lacking had been fire.

This was really the beginning of the rubber industry.

Do not take it for granted that wealth came with a bound. I heard many stories of persons who had supposed themselves poor and who woke up, at various times after the automobile rush set in, to find themselves rich through the magic of rubber stocks. One woman believed herself penniless at the death of her husband, whose estate held rubber securities that were counted worthless. Today she is one of the rich women of Akron. Two school teachers years ago bought, between them, three shares of rubber stock, and for a long time tried sadly to dispose of these unlucky certificates. Finally they chucked the darned old stock into a drawer and tried to forget it. Today they are living in independence on the accumulated profits.

I heard a story of a man who in the early days owned a ten-thousand-dollar block of rubber stock, but after holding it for a year decided that some cash would look mighty good. He is now filled with melancholy, for this stock would have returned to him hundreds of thousands of dollars in increased value and dividends.

One Akron woman years ago had twelve thousand dollars in rubber stock, on which she was getting no dividends. Her children urged her to sell, and, being a dutiful mother, she did. She now likes to sit down of an evening and do some problems in arithmetic. She figures that if she had kept the stock, her dividends and accretions would have aggregated over four hundred thousand dollars.

The stock of one large Akron factory was worth, previous to a recent recapitalization, about sixteen hundred dollars for each one-hundred-dollar share; and the dividends of many rubber companies during the last two or three years have ranged between thirty and forty per cent, not to mention numerous extra and stock dividends. In some instances stock dividends of several hundred per cent have been made.

There is living in Akron today a certain fine old lady who recently remarked, on receiving an extra dividend of sixty-three thousand dollars:

"I hope this will be the last for a long time. My dividends have been coming so thick and fast that really I can't take care of the money!"

Every grocer, butcher, and merchant in Akron holds rubber stock, and almost everybody in town dabbles in it. Rubber is standard in this city of rubber. But not everybody has made money from it. I heard some sorrowful tales. It isn't all glitter.

Akron, indeed, is a city of romance. It is a town of millionaires of the first generation—of the last decade almost. I heard them characterized as "the most democratic bunch of multimillionaires that ever lived." And most of them have had democratic experiences.

Romantic, indeed, is the story of one great company, now owning one of the famous Akron plants. At this vast factory today are made thousands of different rubber products, including tires, footwear, golf and tennis balls, hose in endless varieties, insulated wire, surgical goods, waterproof clothes, and dirigible balloons. Several of these huge airships are now being built for the government, although that part of the plant is guarded so closely that outsiders can get no glimpse of the interior.

The plant is located in the very heart of Akron, and for this reason the company has not found it feasible to do home development work. The establishment embraces sixty-three buildings, which cover more than one hundred acres of floor space. I dislike statistics, but sometimes these convey the idea of the real magnitude. The factory employs some twenty thousand people, and in some of the departments many of these are women. The company sends out an average of six hundred and fifty telegrams a day; mails ninety-seven hundred letters, and receives almost as many; in all, it handles thirty thousand pieces of mail daily, and thirty thousand telephone calls; in 1916 it handled one hundred and forty million pounds of outgoing freight, and more than fifteen million pounds of outgoing express; five thousand carloads of product were handled in 1916. The company has a hundred and thirty-eight branches, all over the world, and a factory in France.

NOW for the real romance of the thing jump back to 1869, when a certain New York physician came to Akron. He had been experimenting with rubber in the east, and, resolving to engage in its manufacture, induced a number of friends who lived in Akron to take stock in his enterprise. The descendants of some of these venturesome men are, in some instances, among the rich people in Akron today.

The physician started in a small way, and at first was practically the whole thing — office-boy, stenographer, sales department, shipping-clerk, and all. When sales were slow, he hitched up his old horse and started out for orders. He was an expert chemist, and when he wasn't selling goods or supervising the factory, he was experimenting in the improvement of rubber.

One of his early enterprises was the manufacture of hose, but gradually he took on item after item, many of which he invented. I scarcely need to mention in this connection the shoe soles, designed to displace leather, that now emanate from Akron. Two factories turn out enormous quantities of both soles and heels. Indeed, I heard it estimated that half the shoes worn in this country would soon be made with this new material. I went through these departments in both plants, and the magnitude of the industry is beyond my power of expression.

I spent quite a bit of time at one plant studying the various activities carried on in connection with labor. The term "welfare work" is taboo, not only in this plant but at all of the rubber factories I visited. "Industrial service" comes nearer expressing the idea. It was impressed on me that all the things being done in this direction are in line with modern ideas of management. There is no element of philanthropy, but indirect dividends are expected on all such investments. There are many activities of this sort that deserve a place in this article, but must be omitted. For example: The reclaiming of defective applicants, group life insurance, service annuities, disability compensations, maternity benefits, medical aid, the new club house, recreation, athletics, and educational work. I

No wonder it makes a "hit"

No wonder the first fragrant whiff of this tempting *Campbell* "kind" as it comes steaming on your table makes everybody look pleasant and feel good-natured. No wonder it does them all good.

Every ingredient of this popular soup is as wholesome as it is appetizing. Every step in its preparation is conducted with a vigilant care and attention to details not exceeded in the best-appointed home kitchen—even yours.

You get exceptional food-value in

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

We use selected medium-size ox tails—Government inspected, scrupulously cleaned, dressed and prepared. From these we make a thick stock which we blend with a rich whole-tomato puree.

In this we combine tender carrots and yellow rutabagas "diced," with celery, parsley, a delicate suggestion of leek and fragant herbs, besides freshly sliced ox-joints which have not been used for stock, and an abundance of nourishing barley.

You cannot over-rate the importance of good soup eaten every day. It is positively essential to the properly balanced diet.

Keep an assortment of your favorite *Campbell* "kinds" always at hand on the pantry shelf; and enjoy them *every day*.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

might also go into detail as to what is known as extensional assistance, which includes legal aid, housing, libraries, safety, sanitation and so on. The activities of one company in these directions are far-reaching, and similar things are done by other large rubber companies in Akron.

Just one interesting detail: the dental clinic. It has been found that a large proportion of the illness in these plants has its origin in the neglect of the teeth.

One of the most conspicuous of Akron's rubber men was once a traveling salesman for a buggy company. Afterward he established a little business in Chicago where he made solid-rubber carriage tires. He went to Akron in 1902, and, practically without any capital, began to make pneumatic tires, with a dozen men in his factory.

By 1910 he was making three hundred tires a day. Just about then people really began to buy automobiles. In 1911 the factory was producing a thousand tires a day, and in 1912 twenty-five hundred. At that juncture the manufacturer moved to a new plant, supposed to be really immense. But already it was too small, and additions were laid out. In 1916 this plant turned out twelve thousand tires a day, and gigantic new factories are under construction. This year the output of tires will be twenty thousand a day. A construction program has been laid out as far ahead as 1924. Here you get some of the romance of Akron.

The founder of one of the great companies told me that when he started he was forty-eight thousand dollars in debt. To get backing he went to several capitalists in Akron and induced them to put up ten thousand dollars apiece. Afterward some of these men got cold extremities and he bought them out; but others held on through discouraging events, and some of the fortunes of Akron are the result. The working force of this company has grown from seven hundred in 1911 to more than twenty thousand now.

Here is another item of Akron romance, in figures: In 1908 the sales of one company were a little over two million dollars. In 1916, about sixty-four millions. This year, probably a hundred millions. The net earnings in 1908 were one hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, and in the fiscal year of 1915 and 1916 over seven millions.

There are two men in Akron commonly reported to pay income tax on two million dollars. Both are scarcely over the border line of youth, and are in active control of their industries.

Rubber, however, does not represent all the money or fame in Akron. The founder of a match company lives on the outskirts. At fifteen he began working in his father's little match shop in Akron, and, so they tell me, peddled matches. Succeeding his father as head of the business, he let himself loose.

The huge match plant is located in a suburb. The owner has a wonderful farm of several thousand acres, where plowing is done under vast glass roofs. His barns might be mistaken for a royal palace, and his herd of six hundred Guernseys is the finest yet.

Akron, while resembling in some respects the munition manufacturing centers of this country, cannot be classed as a war-product community. Nevertheless, the average wage of workmen in the rubber factories is around four dollars and a half for an eight-hour day. In 1913 the average was less than three dollars and a half for a ten-hour day.

One of the most interesting developments of modern industry is the partial abandonment of the traditional idea that men must work for a period of years to learn a trade. Big-quantity production has made possible specialization, and has brought remarkable automatic machinery. The young man who comes to Akron from the farm, without any knowledge of machinery or rubber making, can in a month or two be earning, in some lines of work, from six to seven dollars a day. Yet the trade of the "tire builder," for example, is really no trade at all.

Or take the tire strippers. The work of these men is to pull the new tire off its iron core. To do this requires only muscle and a certain knack, acquired with brief practice, yet these men on piece rates earn from five dollars and a half to six dollars and a half a day. I saw men painting the rims of tires as they revolved on a drum. The work was simply the repetition of motions, and seemed to involve no necessity for training; yet these men are earning five dollars a day.

In the treading room, men make from five to six dollars a day.

Ordinary labor gets forty cents an hour. This work, however, requires for the most part abnormally strong men.

The usual probationary wage while learning a so-called rubber trade is thirty-two and a half cents an hour.

It is to be said for these rubber workers that they realize their advantages. Since 1913 there has been no labor trouble. The factories are run on the open-shop principle.

In handling labor some interesting things are being done in these plants. In one big factory what is known as the labor turnover was once from fifteen to twenty per cent a month. Thus it would be necessary to hire during the year twenty-four thousand persons to maintain an organization of ten thousand. Figuring the average cost of hiring a new man and breaking him in at fifty dollars, this would mean a million and two hundred thousand dollars, including the waste production involved in teaching these men, along with the overhead expense and cost of instruction.

A year or two ago one concern made a careful investigation of this situation, and instituted an entire change of methods and discipline. For one thing, the power of discharge was taken away from foremen and other petty bosses. It was vested for a time in department managers and superintendents, but finally was taken away even from them and given absolutely to the Superintendent of Labor. Now nobody in the factory can be discharged except through his office. The foremen have only the power of suspension.

During the nineteen weeks prior to November of 1916, one hundred and eighty-nine men were discharged under the old system, but in the nineteen weeks following this date only eleven workmen in all were discharged.

The new methods are calculated to remove the traditional antagonism workmen feel toward their employers, and the results have been apparent all through the plant.

Another plan that has been found efficacious is the suggestion system. In two years eighteen hundred suggestions have been made. Cash prizes, ranging from two dollars and a half to five hundred dollars, are given.

An important move recently made by a great company was the stock distribution to employees. Out of 12,500 men, 11,000 are now stockholders. Three million dollars in stock was sold, on the basis of length of service, for one hundred dollars a share. The market price was one hundred and forty-five dollars. The agreement provides that the company holds the stock for five years, after which, if paid for, it passes unconditionally into the hands of the employee.

This company has also set aside a fund of a million dollars for betterment of employees, including insurance, pensions, and the like. The recently erected clubhouse represents three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

In almost every phase, the rubber industry of Akron is spectacular. In the yards of a "reclaiming" plant I saw a mountain range of worn-out tires, waiting for the cauldrons. Three million old tires are thus treated annually in the Rubber City, along with immense quantities of scrap rubber; and the reclaimed product, used for less important rubber articles, is worth five million dollars a year.

This drama of rubber and of people gets hold of you at Akron, and stays by you long after you leave. Its stupendous settings cause you to wonder what the next act may be.

Next month, our big new serial, "Wild Apples," begins. It is by the author of "The Straight Road"—one of the greatest successes McClure's ever had. Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

"Please Right Face!" — *Continued from page 17*

women they are. The blood and scum of battle they hate, as must all learn to hate. . . For when that hate shall be broad enough, then will war be gone from the earth. They shrink from this great, this awful Horror that has been sent upon the world. . . . They would find a way other than through yet greater horror to drive it whence it came. . . . That there is no way looks to them too dreadful to be true. Would to God that they were right, instead of wrong!

"The second class of pacifist is the common, or rough-neck variety. These pacifists are going to have peace if they have to kill everybody in the United States, including themselves, to get it. It is these pseudo pacifists that, at a recent meeting, employed as bouncers a bunch of yeggs that would make the Kaiser's most *schrecklich strafers* look like a Friday-night vestry meeting in a church parlor; and that yelped like hyenas for the death of the two men who are doing their utmost to save these very pacifists themselves from their own folly!

"Of all the strange by-products of this ghastly cataclysm that has come upon the world, none is more tragically absurd than the rough-neck pacifist. He is a thing strange and incomprehensible. In comparison with a pacifist, the horrendous comics of a drunkard's delirium seem tame and commonplace.

"Well meaning he is, for the most part. Puny-brained, idealistic, visionary, impractical, impatient. There is something loose in the world that frightens him, that he cannot understand; that to his idea is wrong. He thinks he'll take a few minutes off and fix it. He doesn't stop to think that it's been wrong for several thousands of years; that, according to all statistics it's liable to be wrong for several thousand years more; and that thereby the cure must be long and painful and arduous. So he becomes like a man trying to stop a smallpox epidemic first by praying and then by lying down in front of it, dragging his women and children with him.

"Finding that this doesn't succeed, and that the women and children are dying, he gets up and advises them to beat it while their shoes are good.

"Inasmuch as the germs can travel faster, he gets a lot of other pacifists together and they hire a hall. In this they make speeches to the effect that germs are wrong, and have no business on earth in the first place, and should be discountenanced by all right-thinking men and that if you didn't want smallpox you had no business to go where the smallpox was, or stay where it was, in the first place (omitting to dictate as to your course of action in case the smallpox came where you were), and that they didn't approve of smallpox as a practice, and the more altitudinous the less numerous, and two and two make five.

"And when you want to send out for some doctors and trained nurses and sanitation experts and otherwise prepare to take whatever steps that science and experience and common sense tell you are necessary to cope with a plague, they get up on their hind legs and tell you not to do that; you'll make the microbes angry. And that you should turn the other cheek and receive a few pustules on that; and that they refuse to get down and wallow in the mud with the germs in their smallpox brawls; and that killing germs is unchristian; and a soft answer turneth away wrath (based on the probable theory that a soft head may do the same); and accuse you of being a pill-maker and subsidized by the druggists, and the disinfectant manufacturers.

"Naturally, their activities are greatly appreciated by the germs; it gives them a golden opportunity to proceed with the dance unchecked. And, as the pacifists of disease are a direct ally of the germs, so are the pacifists of war a direct ally of the Germans.

"And there you have the pacifists. But you wouldn't mind them so much if only they weren't so rough. They're as nasty a bunch of scrappers as there are in the world.

"It's as though you and I were trying to defend our home against a wild beast. Uncle Henry, inside, is a pacifist. As he sits in his mission rocker, gently chewing his cud, he looks out the window and sees us in the middle of a terrible battle with the devouring monster. Does he grab an axe helve and come running to our aid? Hardly! He grabs the axe helve, all right. But he doesn't come to our aid. He comes up behind us and whangs us on the head.

"'What do you two blood-thirsty brutes mean by defending yourselves against this amiable monster?' he demands, giving us another wallop on the medulla oblongata with the helve. 'Don't you know that fighting is against the higher laws of humanity and the nobler precepts of mankind?' he says, slamming us another one for luck.

"Now, to a disinterested and imperial observer, it would look as though Uncle Henry and the monster were bosom friends and co-workers. But in this, Uncle Henry would be done too great an honor. There is this difference between them: The monster, at least, knows what he's doing.

"Whereby, if, by the grace of heaven, we escape from both Uncle Henry and the monster, we may live to tell the tale. Otherwise we furnish a slight snack for said carnivorous curiosity, while our misguided avuncular relative comprises the dessert. The fact that he's that surprised it's painful has no bearing on his gustatory finale.

"There, as I say, you have the rough-neck pacifist.

"But to the real lover of peace, we want to talk with all the earnestness, with all the kindliness, with all the sympathy, and friendship, and understanding, that are in us.

"We want to tell them, we want them to believe, that there is a way out of war. It is education. When all the countries shall be democracies; when practically every man and woman in the world shall be able to read and write and think for himself and herself, then war, while perhaps not impossible, will be exceedingly difficult to bring about. Nobody but a darned fool wants to go to war. Therefore, eliminate darned fools, and you eliminate war. But while you have monarchies, in which one man's word is law over millions, in which one man controls not only the bodies, but the minds of millions, then you'll have a nation that wants to fight. And when you have a nation that wants to fight, other nations must accommodate it, or be licked. As long as you have one class of people standing for monarchy, and another standing for democracy, just so long will you have war. No world is big enough for these two Ideas to get along in peace. There is just one way that permanent peace can come to the world, and that is by a world-wide abolition of monarchies and ignorance; and a world-wide establishment of democracies and education. France didn't want to go to war; England, equally a democracy, didn't want to go to war; Canada didn't want to go to war. . . . But Germany, a monarchy, did. . . . And there you are.

"It all comes back to the story of the two men and the barking dog. The two men are taking a peaceful stroll adown a country lane when comes yelping after them a vicious-looking canine. The first man starts to run but the second restrains him.

"'Don't you know,' he queries, 'that barking dogs never bite?'

"'Why, yes,' returns the second, '*you* know it, and *I* know it. But the question is, does the dog know it?'

"There's no sense in the world in our standing around and arguing with each other that war is the most terrible, the most futile, the most asinine, the most hideous anachronism that could befall this earth. We don't have to argue it. We admit it. . . .

But the thing is that we've got to make Germany and Mexico understand it.

"Now that, after three years, we have come to the realization that no patience, no forbearance, no diplomacy, no long-suffering will keep us out of a war that another nation wants to force us in, we have come coincidentally to the raising of an army and the increase of our navy. And again we come back to you and me sitting on the front porch of our mutual residence.

"We'll suppose, for example, that you, having a higher sense of duty than I, volunteer to go out to fight the fire. And you singe your whiskers and lose your eyebrows and get blisters on your hands, and your lungs full of smoke and have a rotten time generally. And when, at length, you've put out the fire and come back home, you find I've run off with your wife, and you've lost your job because you didn't show up at the foundry, and your children are starving and all you've got to show for it is the site of your recent eyebrows and a large doctor's bill.

"What do you do when the next fire comes? Do you rush valiantly forth to put it out? Yes, you! . . .

"No man of any solidity of reason wants to go forth and make himself a burnt offering for a lot of fat incompetents who are too selfish, too cowardly or too supine to do their part toward the mutual protection of their mutual possessions. It isn't fair to ask him to. And if he does, it's only because he stands on a higher plane of honor, of spirituality and of service. And then it becomes doubly and triply unfair; like making your grandmother carry up the coal. Grandma may be willing to do it. But I hate to think of the proper name to call you for asking her to.

"Then again, does the volunteer system prove effective and efficacious?

"If you will take a casual squint back over American history, you will find that it never has, and never could. In the first place, it defeats itself right at the jump. No budding hero is imbued with any great desire to lead a forlorn hope across the battlements when he has in his mind's eye a daguerreotype of Cousin Willis, two years younger and twenty pounds heavier, standing peacefully at the cross roads watching the 7:11 take on water, or Nephew Eustace, who can handle a side of beef single-handed, playing Kelly pool in the back room of the Blue Front Saloon.

"Said budding hero may enlist with the proper fervor. But, after carrying a sixty-pound knapsack eighty-four miles through eleven inches of mud, and then sleeping in a swamp four feet deep, his visions of martial glory are somewhat obscured by memories of a Loved One at home, seated all comfortable on the bottom of a hay-rick with his right arm around the waist of said budding hero's fiancee; at which said budding hero's main desire is to get back home as quick he can and either stay there, or drag the Loved One off to war with him. The Girl I Left Behind me never looks so far behind as when you know some corn-fed yearling has been left behind with her to take her out on straw rides. He is prone to approach the enemy absent-mindedly and in a mood detached, and with a pulsing desire to get home as soon as possible. For this you cannot blame him. It's because he's a human being; that's all. He knows His Country Needs Him; but he wonders, such being the case, why his country doesn't need as well Cousin Willis and Nephew Eustace. Also, he is perfectly willing to serve his country in her need; but he hates to be made a goat. To our hero, war means giving up his home and his friends and taking his life in his hands and enduring physical discomforts that would make a mule quit. To Cousin Willis and Nephew Eustace, war means only that good Old George has gone away in a brindle uniform that bags at the neck and heaven knows when he'll be back. . . . Our budding hero can't see any fairness in such an arrangement. And he's right. There isn't any. It's like asking one man to eat the dinner and another to wash the dishes.

"Furthermore, anyone advocating the volunteer system wants to stop a whole lot and remember this, and remember it hard, because it's the most important thing in the whole matter:

"Where do your volunteers come from?

"And the answer is that they come from the finest youth, the splendid manhood, the finest, most patriotic, most honorable, most splendid type of our national life. To use a phrase trite but true, they are the flower of the country.

"Whereby it's these fine souls, the best blood of the land, the best brains of the land, that go to war first, and are killed first, while all the loafers and sots and fools and traitors and slackers and cowards and grafters and crooks and undesirable aliens stay at home and wallow in the safety thus gained by the sacrifice of the best of the country's manhood and the noblest of the nation's spirit.

"The volunteer system provides that we shall sacrifice our best, and save our worst. It's the sublimation of national folly and the apotheosis of national idiocy. It makes a country like the bewildered gentleman who, when his house caught fire, threw his bed-ridden grandmother out of the window and carefully carried the mattress downstairs. . .

"Did you look over the English and French illustrated magazines during the early months of the war? . . . Double page after double page of portraits of fine, clean, big-souled, great-hearted boys, the best of Europe's best, who had laid down their lives on the fair fields of Flanders that flat-headed, wobbly-jawed incompetents might enjoy their 'arf-and-'arf, or their absinthe, or pick pockets, or beat their wives, in safety at home. . . .

"It used to make me sick to think, to realize, that such things could be. . . .

"And it puzzles one; it amazes one; it makes one's mind grope in darkness for an answer that is not there. A woman, writing to me, has called my attention to the fact that there are some ten or eleven millions of men German-born, or of German descent, in our country, most of whom are property owners. Must the best of our boys, and the finest of our young manhood, be sent into battle to defend the property and the families of such as these, while they stay at home, to enjoy that freedom and that liberty and that comfort bought at such a priceless cost?

"Truly no American man should be asked to volunteer to defend such as these. It should be for them, too, to bear their share of the burden of this war, or give up the privileges it shall bring. If they would enjoy the benefits of this war, it should be for them to assume their share of the obligations.

"Wrong is the volunteer system, wrong and terrible and frightfully unjust; and the more because it only picks the willing victims. . . . It means the murder of our heroes, and the salvation of our cowards. It means the thoughtless tossing away of our national assets, and the careful preservation of our national liabilities. It is foolish; it is uneconomic; it is criminal. And it's worse than a crime; it's a blunder.

"Selective conscription, while absolutely necessary, perhaps, for the raising of an immediate army and of vast temporary import, offers some of the same difficulties as the volunteer system. Even though we draw lots for it, it doesn't make me quite satisfied that you have won the dinner while all I get out of it is the privilege of manicuring the dishes.

"But if all can eat together, and then all get up and wash the dishes, everybody is satisfied and nobody has any kick coming.

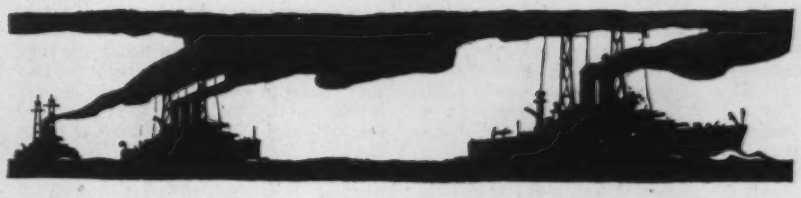
"Hence it is that any system that in any way discriminates against an individual tends to defeat itself at the outset by offering a legitimate chance for discontent and a divided motive for service.

"Considering the matter adversely," my friend went on, "what real objections have ever been raised in this country to Universal Military Training and Service? Two, and only two. Are they legitimate objections? . . . . Wait.

"The first objection is that it is undemocratic! . . . . Undemocratic! . . . . Good Lord, if each man taking his common part in the common cause of a common country is undemocratic, then is all democracy undemocratic! Then is it undemocratic to vote. Then is it undemocratic to enjoy equally freedom, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Why should you enjoy liberty and freedom when I must risk my life that you should so enjoy? Why is it your right to chase around pursuing happiness when I am fighting your battle in muddy, blood-soaked trenches—? . . . . Undemocratic! Then in God's name let's go back to the days of true democracy when I was an Uncle Tom and you a Simon Legree with a blacksnake whip!

"The second objection is that it makes a nation militaristic.

"If it's militaristic to take a lot of pimply-faced, loose-jointed boys out of pool-parlors and saloons and make straight, up-standing men out of them, then let's be militaristic. But as a matter of fact, to



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THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY

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make a nation militaristic is the very last thing Universal Service does.

"Where all men are free and equal, able to take care of themselves in times of peace as well as of war, it becomes merely a refinement of democracy; it means only a democracy of a higher type. In the professional soldier lies the danger of militarism; for then you have two classes of men; one making a business of war, and one making a business of peace. Whereby, as all men naturally desire to attain eminence in their respective callings, you have one half your citizenry developing along military lines; the other half along civil. And in the end, you find that you have evolved within your country on the one hand the monarchy of militarism, on the other the republic of civilism. The militaristic lobby that the National Guard maintained at Washington during the passage of the Hay Bill worked with all the spirit and all the efficiency of a Teutonic machine. It was this country's red flag of militarism . . . , a red flag that Universal Training and only Universal Training could be potent to lower. . . .

"There are the two objections? Can you find within them anything of logic, of reason, or of sense? . . . Universal Military Training and Service mean only that the men of the nation stand side by side, each willing, each equipped, each ready to do his part in time of peace, as well as in time of war, each qualified mentally, physically and spiritually to enjoy the blessings and the freedom and the liberty of his country in time of peace, each equipped and trained to defend those blessings of freedom and liberty in time of war. . . . That is what it means. Just that, and nothing more.

"And for its benefits? It makes first for health. Boys of nineteen malleable for good or for evil, are taught the benefits of systematic living; of exercise; of the care of their bodies; of the 'early to bed and early to rise' precepts of Franklin. They are taught cohesion; communism; the value of concerted efforts. They are taught that they have duties to perform as well as privileges to enjoy; and that no man has a right to the enjoyment of his privileges until he has made them safe by performing his duties. . . . And they see the flag floating above them; the flag of red, of white, and of blue. . . . They are taught that that flag means something. . . . They learn that it doesn't fly there by accident, or merely because some old party gets up early and hauls on a rope. . . .

"We have in this country a tremendous amount of undigested immigration; of men who came to this country merely to enjoy the opportunity that it offered them to make money. No sense have they of their duties. Their idea is merely to get as rich as possible as fast as possible by taking advantage of conditions made possible for them by the loyalty and faith and devotion of the Boys of '76, and of '61, of whom these newcomers never even heard. . . . To take these immigrants; to take their growing sons; to put them in line beside our sons, your sons and mine; to make them feel that they belong to something; that the country is their country, to love, to live for, to fight for, to die for; that the flag of red, of white, of blue, is their flag! . . . . If this were all that Universal Military Training could accomplish, then ought we to get down on our knees and pray to God.

"But more than that it does. Taking boys of nineteen at an age when they are unproductive, unaffiliated, free, and educating them, training them, making men of them by a limited period of instruction and drill, it will give us an ever-growing strength of 500,000 soldiers a year. In five years, 2,500,000; in ten years, 5,000,000. . . . In fifteen years, 7,500,000. . . . Think you that any nation on God's green footstool would then attack these United States of America? . . . . Strength is the safety that God has given man to protect himself, whether against the disease that is of war, or the disease that is of germs. As a strong body throws off the germs of disease, so a strong nation, really loving peace, throws off the germs of war. . . . Had England and France been strong and ready, there would have been no war with Germany. Germany thought them weak; so she attacked. . . . And so they were. But within them lay hidden strength that Germany did not see. Hence they battle with the horrid disease that has seized them. . . .

"It is for us to take a good national pill, to brush our national teeth, to take a national bath, to go on a national diet, and take a ride on the national water-wagon, and then go out and get some good national exercise and get some of the national fat off our national bones and out of our national heads. . . .

"A fat old democratic cripple all covered up with diamonds is a golden opportunity for any monarchial footpad. . . . But if said Democrat shows up straight, strong, alert, ready, our footpad will take a squint at him and then slide up an alley. . . . As every sensible man hates war, so is it that no coward wants to stir up a lad that can lick him. . . .

"And while educating our sons to be strong, and clean and fine, it is for their fathers and mothers to remember certain things.

"It has been a rather prevalent impression in this country for the past double handful of years that the United States uniform is a sort of suit of cheap overalls; and that a man wearing said uniform occupies about the same status, only not quite so good, as a street-cleaner. A lot of cheap theatre managers who are rich only by the grace of God and that uniform, take pleasure in barring it from their theatres. A lot of fat-witted folks, females and hemales, who ought to know better but don't, look at it on the street with a sort of toplofty attitude as though it were a form of disgrace. . . . It's for these same superficial persons to stop long enough to think (if they have anything to think with; if not, let 'em ask some good friend for the loan of a brain for a few minutes) that if it weren't for that same uniform and the men who wear it, the females in question would probably now be more or less decorating the well-stocked harem of some bewhiskered potentate who never heard of woman suffrage and would bastinado any well-meaning but ill-advised lady that brought it to his attention; and for these same hemales to recall that it is the uniform that has allowed them to walk the streets and earn their seventeen dollars a week, and attend ball games, and play pinochle, and stay out nights, and have two weeks off at the seashore or the mountains in the summer; and that if it weren't for that uniform and what it's done for them, they'd be in a less enviable position even than the aforementioned ladies; for a harem at least possesses advantages that a stockade, or a galley, or a condition of slavery, or a Numidian lion, does not.

"It is also for these amiable old parties to realize that the discipline they question, the crisp, terse orders we hear given are not accompanied by intentional brusqueness. They teach alertness, quickness of thought and of perception, positiveness, decision and innumerable other wonderful qualities that every boy should be taught. Amiable Amos Pinchot, who is by way of being, if not a rough-neck pacifist, at least of the Sand Paper Branch, wastes perfectly good money buying large spaces in newspapers to try to convince us that by making boys respond to orders automatically we make of them machines. Amiable Amos apparently never considers that, as Augustus Thomas points out, anything that is well done is done automatically. The only good chauffeurs are automatic chauffeurs. The only good aviators are those that automatically aviate. The only good thinkers are the automatic thinkers. The only good writers are the automatic ones. Undoubtedly Amos, while writing advertisements against automatic action, is acting automatically. But pursue the idea further.

"Can you see this pacifist, in the midst of a pending German or *schrecklich* invasion, suddenly raised to the commanding rank of corporal because all the other grown men have been killed, drilling a group of young men that have not been trained according to the way he believes they should — or shouldn't — or whatever it is?

"No crisp, 'Right face!' for Amos! But, 'Please, right face?'. . . . No 'Right shoulder arms!' for Mr. Pinchot. But, 'If the young gentlemen before me will be so very kind, I would be tremendously pleased if, at their leisure, they would consider the matter of whether or not they would like to place in immediate juxtaposition to their right shoulders those prehistoric weapons that I see decorating so shamefully their obliging persons.'

"Can you see how far the drilling of recruits would get under the Amos, or Pinchot, method? The Germans would be in Terre Haute before a single soldier had learned which end of a gun to put the cartridge in!

"No, my son. We have been too rich too long. Some of us have been too rich in money, some too rich in peace and protection. Because of this too-much-richness, we have grown lazy and lax and loose; lazy in mind, lax in thought, loose in understanding. That is why we have permitted our country to become a playground for politicians. That is why we have advanced thoughts that wouldn't work, and ideas that wouldn't hold water.

"And it is not only for protection; it is for the benefit and correction of all these weaknesses that we want universal military training. To those who will advance the argument that we don't need it at all because the war won't last long; or because after this war there will be perpetual peace, the answer is that no matter if the war is over now; no matter how soon comes perpetual peace, nevertheless will universal military training be a good thing; first for the great benefit that it does for the health of the youth of the nation. Men go to gymnasia and pay much money for physical training not half so good; schools and colleges cultivate such training; some insist on it.

"And, as it benefits and strengthens the body, so does it stiffen and stimulate the mind. It makes for the abolition of drunkenness. People who lead normal lives care little for alcohol. And universal training is absolute normality. It makes for patriotism, which is the love of your fellowmen and your service for your fellowmen. It makes for loyalty; which can be learned alone through intimate association of those to whom you would be loyal. It shows the value of cohesion, and concerted endeavor by proving constantly its effectuality. It brings out all qualities in a man that are good; and smothers all that are evil; all men admire that which is fine in a man, and deplore that which is base; hence are a man's good traits cultivated, his bad repressed. All these benefits it gives a man. And if in any way it injure him, it has not yet been convincingly put forth.

"So much for so much. For the rest: three months ago we looked at a country that had but a small regular army to defend it, a loosely-organized, hydra-headed national guard, and that's about all.

"In three months we have found federalized control of all forces, and conscription.

"So far we have gone. Why, then, may we not hope to go all the way? If a thing is worth doing at all, it's worth doing well, isn't it?"

So my friend asked me. And so I ask you: "Isn't it?"

A reader writes: "I hope you are going to give us another story by the author of 'The Straight Road.'" Yes, we are — and next month it begins. A great novel of youth and love, called "Wild Apples." Watch for it

Training Acorns to Be Oaks — *Continued from page 28*

obliged to work, they work to live; and some work because everyone else works, they would feel themselves discredited if they refused to work, work is the fashion in America.

But —

American boys and girls can be given better reasons than these for working.

The first reason is that, however disagreeable work may be, life without work is even more disagreeable. All who have tried it (no matter how rich they are) agree that enforced idleness ranks among the most cruel of tortures. Men easily die of it, as doctors know who every day order broken-down neurasthenics in their middle fifties back into the business or professional harness they have foolishly retired from; it is this retirement from work that is in a fair way to retire them into the grave!

"What is there to do except work?" said the most successful of American novelists to me. His accumulated royalties place him far beyond the need of ever putting pen to paper again, yet he toils ceaselessly at his writing — two books a year. *What else is there to do?*

Another reason for working lies in the remarkable fact that while a little work (say necessity's minimum) is extremely distasteful, and a moderate amount of work is moderately distasteful, yet a large amount of work becomes a pleasure, a joy.

Why is it that a large amount of work gives joy?

Because a large amount of work gives efficiency in the worker, superiority in the worker, and that means fine results, advancement, praise, financial recognition, broadening opportunity; in short, *achievement*, which is the most joy-bringing quality in man, the most God-like quality in man, just as love is the most God-like quality in woman.

For our boys and girls in school, for our young men and young women in every field of endeavor, for all of us without exception, whatever our circumstances, this rule holds good that the person who does more work and better work than his job requires, who always delivers the goods as per agreement *and a little more* is bound to be a joyful and successful worker.

The start in life may be humble, the early advancement slow, but *nothing* can change the ultimate result; the law of human achievement and human compensation holds like the planets in their courses. A young man may be a waiter in a restaurant, a young woman may be a stenographer, and, if they do their exact minimum duty, at the end of ten years he will still be a waiter (grumbling at his lot) and she will still be a stenographer, soured and disappointed; but if they have the *genius of work*, if they insist on doing the maximum, not the minimum, and wish they could do more, then the sun of success will surely shine upon them and cheerfulness will be their portion. He will probably own the restaurant or a chain of restaurants, while she will be in business for herself, perhaps in the desirable business of managing a husband, some successful man who has seen and appreciated her efficiency.

If there is not joy in work what is it that brings John Wanamaker at seventy-five to his great store in New York or Philadelphia morning after morning at the hour when his least important floor-walkers are arriving? Why does he not lie in bed until ten o'clock? He can afford to. His great income would roll in just the same if he never went near his stores. It is certain that if his floor-walkers had the chance, many of them would lie in bed until noon; they are the ones who will still be floor-walkers when some seven-dollar-a-week parcel boy with the spirit of *great work* in him has shot past them and become general manager.

Why, for all these years, has Thomas A. Edison, with his great fortune and incomparable achievements, worked ceaselessly, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen hours a day? Nobody asks him to, nobody forces him to, and surely he has had fame enough these twenty years for any mortal appetite, and money enough. Why, then, has he gone on working harder than any of the thousands that he employs? Why?

The answer is, and our boys and girls must be made to believe it, that it is not material success (money, fame or power) that brings joy to the great worker, but the *doing* of the work, the exercising of great organizing ability, great money-making ability, great creative ability. These, for men, are the supreme delights of existence, regardless of results; therefore, men cling to them to the last. And these abilities

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may be developed to a surprising extent, even in persons of moderate endowment, even in persons who are naturally lazy (we are all naturally lazy) by concentration of effort and power of will; in short, by work. All who have achieved conspicuous success, great business men, railroad men, professional men, bankers, politicians, scientists, manufacturers (ask Charles M. Schwab) bear witness that the more we work the more we are able to work and desire to work and the happier we are in working. Always assuming that our work, intelligently guided, is of such a nature that ultimate results are possible. If not, we change the work.

"Some of the greatest contributions to science," writes a distinguished physiologist, "have been made by lazy men who have seen a thing that the world needed, a thing they knew they could do, and have felt the creative urge and conscience drive so irresistibly that they have conquered their laziness and done this thing and, incidentally, have made themselves famous."

HERE is a story about work and ambition that carries its own moral. I was speaking of these things recently to a successful woman manager in a large New York publishing house that employs dozens of girls about eighteen or twenty.

"It is pathetic how little these girls know or want to know," she said. "They are grammar school and business school graduates and are supposed to have at least the basis of an education, but they cannot even spell correctly. They seem to live in a kind of silly apathy with no ideas beyond the joy-of-youth spirit as manifested in cheap finery and the movies.

"I asked one of them, a bright looking, pretty girl of nineteen, if she ever read books. She said no, she didn't care for reading.

"'Have you ever read Dickens?'

"'No, ma'am.'

"'Ever heard of him?'

"She thought she had heard of him but was not sure.

"I questioned her in history and geography, which, of course, she had studied at school, but she had forgotten all that she had ever known.

"'Do you know anything about the Duke of Wellington?'

"'No, ma'am.'

"'Ever hear of Catherine the Great?'

"'No, ma'am.'

"'Did you ever hear of George Washington?'

"'Oh, certainly!'

"'Do you know who used to own Louisiana?'

"'No, ma'am.'

"'Would you like to read a fine book called "The Scottish Chiefs" if I lend it to you?'

"This aroused no interest in the girl. She said she might read the book if it was exciting.

"'Don't you want to advance?' I asked impatiently. 'Don't you want to be something better than a card-index girl at nine dollars a week?'

"'Oh,' she said with a careless yawn, 'I guess I couldn't ever be an editor.'"

Now, whose fault is this? Why are these girls (there are thousands like them) so indifferent to opportunity, so lacking in ambition? Is it the fault of their parents? Of their teachers? Of their employers? Of their spiritual advisers? Is it the fault of the state? Of the nation? It must be somebody's fault. These girls are meant to be mothers and wives, creators of future citizens.

What kind of mothers will they be? *What kind of citizens will they create?*

WHILE work is a great life-necessity, our boys and girls must be taught that there are other necessities. There must be play. There must be care of the body. There must be love.

Love! Greatest of all words! Love which goes with faith, with kindness, with eternal mysteries of the human soul. What shall we teach our children about these mysteries? What shall we tell them to believe?

Here is a dilemma. Are they to believe what we believed as children, or what we believe today? Ours is a generation of shifting religious standards, of many inconsistencies and hypocrisies, and this puts a burden of perplexity upon the young and makes their decisions harder.

Take this fact, for instance, that many respectable American women smoke a cigarette or two after luncheon or dinner. I am not objecting to this; I am only pointing out that thousands of clear-eyed sons and daughters know that mother smokes, have known it from babyhood, yet they are assured by physiology teachers that nicotine is a racial poison. What do these young Americans really think about this? Can anyone maintain that the smoking problem will be as simple for them as it was for us, whose mothers never smoked?

Or take the alcohol question. Why should American children be serious about this when they know that the best people, women and men, drink cocktails, highballs, wines, liqueurs at their dinners and other festivities, often much more than is good for them? I happen to know that one of the subjects seriously discussed at a recent meeting of the Parents' League in New York City (a most admirable organization) was *whether children should be allowed to drink champagne at dinner parties!*

I know of a father who felt so keenly this inconsistency between the practice and precept of modern parents that he entirely "swore off" smoking and drinking so that his sons might be favorably influenced by his example. A friend, however, pointed out the probable futility of this course.

"You are forty-five years old and you give up certain bad habits," he said, "for the sake of your sons, but your sons know that you indulged these habits for years. Suppose they suggest that they too will swear off when they are forty-five, after they have had their fling, as you did?"

And what shall we say to our children about the church-going question? About the prayer question? Are these things important? Or are they not important? If they are important why does father lie in bed on Sunday mornings and read the papers? Why are there no family prayers in the home? Is religion only a perfunctory thing, a fashionable thing, a one-day-in-seven thing? Or is it a vital, every-day thing? Our boys and girls want to know. What shall we tell them?

What shall we tell them about confirmation? We remember the old idea where girls and boys, after weeks of spiritual preparation, knelt devoutly at the chancel rail, feeling themselves indeed at the threshold of the holy of holies, consecrated to lives of high endeavor. Contrast that with the new idea where our children, in the rush of city life, regard confirmation as one more thing on the engagement list, an incident between a dancing class and a week-end party.

"Can you go with us to see 'Peter Pan' next Thursday?" telephones sixteen-year-old Sylvia.

"I'd love to; thank you so much," replies Ruth sweetly. "Wait! I'm so sorry. I have to be confirmed on Thursday."

I am not saying that this is anyone's fault. It is the result of *changed conditions*. It grows out of the complexity of modern life. The mother herself, in her breathless round, may have forgotten about her child's confirmation — she has so much on her mind: clubs, luncheons, bridge parties, charities — she can hardly find time to be operated on for appendicitis!

WHAT, then, shall we tell our children to believe? What *religion* shall we give them? We must give them the religion that we have ourselves, the religion that we live by ourselves. It is idle to think we can make them accept any other religion. Children are exceedingly discerning; and if they see father, whom they admire, getting along with some makeshift religion or no religion (except Sunday golf) they will listen, unconvinced, to mother's Sunday School exhortations. They will say their prayers in a perfunctory way. They will wonder why father's religion isn't good enough for them. *What prayers does father say?*

It may be that father says much better prayers than he himself realizes; if his children admire him there must be something in him to admire, for children know. Perhaps he is a great worker, and work is worship. Perhaps he is kind, and kindness is worship. Perhaps he reverences whatever power set the suns and nebulæ whirling in the vastness of space, and reverence is worship.

Let father justify himself before his children. Let him speak out bravely what he does believe. If he finds no creed ready made, let him formulate one. And let him not be ashamed if his creed contains no incomprehensible dogmas, it may be all the better for that.

I believe in work and the joy of work. I believe in service and the joy of service. I believe in the care of the body, abstemiousness, exercise, for without health I can do nothing. I believe in the power of will and its growth by training, in the power of self-control and its growth by training, in the power of love and its growth by training; not love for personal salvation, but love for humanity that must abolish poverty and war. I believe in universal educa-

tion and equal opportunity—for men and women alike. I believe in the Christ spirit, I bow before the Supreme Creator and draw strength and comfort from the ocean of soul-force that surrounds us.

I say confidently to hustling, efficiency-worshiping American fathers that if they will thus formulate their half-forgotten religious ideas and try to live by them, they will be astonished at the benefits resulting not only for their sons and daughters (through force of example) but for themselves, through a revitalizing of their spiritual natures. In helping the next generation they will help themselves. They will re-discover eternal truths, always known to women — that there is practical, every-day efficiency in religion, practical every-day *value* in prayer, real worthwhileness in entering a spiritual temple (no matter the sect) and in listening to the universal soul-language of chanting choir and throbbing organ. They will find here courage, comfort, humility, resignation, as their fathers did before them and as their children will after them.

It is also important that children receive sex instruction at an early age. Many parents would be surprised to know how early this instruction is needed, although, if they would search into their own childhood they might be less surprised. In my own case I was a serious-minded lad, conscientious in my studies, earnest about religious matters, but there was no accessible corner in the world of sex mysteries that I had not tried to explore (with the help of my father's library and the town library) before I was twelve years old. It is astonishing how much sex information a persevering boy or girl can dig out of two books that are found in every home, the dictionary and the family Bible!

As I look back upon a young-manhood spent among journalistic excitements in Paris, London and New York I can truthfully say that never, in the wildest bohemian haunts of the Tenderloin, of Montmartre or of Leicester Square, did I hear stories of such unqualified vileness as were told night after night by the public-school youngsters of a certain blue-hilled town in Northern New Jersey on the steps of my father's ivy-covered church! And every man I talk to recalls similar memories!

We may, then, dismiss the fear that, in presenting sex matters to our twelve-year-old sons and daughters, we shall turn their thoughts in a new direction or awaken an interest that would otherwise have remained dormant. If there is any one interest that is certainly not dormant in normal children of twelve (sheltered life or not) it is the sex interest.

"I am certain," said a woman of my acquaintance, "that my daughter of thirteen knows much more about sex matters than she thinks I know that she knows. And yet — well, I have talked to her a little about these things, but I never say all that I think I ought to say. I plan out in advance just what I will tell her, and when the time comes *I simply cannot do it.*"

Many parents chide themselves with a similar neglect, having been told they *must* instruct their children in sexology and finding themselves unequal to the task.

There are many reasons for this reserve between parents and children. In the first place, there is a natural embarrassment and a feeling, certainly on the father's part, that his boyhood memories scarcely justify him in preaching to his son too stern a gospel of youthful exemplariness. What if the boy should begin to ask certain pertinent questions?

Imagine this conversation:

SON: "I suppose these same dangers and temptations that you warn me against existed when you were a boy?"

FATHER (*ill at ease*) "Well, yes, that is to say — er —"

SON: "What I want to know is what happened to boys and young men of your acquaintance who more or less yielded to these temptations. Did they go to pieces? Were their lives spoiled? Was their health destroyed? Are there some whose lives were not spoiled, whose health was not destroyed? And, if so, why?"

It is evident the average father and mother are not qualified to answer such questions to the satisfaction of intelligent and inquiring sons and daughters, the subject is too difficult, too technical; parents who try to present it in all its complications may easily make mistakes, in rare instances they may do harm.

"I remember one case," said a conscientious teacher to me, "in which I did more harm than good when I tried to enlighten a boy about sex matters. I thought the time had come to speak frankly to him, but I was mistaken. I was about a year and a half too soon and I only succeeded in stimulating the boy's curiosity. It took me a year to overcome the result of my mistake."

What we really need are experts in the sex instruction of our children. Why is this not as much a matter for expert handling as the care of our children's eyes and teeth are for expert handling? I hope the time will come when schools and colleges will maintain specialists in sex education (the most important form of knowledge), men and women of wisdom and kindliness, who will efficiently replace the parents and whose time will be occupied with lectures on these subjects accompanied by sex investigations, sex warnings and encouragements, both individual and collective.

> NOTHING *is more likely to exasperate Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, than to hear somebody pronouncing Missouri thus: Mis-Soura — instead of Mizzoury.*
>
> *One day he heard a member from Boston saying Missouri with the sibilant sound — and corrected him.*
>
> *"That's the dictionary pronunciation," insisted the Bostonian.*
>
> *"Yes," said Champ, "and the trouble is that most of the dictionaries and other books are published in the northeastern part of the country. You go out to Missouri and try that dictionary pronunciation, and run for office, and see what happens to you."*

That time may come, but it has not come yet, there are no sex specialists at present in our educational institutions, and the youth of America are taught everything in the heavens above and in the earth beneath with the single exception of this most essential thing of all, the great secret of life. Their minds are stored with learning, spread with general culture, but they are left in ignorance touching the mysteries of their sex natures and the right way to deal with their sex impulses and sex curiosities. The result of this inexcusable neglect is seen in alarming high school conditions reported in various cities where it has been found necessary to segregate the boys from the girls.

I shall amplify this in a subsequent article, my present point being that, qualified or not, parents *must* see to the sex enlightenment of their children, since there is no one else to do it for them. We fathers *must* make sure that our sons and daughters know what they ought to know for their safety against hideous sex perils.

Ignorance is the great danger that threatens our sons and our daughters. They must know the truth. They must understand what kind of world it is they are living in, what kind of a sex world. We need not shrink from telling them things that seem indelicate or alarming since, if we do not tell them, we may be sure they will be told by others less wise and less loving.

Our physiological task in these revelations is simple enough, the phenomena of reproduction and of birth can be made clear by a study of animals, but our difficulties will begin when we face the problem of temptation.

Temptation!

What shall we say about this to our sons and our daughters? Shall we appeal to their fears? No. Rather to their hearts and to their intelligence. There need be no enhancement of horrors nor very much talk about sin. The simple facts are sufficient. Sex waywardness does definite and demonstrable harm just as nicotine and alcohol do harm, it coarsens moral fiber, it weakens self-control, it leads to other sex irregularities.

Such reasoning will be found convincing when it is illuminated by examples out of life and when it is free from exaggerations and hypocrisy and half-truths. Especially with our daughters we will have plain sailing here, for we can prove to them by a hundred cogent reasons, spiritual reasons, practical reasons, that the only thing for young women to do with sex temptation is to resist it.

But what about young men? What about our sons? What shall we say to them? Must they also resist temptation? Must they keep themselves as pure as they will expect their wives to be pure? What shall we say about this? Shall we evade the question? Shall we answer it sincerely? What are we to say?

This brings us to the most fiercely debated, the most difficult, the most far-reaching problem of modern life — *shall there be a single standard of human virtue for both sexes, or shall there be one standard for women and another standard for men?*

I shall be glad to receive opinions on this double-standard question from wives, mothers, teachers, clergymen, doctors and others interested and, without mentioning names, I will refer later to such communications. For the moment I will only say that if we really believe in sex honesty as against hypocrisy, if we really believe in a single standard of virtue, one and the same for men and women, it is our duty to see that these things are taught to American boys and American young men in our homes, in our schools, in our churches. At present the youth of America are not taught these things nor anything resembling them. Every schoolboy knows vaguely, every college lad knows clearly, that society allows him a sex latitude that it would never grant to his sister. And when he comes to manhood he is naturally ready to profit by that sex latitude. He has never been made to understand the immense sacredness of love and the incalculable harm that comes to the individual and to the race through love's desecration.

"The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells," says William James in his essay on "Habit," (I advise every father to put this inspiring book into the hands of his son), "is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well, he! may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. *Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out.*"

The incalculable power of habit!

Fathers should impress this upon their children. Good habits! Bad habits! There is the secret of virtue, of success, of happiness. Or of misery, of shame, of failure. And habits depend upon power of the will and that depends upon self-culture. Let fathers teach their children to strengthen their power of will.

If anyone doubts that power of will can be astonishingly developed he should study a remarkable book, "Have You a Strong Will?" by Charles G. Leland, who says, looking into the future, that "in time there will be societies, schools, churches, or circles in which the Will shall be taught and applied to all moral and mental culture."

How wonderful if we could learn to use our wills for the right thing, the kind thing, the fair thing, as strongly as we use them at present for the wrong thing, the unkind thing, the unfair thing! And this is possible! It is only a question of will power! Inherited and developed will power! That is all!

Did you like "The Straight Road," the big realistic novel that recently ended in McClure's? We received hundreds of letters of praise about it. Everyone wanted to know who wrote it. We can't divulge the secret. But we have asked the same author to write another serial; and it will begin in August. "Wild Apples" is the name of it. It is even greater than its predecessor. C. E. Chambers has made the pictures. A treat is in store for you!

A Cool Drink With A Reason

Something more than mere icing is required in a cool drink, to bring the comfort wished for on a hot day.

The "body" of the beverage must be of character to lend efficiency to the temperature of the drink.

What then, more wholesome, pure and cooling than a true food-drink made of grains;

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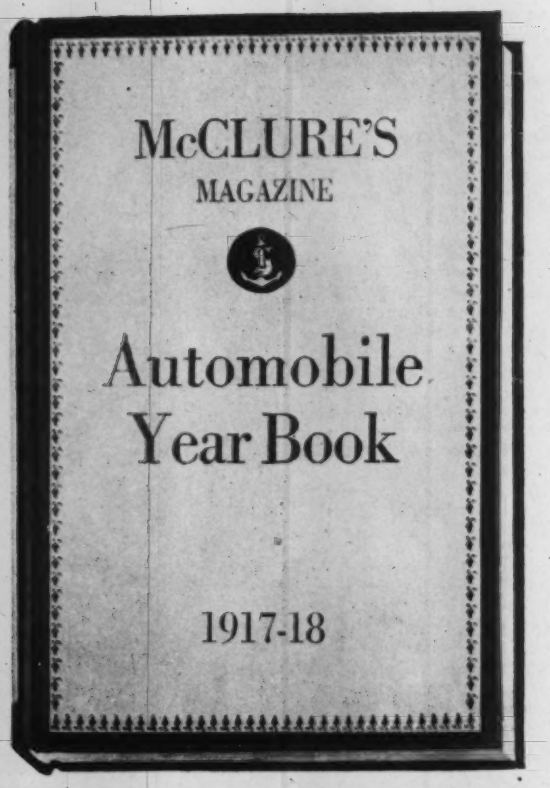
To make Iced Postum, prepare Postum in the usual way, let cool, serve with cracked ice, sugar, and lemon—or, if you prefer, sugar and cream.

Iced Postum Is a Revelation of Goodness.



A Book for Library Reference

Do you realize *how often* the subject of various makes of cars comes up for discussion in the home? In a suburban home near New York City recently four people referred to the *new* McClure Automobile Year Book for information, four or five times during the evening. In the McClure Year Book all the important makes of pleasure and commercial vehicles are shown and specifications given. There are nine big features in this book as follows:

158 Pleasure cars illustrated and specifications given.

55 Commercial vehicles illustrated and specifications given.

→ "Getting the Most Out of Tires"—an authoritative article by Waldemar Kaempffert.

Table of Tire Sizes—and Inflation Table.

"Automobile Rheumatics"—an article on automobile lubrication.

→ "The Care of a Motor Car"—a short article giving advice for the car owner or prospective car owner.

Table of American Speedway Statistics.

Table giving Horse-Power Rating.

List of important makes of Automobile Tires.

The McClure Automobile Year Book is bound in stiff board covers, size 5½ x 8 inches, and contains 284 pages. It is sold for fifty cents, even though a great many people claim it is worth twice that amount. It may be purchased only through the McClure Automobile Department, and will be mailed, prepaid, to any one sending fifty cents in stamps, check or post-office money order. Address all communications to

McClure Automobile Department

Berkeley Building, 25 W. 44th St. New York City

Financing Freedom

by **Wallace Irwin**
(of The Vigilantes)

I HEARD a nice piece of French soldier philosophy the other night. It seems the man in the trenches has learned to smile and argue as follows:

"When war comes two things can happen to you —
You either go to the front or you don't.
If you stay at home, you needn't worry.
If you go to war two things can happen to you —
You'll either be wounded or you won't.
If you're not wounded, you needn't worry.
If you're wounded two things can happen to you —
You'll either be badly hurt or you won't.
If you're not badly hurt, you needn't worry.
If your injury is desperate two things can happen to you —
You'll either get well or you'll die.
If you get well, you needn't worry.
If you die, you can't-worry."

The average American with his hand in his pocket, fingering his small change as he contemplates the first $2,000,000,000 instalment on the Liberty Loan, might resort to the same philosophy. If we invest our money in the Liberty Loan bonds and win the war, we needn't worry. If the Prussians win the war and come over here and enslave and rob us, we can't worry, because we won't have any money to worry about!

The Liberty Loan has been especially designed by Uncle Sam to be a poor man's investment as well as a rich man's investment. It's like the war itself — it's going to take the help of every right-thinking American to put it through. Uncle Sam wants your $50, Mr. Clerk and Mr. Teamster, just as much as he wants Mr. Banker's $500,000. He wants the man with the small salary, the wage-earner, the retailer, to feel that he, too, is doing his bit toward sending over men and materials and munitions that will help end the war with victory for ourselves and our allies. The very word that's on those bonds — LIBERTY — is put there to convey America's resolve that the world shall not be turned into another Belgium. It is intended to be our way of financing freedom — otherwise the Liberty Loan would be merely a catch-phrase and a hypocrisy.

Of course, in the sweeping together of a colossal sum like this, Big Money has got to come in and do its share; but what America wants most earnestly in this endeavor is Small Money from a great multitude of her citizens. The Liberty Loan isn't intended to give the chronic kicker a chance to say that this war is being financed by the Interests. Here is a chance to make the whole country a partner in Uncle Sam's drive on autocracy.

• The Liberty Loan is our first line of defense; and unlike the military first line, it is not a risky or nerve-shattering business. These bonds are really an excellent investment — probably the safest investment anyone can find today. You are guaranteed a return of three-and-a-half per cent. You can buy a bond at as low a price as $50 on an easy instalment plan — $1 down and the rest in payments covering a period of months. All the money you scrape together to put into these securities may be regarded as so much laid by, at a fair interest, against a rainy day. It's the most painless form of patriotism I know of.

In England, for instance, wage-earners and men of small salary have found the war bonds over there a positive blessing. Workmen have become more careful with the money they used to blow in with no more substantial reward than a headache in the morning. The people have acquired the habit of investing and taking care of the future.

Maybe the purchase of a war bond lacks the romance of soldiering. Perhaps it doesn't look so patriotic and glorious as shouldering a gun and marching aboard a transport; but the act of denying yourself and making a useful, practical loan to Liberty has its own aspect of beauty — the beauty which shines forth from every genuine service to our flag and what it stands for.

If Uncle Sam wants us to shed our gold as well as our blood, let's walk up — all of us — and deliver the goods in overflowing bales. Let's squeeze the stingy old Midas in every one of us until he bleeds gold from every pore. Liberty is pointing toward our pocketbooks. Let's pile together our little hoards into a vast mountain of metal which, by its lustre, will again help liberty to enlighten the world!

The Cowpuncher in Town

by **Charlton Lawrence Edholm**

LAST week the town looked good to me, all liquor, girls an' glitter;
Tonight the girls are old, the lights are dim, the drink is bitter.

I'm hankerin' for the range agin, the wide and windy spaces,
I'm longin' for the mountain trails, the high and lonely places.

The mesa winds are fresh an' clean, the sky is bluer, bigger,
The men you meet out there are *men*, at saddle, rope an' trigger.

I'm sick to smell the greasewood when the noon is hot upon it;
A bunch of cows looks better than bright eyes beneath a bonnet.

I want the mesa's glow and glare, the summit's sudden weather;
At shoulder feel the rifle butt, at knee the saddle leather;

To sit the cussed little broncs, a-squealin' and a-pitchin';
To hear the whistlin' of the rope, for which my hands are itchin';

To watch it circle through the air, to rope an' tie a critter;
Say! What's in town but women, liquor, silly noise and glitter!

The Cool-Off Three, Wind, Wave and B.V.D.

NATURE has created two unfailing agents of coolness to offset summer heat—Wind and Wave. The ingenuity of man has evolved the third—B.V.D. Put it on and you're more comfortable and competent for anything on the day's slate, from work to frolic.

In our own modernly equipped Cotton Mills at Lexington, N. C., the fabric from which these Loose-Fitting B.V.D. Undergarments are made, is produced in a scientific manner from selected cotton to insure durability in wash and wear.

In our own B. V. D. Factories the garments are skilfully cut, strongly stitched, accurately finished—to fit and to be cool and comfortable all day long.

If it hasn't this Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

It isn't B.V.D. *Underwear*

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c. the Garment. B. V. D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.) $1.00 the Suit

THE B.V.D. COMPANY, N.Y.

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

We said this LAST YEAR— We say it again

This is a year for thrift and service. We must feed not only our own people, but also millions in Europe. The frightful waste of fruit is a national reproach. Help stop this unpardonable extravagance. The fruit we waste would feed Belgium.

THE United States Government urges preserving as a home duty. Preserved fruits are energizing and nourishing. They vary your menus. They reduce the cost of your table.

America's canning and preserving industries are models for the world. Their products are pure, appetizing and wholesome. Support them.

If you preserve at home, put up more fruit than ever before. Get jars and glasses, bottles and crocks ready to save the fruit crop. Put away dried vegetables. The American housewife who practices thrift places herself in the ranks of those who serve their country.

You can show your thrift in no more convincing way than by combating the national tendency to squander this country's wonderful fruit crop. Whether you buy preserved fruits from your grocer or preserve at home you perform a service to your own family and to the Nation.

American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

Domino Granulated Sugar is sold in convenient-sized bags and cartons

The increased cost of preserving because of the higher price of sugar is less than the increased cost of most other foods

A King in Babylon

[*Continued from page 22*]

her hand on mine, and I saw that she was searching the waste of sand before us for some sign of the gray shape she had fancied moving there. But it stretched before us blank and empty — and vaguely menacing.

"You see," I began.

But again she stopped me.

"It's there!" she breathed. "I know it's there. It's watching us! I can feel it! Come — let's get away!"

And she hurried back toward the tents.

Chapter XV

A CAMERA-MAN'S first glance of a morning is always at the sky, his first thought always about the weather. Perhaps if I lived in Egypt long enough, I might break myself of this habit, for one day follows another — or did while I was there — as brightly and blandly as though there were no such things as rain or storm.

Creel routed us out of our beds at dawn on the morning following my talk with Mollie, for he was anxious to take quite a string of pictures that day, and Davis had convinced him of the wisdom of sitting quietly in the shade during the hours that the sun was high.

I had seen nothing of Jimmy the night before. He had been nowhere in sight when Mollie and I reached the tents, nor had he appeared before I turned in, and I took it for granted that he was mooning around somewhere with Mlle. Roland. I don't know at what time he came in, but he was sleeping away soundly enough when Creel called us.

I had been too busy dressing to look at him then; but when we gathered around the table for the coffee and rolls which constituted our early breakfast, I saw that he was very nervous. The hand which raised his cup to his lips shook visibly. Creel noticed it, too.

"How do you feel?" he asked, lowering his voice so as not to disturb the women, who were to be permitted to sleep as long as they liked.

"Oh, all right," answered Jimmy carelessly.

"Come on, then," said Creel, jumping up. "The sun will be up in a minute, and I want to catch the long shadows."

We got to the excavation just as the sun rose, and we had to wait till the natives had finished their orisons. Luckily Mohammedan prayers, though frequent, are brief, and we were soon at work.

First we took a series of scenes showing the natives, under Jimmy's direction, shoveling the sand and débris from in front of the wall into their baskets, and carrying them up the stairs and dumping them.

Then Jimmy and Creel, with Mustafa in the background, held a consultation in front of the wall, and tapped along it knowingly, and finally decided where it should be opened. Of course it was at the wrong place the first time; but the second time, Creel indicated the spot where the mummy had been buried and the natives set to work tearing out the stones.

"Have you got something planted back there?" Jimmy asked, during a brief pause in our operations.

"Yes — we planted it last night. It's the mummy of your erstwhile favorite, whom you buried alive about four thousand years ago; and when it's dug up, you'll sort of recognize it; and you'll stare at it fascinated, wondering what there can possibly be about it that seems familiar; and as you look, it will seem to fill out and change to a living woman, just for an instant; and you'll be horror-stricken — go as far as you like — faint if you want to."

"It isn't a real mummy?" asked Jimmy, rather pale.

"Of course not," said Creel, "it's a papier-mâché fake I fixed up in New York."

"How does it come you never mentioned this burying-alive business?" Jimmy demanded. "I thought we talked the whole thing over."

"I never thought of it till last night," Creel explained. "It was the professor there who gave me the tip. Great business, too. And that reminds me, Digby — we'll need the Princess for the fade-away. I'd clean forgotten it. Run over and ask her to get over here as soon as she can — in her harem rig. Tell her I apologize for not giving her longer notice."

"All right," said Digby, and hurried away.

"Now, Billy," said Creel to me, "you understand that after we've done the scene, you'll have to reel back to the place where Jimmy stares down at the mummy, and do a double-exposure with the Princess in the mummy's place. So keep your wits about you!"

I nodded, and Creel gave the signal for the natives to go ahead with their work.

"Now, Billy!" he said. "Come on, Jimmy," and the two pressed close to the opening as I began to turn the crank.

"By George, there's something there!" shouted Creel, who believed in dialogue appropriate to the scene, and he peered into the hole. "Look!"

"You're right!" said Jimmy, taking a look. "Hurry up, you!" and he urged the natives to renewed efforts. "Now!" and he and Creel pressed the astonished natives back. "Help me get it out!"

"Careful!" said Creel, as he reached in and got hold of it. "That's it!" and they drew it slowly out into the light. "Lay it down here on the ground."

In spite of their knowledge that it was a fake and that they themselves had helped to plant it the night before, the natives shrank back in a way which added a great touch of realism to the picture. Jimmy was standing staring down at the mummy, and I watched closely for the instant of the fade-away.

I had sometimes thought Jimmy more of a matinee idol than an actor, but that may have been merely because of the rotten scripts which were sometimes passed out to him; at any rate, I changed my opinion as I watched him through that scene. For a moment he stared down at the gruesome figure with a look half-puzzled, half-fascinated; then he shook his head, and glanced apologetically at Creel. But Creel also was looking at the mummy, though only with a sort of polite interest; and again Jimmy turned his eyes upon it, and brushed his hand feverishly across his forehead; then he seemed to stiffen, as at some horrible vision.

"Now!" said Creel, who had been watching him out of the corner of his eye, and I began to count the turns of my crank.

The scene didn't last long, after that, for Jimmy's legs seemed to sort of fold up under him, and he sank down beside the mummy in one of the prettiest faints I ever saw. Creel, with an exclamation of alarm, sprang to him and raised his head.

"All right; shut off!" said Creel.

"Thirty-seven," I said, and closed my shutter and began to reel back for the double-exposure.

"All right, Jimmy," I heard Creel say; and then, in a sharper tone, "Jimmy!"

I knew something was wrong, but I didn't dare look until I got those thirty-seven turns repeated. However, that only took half a minute ——

"He's really fainted!" said Davis, who had hurried forward — he had been watching the scene from the first with an interest which surprised me. "Carry him over here in the shade. The water-bottle, Mustafa!"

"See that nobody touches that mummy, Billy! " said Creel sharply; and then, while I stood guard over the mummy Creel and Davis carried Jimmy over in one corner and propped him against the wall, and dashed water into his face.

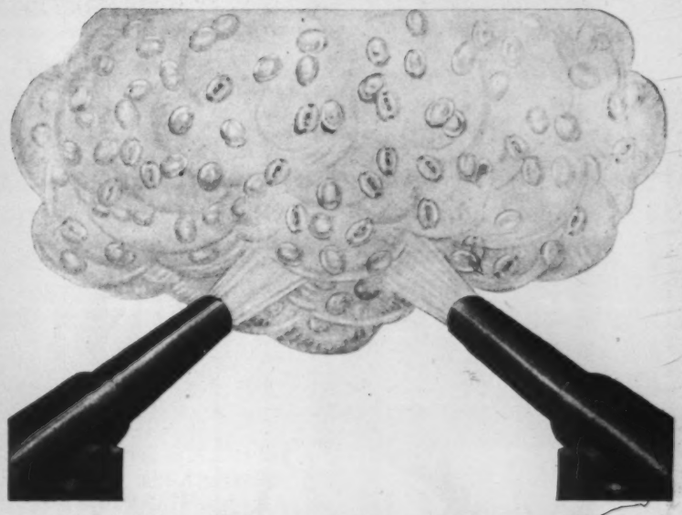
And then Mustafa made a queer noise in his throat, and I saw him staring at something over my shoulder, and I turned to see Mlle. Roland coming slowly down the steps.

And I stared, too, for if ever a woman looked like an Houri straight out of paradise, it was she at that moment! The costume — I mentally took off my hat to the designer and to Ma Creel, for it was absolutely perfect. A real Princess would have been glad to possess it!

And then I heard a quick gasp run through the group of natives, and looked to see if they had fallen to their knees again.

They had not. They were leaning forward, staring with shining eyes and quivering lips and nervously-working fingers. And suddenly I remembered what that costume meant to them.

The veil of the harem had been rent —



No Fancy Food

This Bubbled Wheat

Make no mistake about these airy tidbits—these flimsy, flaky bubbles—puffed from wheat and rice.

They are no mere food confections.

Their inventor is Prof. A. P. Anderson. And they represent the utmost in scientific foods.

Their nut-like flavor comes from terrific heat. The grains are all shot from guns. They are puffed by a hundred million steam explosions, caused in every kernel.

The purpose and result are to blast every food cell, so digestion is easy and complete. Thus every atom of the whole grain feeds. And the foods don't tax the stomach.

These are delightful dainties. They seem, perhaps, like a breakfast garnish. But they are really the greatest foods ever created from wheat or rice or corn. The better you know them the more you will serve them. Every ounce is an ounce of clear nutrition. Many foods are toy-foods in comparison.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

Float in Milk
The grains are crisp and toasted, and four times as porous as bread.

Eat Like Peanuts
Douse with melted butter for children to eat at play.

Mix With Berries
These crusty, flaky morsels give a most delightful blend.

Use Like Nut-Meats
On ice cream, or in home candy making.

These are all-day-long foods in July. Keep plenty of all on hand.

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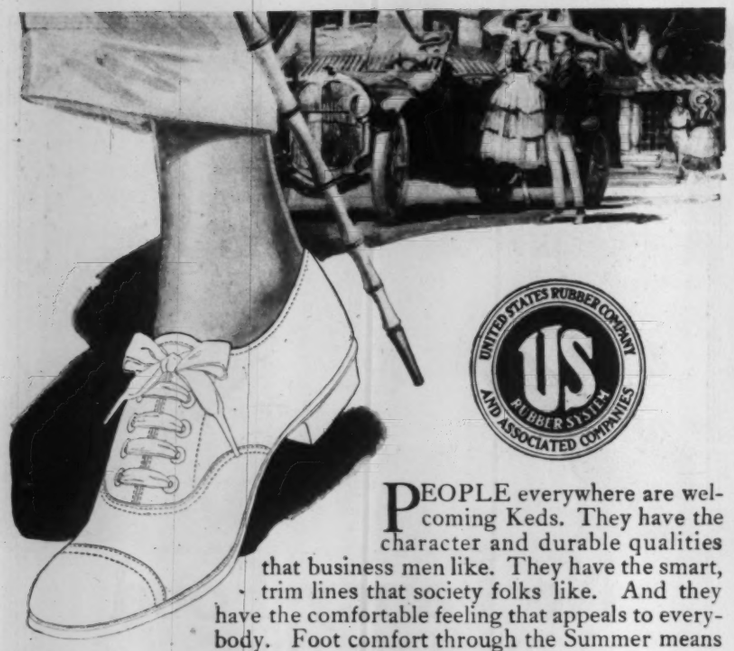
Sole Makers (1601)



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Keds

Wear Keds to work and make every step every day light and springy. The finely woven canvas tops will keep your feet quite comfortable.

You can get any style you like—high or low heels with low tops or high tops. There are Keds for every fancy.

Ask your dealer to show you the three leading brands of Keds for each member of the family.

NATIONAL Keds $1.50 up

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You can get a better balance of comfort, style and economy in Keds than in any other shoe you can buy. Every pair carries with it the reputation of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

United States Rubber Company

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Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

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IF YOU WEAR GLASSES YOU NEED

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SHELLTEX RIMS (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

—the latest in Shur-ons. Stylish and elegant, made to meet the mode. Like all Shur-ons, quality guaranteed. At most high-grade optometrists, opticians and oculists, or write us. Look for the name Shur-on or Shelltex in the bridge.

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Established 1864
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its rarest occupant profaned by the gaze of men ——

Davis had also seen and understood.

"Tell those fellows to get out!" he shouted to Mustafa; and Mustafa's words must have stung like whips, for the natives shrank hastily back into the farthest corner.

And then, for the first time, the girl caught sight of Jimmy's prostrate figure.

"What has happened?" she demanded, sharply, quickening her pace.

"He has fainted," Creel explained. "He can't stand the heat, it seems. He'll be all right in a minute."

And indeed at that moment Jimmy moved his head feebly and uttered a faint groan.

"I'll take care of him," said Davis. "He's all right now. You go ahead with your work."

"Thanks," said Creel, and sprang to his feet. I could guess the anguish he had been in for fear the scene would be spoiled. "Now, Princess, I want you to take the mummy's place —— It hasn't been moved, has it, Billy?" he asked sharply.

"It hasn't been touched," I assured him.

He was staring down at it, a perplexed wrinkle between his eyes.

"I didn't know we had crossed its hands like that," he said, and I saw that the mummy's hands were decorously folded across its breast. "But no matter. Princess ——"

She, too, was staring down at the mummy with an expression which struck me as faintly ironical.

"Where did you discover it?" she asked.

"We just dug it out from behind that wall," said Creel.

"From behind that wall?" and she stared at the opening with an astonishment I did not understand. "Surely ——"

"It's just a fake," explained Creel impatiently, "and we planted it there last night. For heaven's sake, don't tell me that you're afraid of it, too!"

"Oh, no," she said composedly. "It strikes me as rather ridiculous. What is it I am to do?"

"It's your mummy, you know," said Creel, "buried alive there four thousand years ago, and Jimmy just discovered it. I'm sorry I didn't have time to go over all this with you, but I worked it out just last night."

"I think I understand," she said, with a little smile. "I am to be resurrected."

"Something like that. Look at the mummy's attitude carefully. Now I want you to lie down exactly where the mummy is, and smile up as though there was a man standing where I am standing now. Jimmy stood there, you know, and fainted when he saw you."

"Fainted in earnest, it seems," said Mlle. Roland, with a fleeting glance in Jimmy's direction.

"Yes — but it will register great! Wait a minute," and he marked the place where the mummy was lying, and then I helped him lift it out of the way, and Mlle. Roland composedly took its place. "Your head just here," and he adjusted it by the marks in the sand. "Your feet here; your hands crossed on your breast. That's right. Are you ready, Billy? You've got your mask? That's right. I only want four or five feet, remember, and stop it well down."

"All right," I said.

Creel stepped back out of the picture, and took a last look at the prostrate girl.

"Shoot!" he said, and the Princess smiled slowly up at her imaginary lover.

"One — two — three — four — five — six — seven," I counted, and closed the shutter, and then started on to complete the thirty-seven, when there was a loud cry from Davis.

"Look out, man; look out!" he shouted, and I turned just in time to see Jimmy as he fell forward.

I have always been proud of the fact that I went on counting till I had my film properly re-wound. It was just habit, I suppose; but then it is habit which sends the soldier over the top for the charge when the word is given, and he is called a hero, and gets medals and pensions and things! I got a medal, too, in a way — the only sort of medal a camera-man can ever hope to get — when Creel said to me quietly, half an hour later, "I'm glad *you* didn't lose your head, Billy!"

What had happened, as nearly as I could find out, was that Jimmy had come gradually to his senses, and opened his eyes just at the moment that Mlle. Roland took her place on the sand. He didn't see her at first — just looked vacantly around trying to remember what had happened and where he was; then he took a swallow of the water Davis held to his lips; then, as Creel stepped back, he saw the girl, and clawed himself to his feet before Davis could intervene.

"Good God!" he breathed. "It's true, then!"

And before Davis could catch him, he had pitched forward into the sand.

Chapter XVI

IT must have been half an hour before Jimmy opened his eyes, and when he tried to walk, he found himself so weak that we had to send two men along with him to help him over to the tents.

"You lie down for a while," said Creel, "and tell my wife to give you a lemonade with a dash of brandy in it."

Jimmy smiled feebly.

"I'll be all right in half an hour," he protested. "It's just this infernal heat," and he wavered away up the steps, with a native supporting him on either side.

Mlle. Roland had seated herself on the empty mummy-case, and watched him with every appearance of anxiety as he tottered away out of sight.

"He seems very ill," she said, sympathetically; but nevertheless I thought it strange that she hadn't offered to hold his head, or something; and stranger still that, when he opened his eyes the second time, Jimmy hadn't once glanced in her direction.

"He *is* ill," said Creel, savagely, "and what's more, I'm afraid he's going to be worse. Do you really think it is just the heat, professor?"

"What else could it be?" Davis asked.

"I don't know. But does heat affect a man that way?"

"Oh, quite frequently. It makes people light-headed — gives 'em hallucinations, and all that."

"Jimmy certainly has the hallucinations, all right!" commented Creel.

"There's one comfort, anyway," I said; "they don't interfere with his acting. Why, when he looked down at that mummy, he made my flesh creep. You'd have sworn he was seeing just what he pretended to see."

"Perhaps he was," said Davis, in a low voice. "In fact, I think that is just what made him keel over — a hallucination that the mummy was really coming to life."

Creel slapped his leg.

"That's it!" he said. "Then when he opened his eyes, the first thing he saw, almost before he got his senses back, was the Princess there on the ground where the mummy had been, and he thought it was true, and it set him off again!"

"Yes," agreed Davis. "I think that's it."

"Is there anything we can do for him?"

"Nothing but keep him quiet out of the sun, and give him cooling drinks."

"I thought so," said Creel. "I only hope he won't get worse. For his own sake, of course, as well as for mine. Well, Princess," he added, turning to her with a smile, "thank heaven *you're* ready to go ahead!"

"Oh, yes," she said, and rose eagerly.

Creel stood a moment looking down at her.

"I don't know how you do it," he said, "but you certainly get the real Oriental atmosphere. If I had any sense, I'd sign you up right now for five years."

"I am ready!"

"No — it wouldn't be fair to you. But I want you to give me the first chance."

"The first chance, and the second, and as many as you like," she said, earnestly. "I promise you that!"

"Shake hands on it!" said Creel, and I could see that he was moved. "Now," he added, in another tone, "there are two or three fade-aways we can make without Jimmy, and some scenes inside your tent."

We did three fade-aways of the Princess and the mummy, one of them inside the mummy-case set against the wall; and by that time it had grown so hot that we knocked off work till afternoon. Davis, who had discovered a fresh strip of wall, declared he would keep the natives going for another hour if he had to take a whip to them; and we left them toiling up and down the steps with their baskets of sand, and the sweat running from them in streams.

We found Jimmy sitting in front of the shelter tent, talking to Ma Creel and Mollie.

"How do you feel?" asked Creel, stopping in front of him and eying him severely.

"I feel all right," Jimmy answered, and, except for a slight pallor, he seemed quite himself again. "I don't know what came

over me — I just seemed to go sort of light-headed."

"Davis says that's the way heat affects some people," said Creel. "You'll have to keep out of the sun as much as you can. Digby, I'm ready to set up that fancy tent."

"All right," said Digby, and hastened away toward the store-house; and presently with the help of the natives whom Davis had told off to assist, they erected a gorgeous strip of decorated canvas representing the entrance to a tent — the kind one sees in pictures in the Arabian Nights. The other side, of course, represented the inside of the tent, and here rugs and cushions and tabourettes and such things were arranged to simulate a luxurious Oriental interior.

While Digby and Creel were laboring away at this, Davis came up and stopped to watch them.

"Hello!" he said. "What's all this?"

"This," said Creel, "is the tent the king provides for his favorite when he takes her with him on a journey."

"I thought the favorites were always left at home," smiled Davis, "and amused themselves with another lover in the king's absence. That's usually the way in the story-books."

"This one was so darned faithful that she got on the king's nerves," said Creel. "Gave him no peace, and all that, you know! So he decided to get rid of her, and brought her out here to bury her alive. We are getting ready for the scene in which he tells her of her approaching fate."

"Rubbish!" said Davis, and hurried on to clean up for lunch.

At the midday meal Jimmy seemed to be quite all right again, and protested that he had never felt more fit. So, as most of our work would be done in the shade, anyway, Creel told him to go ahead and get into his Oriental costume.

We did some stunning scenes before the tent and inside it. Jimmy's acting wasn't up to that of the morning, but it was very good, and Mlle. Roland was fairly vibrant. Creel became more and more radiant as the scenes proceeded.

"We've got it!" he said to me once, in a low tone that fairly sizzled with excitement. "Great Scott, Billy, just look at that woman!"

And I looked, as I ground steadily away, and was thrilled through and through. Why so gifted a woman had been permitted to play minor parts I could not understand. Jimmy did his best to play up to her, but it was easy to see that she would carry off the honors of the picture.

It was hard work, and we were all pretty tired when Creel finally thrust his scenario into his pocket and announced that we were done for the day.

"We'll do the burying-alive scene in the morning," he said. "I've got to get the ground ready for it, and it will take some time. Now, Jimmy, I want you to take a good rest. I don't want you to keel over right in the midst of the scene. And you, Princess," added Creel. "You've worked hard this afternoon — and done wonderfully! I congratulate you!"

"Put your box away, Billy," said Creel to me, "and we'll go over to the excavation, and get things ready for morning. Mustafa, take the robes off those fellows and give them some tobacco or something."

"Vurry good, saar," said Mustafa; "but they deserve nothing — they have done no work."

"They'll jump quicker when I want them to do some," Creel pointed out; and Mustafa bowed before this superior wisdom.

As we walked over to the excavation, we were surprised to see no sign of the laborers toiling up with their endless baskets of sand.

"It can't be that he's knocked off work," said Creel. "He'd never do that — unless something's happened." And then we came to the top of the stair. "By George!" he cried; "I believe the old fellow has really found something!" for the whole bunch of natives were grouped together at the farther end of the excavation, staring at something that looked like another fragment of wall. Right in front of the wall, we caught a glimpse of Davis's white helmet.

We saw that it was indeed a fragment of wall which he had uncovered — a wall built of small, square blocks of white stone laid in dark mortar — and Davis was carefully brushing the sand from some sort of inscription.

"What is it, professor?" asked Creel. "Found something? Whew!" he whistled, as Davis started round at sound of his voice. "Yes, I guess you have!"

For the little man was trembling with excitement; his face was as white as his beard.

"The missing link!" he answered hoarsely. "The missing link! By God, I've found it!"

"The missing link!" Creel echoed, staring at the wall; "I always thought that was a monkey or something ——"

"No, no! The missing link in the history of Egypt — the clue to the great riddle — a light on the darkness of five centuries! There it is in front of you!"

I followed his shaking finger, and saw, cut in one of the stones of the wall, a sort of oval, with some strange marks inside it, and standing on a flat base. At the top was a circle with a dot in the middle, then a dash, then a triangle, then a section of saw-teeth, then a thing that might have been intended for an arm holding a whip, and finally some more saw-teeth.

"Do you mean this thing?" asked Creel, and put his finger on the oval.

"Don't touch it! Don't touch it!" cried Davis, snatching his hand away. "Yes, I mean that! But you couldn't guess what it is — not by any possibility could you guess what it is!"

"No," said Creel, looking at it with his head on one side, "I couldn't — unless some boy found a nail or something, and amused himself by scratching ——"

"Boy!" cried Davis. "Amused himself! Why, man, that is the cartouche of Sekenyen-Re!"

Chapter XVII

LET me say here that it wasn't till afterwards that I learned how to spell Sekenyen-Re. Up to that moment, I had never heard of him. Neither had Creel. And I had always thought that cartouche meant cartridge — I know I had seen the word cartouche-box somewhere. So we both stared rather blankly into Davis's shining face. Then Creel put his head a little more to one side.

"Come again, professor," he said, "and speak English."

"The names of the kings of Egypt," Davis explained, with a patience which surprised me, "were always enclosed in an oval or cartouche, and no other names were distinguished in that way. So we know that this is a king's name. The circle represents the Sun-god, Re. This next, which looks like a dash, is the letter s; the triangle represents the k sound; this dog-tooth represents the letter n. There it is — Sekenyen-Re. This other symbol, the arm and sceptre, means that he ruled over Upper and Lower Egypt."

"It sounds a good deal like shorthand," commented Creel.

"It *is* shorthand," agreed Davis. "In Egyptian writing, only the consonants were inscribed."

"All right," said Creel. "The Egyptians, then, invented shorthand — I've learned that much. And who was this old boy?"

"Sekenyen-Re was one of the Hyksos, or shepherd-kings — foreigners — Bedouins, probably — who ruled over Egypt for five hundred years, and concerning whom we know next to nothing. Those five centuries are centuries of absolute darkness!"

"Oh! I begin to see!" said Creel, and his bantering air dropped from him. "You expect to find a clue here?"

"I believe," answered Davis, tremulously, "that this is the door of a tomb; it has every appearance of being undisturbed; therefore the king's mummy should be inside. If it is —" He stopped and turned toward Creel hotly. "I suppose," he said, "that you've come to tell me that you want these men for that infernal picture of yours!"

"No, old man," said Creel with the true feeling of one artist for another, "I don't want them. Take them — I won't bother you again till you've finished. And if you put it over — well, I take off my hat to you, that's all!"

Davis caught Creel's hand in both of his, and I could have sworn there were tears in his eyes.

"Thank you, Creel; thank you," he said hoarsely. "I shouldn't have spoken like that — forgive me. After all, they're your men, not mine."

"They're yours as long as you need them."

"It's more than I have any right to expect," said Davis, humbly. "But you won't regret it. And you're right — this is a big thing."

"I can see that," said Creel, and looked at the wall meditatively. "You really think that there's a tomb back of that wall?"

"I'm sure of it. Look, here's the outline

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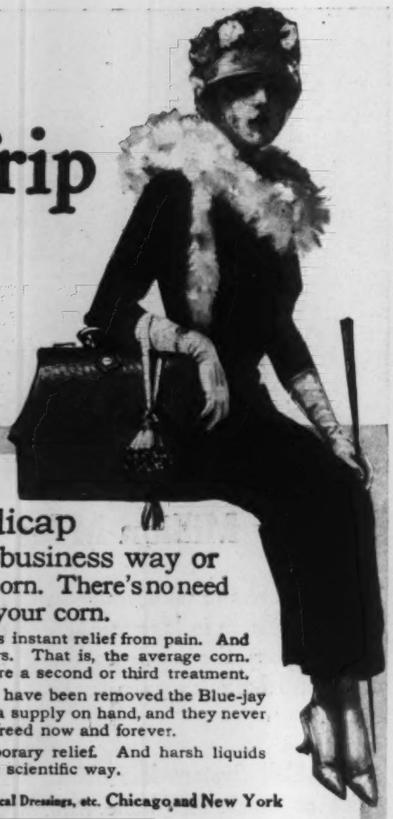

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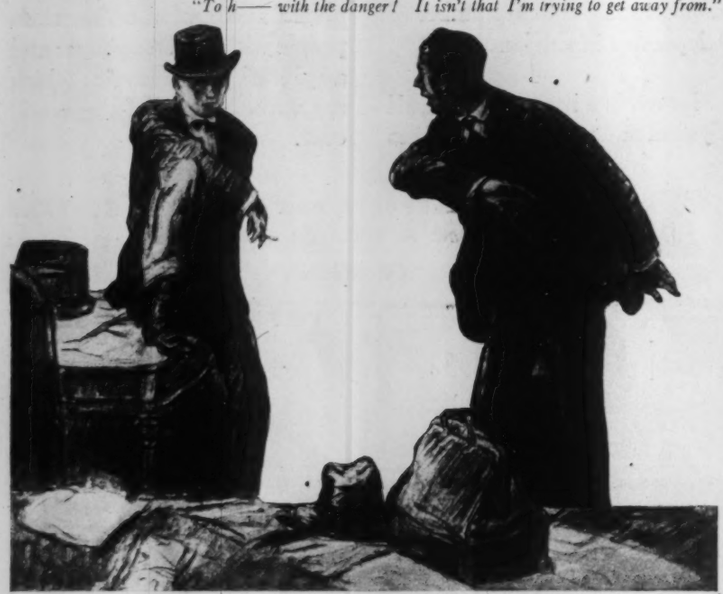

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of the door before it was walled up — here is the arch ——"

"Of course!" and Creel slapped his leg. "We'll wall up the Princess there! The very thing! And of course it's out of there we'll have to dig her mummy. Professor, if you'll give me ten minutes before you begin, I'll not delay you another instant."

"All right," agreed Davis; "that's little enough to ask! I want to take some photographs of the door, anyway, before I begin to tear it down."

"You don't need to — Billy will take all the pictures you want. Billy, go and get your box — put in a fresh reel — and tell Jimmy to jump into his khaki and get over here as soon as he can. And bring my suit — I can put it on here."

I saw what was in his mind, and rushed over to the tents.

"Where's Jimmy?" I shouted to Digby and Ma Creel, who were sitting out in front.

"He's lying down, I think," said Ma Creel. "He's probably asleep. You musn't disturb him."

"He's got to be disturbed," I said. "We can't wait."

"But look here, Billy," Ma Creel protested, "he's sick — I'll go over and tell Warrie ——"

"No, I'm not sick," said Jimmy's voice, and I turned to see him coming out from under the tent-flap. "What is it, Billy?"

"Davis has found a tomb he's going to open," I said. "Creel wants you to jump into your khaki and get over there right away. Take his outfit with you."

"All right," said Jimmy, and let the flap fall again; while I ran into the property-tent, got out my box and loaded it.

When I got out again, Mustafa was there, having been sent by Davis to get two electric torches. He also was very excited.

"It iss a tomb — it iss a tomb," he said; "of that be certain! Make haste! Meestaire Davees, he can not wait!"

Mollie had joined the other two in front of the tent, attracted by the excited talking, and by the time Digby had found the torches Jimmy came out arrayed in his khaki, and with Creel's suit and helmet under his arm.

"Let's all go over," said Ma Creel. "I've never seen a tomb opened."

"Where's Mlle. Roland?" I asked. "Maybe she'd like to go, too."

"She's asleep," said Mollie, rather sharply. "Take my advice and leave her alone."

I didn't see very well how I could do anything else, and as Ma Creel seemed to agree with Mollie, I said nothing more, and set off with them toward the excavation. But I couldn't help thinking we were playing the girl a rather shabby trick. Tombs weren't opened every day; and if we really found something. . . .

But I soon forgot all about her in the excitement of taking the picture. First I took some close-ups for Davis. Then the natives went to work with picks and crowbars, with Jimmy and Creel seemingly directing them, but with Davis in the background giving the real orders. It was no easy job to keep him in the background! In fact, when the first stone came out, the old Egyptologist was uncontrollable. He threw off Digby's hand and rushed forward and fell to his knees and peered into the hole.

"Hold on, Billy," said Creel. "Let him look! After all, it's his show!" And he went forward himself to see what there was to see.

Davis had an electric torch in one hand, and was staring in at what its beam revealed to him.

"It's all right," he said, looking up with a sort of awed face, as Creel approached. "It's intact, just as I thought it would be. It hasn't caved a particle. You can go ahead now."

"Let me take a look," said Creel, and he took the torch and knelt in front of the hole, and threw the ray of light into the darkness beyond.

"It's quite a place, isn't it?" he said; and a minute later he added, "It seems to be empty."

"Oh, yes," said Davis; "the coffin will be in an inner chamber."

"How do you know there is an inner chamber?" Creel asked. "I see no sign of a door."

"There's certain to be one," Davis assured him. "All these tombs were built on the same general plan. The door may have been walled up."

Creel got up and brushed the sand off his knees.

"All right, Jimmy," he said; then he took a quick step forward. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Another attack?"

I had been so busy looking at the hole that I hadn't noticed Jimmy. Now I saw that he had sunk down in the shade against the wall, and was white as death.

"I — I feel a little faint," he gasped. "I'll be all right in a minute," and he started to rise.

But Creel pressed him down again.

"Sit still," he commanded. "We've got nearly enough of this stuff, anyway. Wait till they get the hole big enough to enter. Tell your men to go ahead, professor."

So the natives went ahead prying out the stones, which were laid in some black stuff which Davis said was bitumen; and Jimmy leaned back against the wall, while Ma Creel fanned him and babied him; and gradually he began to look more like himself.

"I'm all right," he said to Creel, finally, "whenever you're ready for me."

"We'll do a bit here, then," said Creel, "with both of us looking through the hole. All right, Billy!"

We did a short scene, and Jimmy seemed to get through it fairly well. I didn't know till afterwards that he had shut his eyes every time he faced the hole, but Creel saw it and it worried him. When the scene was over, he made Jimmy sit down again, and the laborers went ahead taking out more stones.

"It's big enough now," said Davis, at last, and waved the natives back. "I'm going in."

"Wait a minute," said Creel. "Let Jimmy go in, and come out again, and then I won't bother you any more. Come along, Jimmy. All right, Billy."

I saw Jimmy pull himself to his feet and stagger rather than walk toward the hole.

"Great!" said Creel, who was close behind him. "Just the effect I want! Some instinct tells you that some awful tragedy happened here thousands of years ago — and that you were somehow concerned in it. Oh, great, great!" for Jimmy had dropped to his knees before the hole, as though his legs could no longer support him, and was convulsively gripping its edges. "Let's have a little more of your face!" and Jimmy obediently turned toward us a profile like that of a dead man. "Now go in — like a man going to his death!"

And it was indeed like a man going to his death that Jimmy clawed his way through that hole.

"All right, Billy!" said Creel, as soon as Jimmy was through, and I stopped grinding and closed my shutter. "We'll bring out the mummy tomorrow. Now, professor, I turn things over to you. Come on out, Jimmy!" he called, raising his voice, for Jimmy had not yet appeared.

I don't know what it was; but at that instant the sickening certainty rushed over me that Jimmy would not appear — that something had happened — something terrible. . . .

Creel must have had the same sensation, for he grabbed the torch from Davis's hand and rushed forward to the hole.

"He's not there!" he cried, his voice hoarse with horror. "The tomb is empty!"

Chapter XVIII

IT was Davis who recovered his senses first, who pushed Creel aside and flung himself through the hole into the darkness within. Creel was after him in an instant.

"Look out for my box, Digby," I cried, and plunged after Creel. I felt somehow that he was in danger — that he needed help — that he musn't be left alone.

I landed heavily, for the floor of the tomb seemed to be considerably below the level of the ground outside. One glance was enough to show that it was empty. The white walls, flashing back the light, would have made the smallest object visible.

"I told you so!" said Creel, hoarsely. "He isn't here! He's disappeared! It's witchcraft — it's ——"

"Wait!" said Davis, and swept his torch over the walls more slowly. Then he stepped quickly to the wall opposite the entrance, and to my astonishment seemed to walk right through it and disappear.

Before either of us could move, his head appeared again.

"Come on!" he said, and vanished.

I could feel the shivers running up and down my spine as I followed Creel forward to the wall — he was right — it was witchcraft — horrible, unclean witchcraft.

And then I saw that it wasn't witchcraft at all; for a section of the wall had been built some eighteen inches in front of the main wall, and behind this section gaped

the black, square opening of a stone-walled corridor. Seen from the front, the effect was that of a continuous wall; Davis, perhaps, was familiar with the artifice, and knew what to look for; but how Jimmy had discovered it, in the dark. . . .

Ahead of us, down the corridor, we could see Davis's light sweeping from side to side, and we hurried after him. The passage was about five feet wide by perhaps six high — I know my helmet scraped the roof — with a floor that sloped perceptibly downwards.

It was only a minute later that we stood beside Davis at the entrance to another chamber, much larger than the first, its vaulted roof supported by four massive square columns of masonry. And between these columns, in the center of the chamber, stood what I took to be a great oblong block of granite.

"It's the sarcophagus!" said Davis, hoarsely. "And it has never been opened. Look!" and he ran the light from his torch along a line of cement that held the lid in place. It had evidently never been disturbed.

"But where's Jimmy?" Creel demanded. "I must find that boy ——"

He stopped abruptly, for there, at the head of the sarcophagus, brought into view as we stepped toward it, was Jimmy Allen. He was half-crouching, half-kneeling, with his head pillowed on the stone and his arms thrown forward across it. His eyes were closed.

"Jimmy!" called Creel, and then he stopped, and I knew that the same fear had gripped his heart which gripped mine.

"It's only a faint," said Davis reassuringly, and stepped forward.

And at that instant Jimmy's eyes unclosed, and he raised his head and looked at us.

"Hullo, fellows," he said, quite casually. Then he looked down at the block of granite against which he was leaning, and around at the masonry columns, and finally he got slowly to his feet; with us watching him all the time, scarcely daring to breathe. "Where the deuce are we?" he asked.

"We're in a tomb," explained Creel, as gently as though he were speaking to a child. "Come along — let's get out."

"But how did I get in?" Jimmy demanded, still looking about him. "I don't remember coming in."

"You climbed in through a hole out here, while Billy filmed you — you remember that, surely!"

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy, and then he shook his head in a puzzled way. "But afterwards — what happened afterwards?"

"You just walked on in here and we followed you," Creel explained, easily. "You were a little done up by the heat, you remember. Come along out of here — this place is like an oven!"

FOR the first time I was conscious that it *was* like an oven — so close and stifling that the sweat had been running down my face, though I hadn't perceived it, in the excitement.

But Jimmy didn't seem to notice the heat. He still stood staring around, and then he inclined an ear toward the rear wall and seemed to listen; and then his face suddenly cleared, and he smiled slightly, as though he remembered everything.

"All right," he said, turning to Creel, "I'm ready to go," and without further question or comment, he followed Creel along the passage, across the outer room, and through the hole into the open air. I went along, and I supposed Davis to be bringing up the rear, till I looked back and saw he wasn't there.

Ma Creel welcomed Jimmy like a long-lost son whom she had despaired of ever seeing again, and she and Mollie, with Creel's approval, took him away to the tents, despite his protests that he was all right.

As Creel and I were gathering up our things, Davis appeared at the entrance to the tomb and dismissed the laborers.

"I'll want them here early in the morning," he said to Mustafa. Then he turned to Creel and me. "I've found something interesting in there," he said. "Would you care to see it?"

"Of course we would!" said Creel.

We stooped and scrambled after him down into the tomb, and followed him along the passage into the inner chamber. He led us up to the great granite sarcophagus and let the light from his torch play along the lid.

"Look here," he said, and I saw, cut delicately in the stone the same symbol which had been cut on the door of the tomb — the cartouche of Sekenyen-Re. "It has never been opened," Davis continued, and again he ran his torch around the edge of the lid, where the cement remained untouched and as hard as the stone itself. "Unless I'm greatly mistaken we'll find the mummy-case and the mummy inside, just as they were left four thousand years ago — and I'm hoping we'll also find an explanation of — this mystery," and he indicated the walls about us with a vague and troubled gesture.

"What mystery?" Creel demanded.

"The mystery of these bare walls. You'll notice that there's not a picture — not a trace of sculpture — and it's evident that there never has been," and he sent the light from his torch shimmering over the white stone.

"Yes," Creel agreed, "that's evident enough."

"The only decorations I have found are this cartouche on the lid of the sarcophagus, and that symbol on the wall back yonder," and he threw the light against the wall at the back of the tomb.

By a common impulse, we walked over to the wall, and I saw incised there, about five feet from the floor, a rude symbol which faintly resembled a snake — or perhaps two snakes intertwined.

"What does it mean?" Creel asked.

"It's a symbol of warning," Davis explained.

"It looks as if there was another door here," said Creel, who had been running his eyes over the wall. "See — there's the arch — just like the one outside."

"Yes," Davis agreed, "I think it is a door; and that symbol is intended to warn people away from it. It was only used, he added, looking at it, "where the warning was intended to be a very solemn and urgent one. No Egyptian would dare disregard it, for fear of giving mortal offense to the gods."

"Then there's probably something in there," Creel began.

"So I think," Davis broke in. "I'll have the door open in a day or two," he added; "and we'll see."

"Is that the mystery you were talking about?" Creel inquired.

"No," and Davis cast the light from his torch about the chamber again. "The mystery is the lack of decoration on these walls. I can't understand it."

"What's so strange about that?" Creel demanded.

"The ancient Egyptians believed that, after death, a man's spirit continued to live on in the tomb provided for it just as the man himself had lived on earth," Davis explained, "provided it had the things necessary to live with. So the body was carefully preserved, and placed in a tomb which was really its house, and which it could quit at pleasure. And the house was made as large as the position of the dead man warranted, and was furnished with food and furniture and utensils and servants, and everything a man could need in the way of clothing and ornaments — not really, you understand, but painted or chiselled on the walls; for the belief was that the dead man possessed in reality everything depicted on the walls of his tomb; and the more that was painted there, the richer he was for eternity. But here is the tomb of a king and in it — nothing!"

"Somebody must have had a grudge against Sekenyen," Creel remarked.

"My own idea is," said Davis, "that it was a self-inflicted punishment — a sort of penance — the most terrible a man could devise!"

"What makes you think that?" demanded Creel, his eyes suddenly alight.

"A king always had his tomb prepared in advance," Davis explained, "to make sure that it was satisfactory and properly commodious. In fact, that was about the most important thing he had to do on earth — to prepare his eternal dwelling — and he took a lot of pains with it. This tomb was probably built according to the orders and under the supervision of Sekenyen-Re."

"Great!" said Creel. "Superb! And now *why* should he condemn himself to eternal torment?"

"I don't know," and Davis combed his beard thoughtfully; "but I hope to find a clue to the mystery inside the sarcophagus — there will be hieroglyphs on the coffin, and perhaps a papyrus inside it ——"

"Look there!" Creel broke in suddenly. "I might make a guess at *this* mystery; in fact, I have already guessed it, and I am going to work it into my picture. But there's another mystery I can't explain — I can't even guess at."

"What is that?" asked Davis.

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"It's how that boy, Jimmy Allen, coming through that hole, into the darkness of the tomb, could find the narrow opening behind that masking wall, which I couldn't find, even with an electric torch," said Creel, in a voice muted by bewilderment. "Furthermore, why should he come along that passage? Why should he have knelt at the head of this coffin? How, in the dark, could he know that it *was* the head? And how on earth, after he *had* knelt there, could he lay his head down and go quietly to sleep? There, professor, is a series of questions to which I invite an answer."

"I'm afraid I can't answer them," said Davis, quietly. "The whole affair is most singular."

"They've got to be answered!" said Creel savagely. "Maybe he'll remember ——"

"No, I don't think he will," broke in Davis. "My own idea is that it was a sort of sleep-walking or clairvoyance. The heat had affected him — he was nervous about crawling through that hole, anybody could see that."

"Yes," assented Creel. "He just dragged himself through. Go on."

"Well, perhaps when he dropped into the darkness of the tomb, what with his nervousness and excitement, instead of fainting, as he had done before, he passed into a sort of sub-conscious state, and it was then that he stumbled upon the passage and came in here to the sarcophagus, and knelt down and went to sleep."

"I thought you said you couldn't explain it," said Creel.

"That isn't an explanation," retorted Davis; "not a reasonable one, at least. It is based on some occult power nobody knows anything about — and which, to tell you the truth, I don't believe in when I'm out of Egypt. But there's something in the air here which makes it possible to believe almost anything."

"We'd better be getting out of here," said Creel. "It must be away past dinner-time. Hullo! Look there!" he added, in another tone.

He had swung around toward the passage, and the light from his torch flooded its entire length and beat dimly against the white wall which blocked its entrance. Now as I stared at it, it seemed to me that something stood before that wall — a vague shape, a weird shadow, clouding its whiteness with gray; and I have the impression that it was looking at us — looking at us placidly from empty sockets ——.

And then I saw the light reflected on a burnished point, like a jewel.

"There *is* something there!" Creel muttered to himself, and started forward.

And then his light went out and I heard the torch rattle on the floor. The next instant, his hand, groping madly, caught mine in a grip that crushed the flesh.

"Who is it?" gasped a voice in my ear — Creel's voice, almost unrecognizable. "Is it you, Jimmy?"

"No," I said; "it's Billy Williams. For God's sake, what's the matter, Creel?"

"There's something here!" he breathed, and his grip tightened. "Something — something knocked that torch out of my hand. Let me hold you."

"Stand still!" called Davis sharply. "I'll find it!"

Then the light flashed out again, and Davis stood there, holding the torch. As its beam shot along the passage, we could see the wall quite clearly. There was no shadow upon its whiteness. The Thing — if it had ever really existed — had disappeared.

"Come on," said Davis; but Creel held me back for a whispered word.

"Let Davis think I dropped the torch," he said. "I'm ashamed I went to pieces like that!"

And together, in troubled silence, we followed Davis out of the tomb.

[*To be continued*]

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Soap and Sophocles — *Continued from page 20*

I repeated, surprised. I thought I had heard of them all.

"Do you mean to say you don't know about the Pantry Shelf?" cried Henry in anguish. "There was a story about us in the Sunday *World* not long ago." He handed me a much-thumbed clipping. "You've never seen us act?"

"No — but I've seen others just as bad," I said unkindly.

"You are sneering," proclaimed Henry, "at the greatest force for good that has come into the American theatre during its long history. I do not venture that on my own authority. I am merely quoting the famous dramatic critic ——"

"Just what," I broke in, "has the change of bill at the Pantry Shelf Playhouse to do with you?"

"They are going to present my new one-act drama in free verse," he replied. "My heart's blood has gone into the writing of it. I may tell you that the man who has staged it says that in the tragic inevitability of its ending it is comparable to the work of Sophocles. And he ought to know. He once worked a week for Arthur Hopkins."

"You used to be rather fond of Sophocles," I smiled.

"I'm fond of him still — Philistine though he is," said Henry. "Really, I'd like to have you see this play of mine. I call it 'Should a Child Be Told?' It deals with ——"

"I know just what it deals with," I said hastily.

"I should like to feel, tomorrow night," Henry went on, "that there was someone from my old town in the audience; someone who could, at least in a measure, understand my noble — almost holy — purpose in writing this thing."

"I would do my best, Henry," I promised.

"Could I write you a pass?"

"I don't know. Could you?"

"Easiest thing in the world." He wrote it, with a great flourish. "There you are. Bring a friend."

"Just where is the Pantry Shelf Playhouse?" I inquired.

"It is up an alley to the north of the Square," he said. "Up a very dark alley. It was a Bishop's woodshed, but we converted it. Yes, sir — up a dark alley you will find the one theatre in New York where the flame of inspiration burns bright, where there are no sordid commercial motives, where the best minds of the country ——"

"Yes, yes, Henry," I said. "I'll try to find the alley. And now — I really must be going ——"

I shook hands with Henry's inspiration, and left Henry himself in the midst of a lecture on what he proposed to do for the poor old drama.

Out in the Square I looked up at the stars, and shuddered. Again I saw our old home town on a Sabbath morning. I saw Henry's mother, stiff-backed, unbending, sitting with her prayer-book in the family pew. And without enthusiasm I looked forward to my dinner the next evening with Henry Trimmer, Senior. It must prove for me, I felt, one vast orgy of deception.

Nevertheless, I went to the Waldorf the following night outwardly smiling and cheerful. Henry Trimmer the father met me in the lobby. He was quite handsome in a dinner-coat; to look at him few would have guessed that he had never had one on until he was well past forty. There was a question in his fine old eyes.

"Any luck, Jim?" he inquired.

"I'm sorry ——" I began.

"I sent you on a useless errand," he sighed. "I wasted your time. Forgive me."

"Not at all," I said. "I had a very interesting visit."

We sat down at a table in the grill.

"But your visit was entirely without result?" he questioned wistfully.

"Not entirely," I told him. "It inspired a poem. Henry has probably completed it by now. It is to the effect that youth must advance, over the fallen forms of those beloved ——"

"I suppose I'm a fallen form?" said Trimmer.

"Undoubtedly."

"The young idiot! I'd like to rise up and trip him."

"My advice," I said, "is to let Henry strictly alone for a year. If he has any stuff in him at all, he's bound to weary in time of the shallow young frauds that surround him. Then, too, he has always been used to money. The market price of free verse is little or nothing. There will ensue painful moments. Landlords are insistent, even in Washington Square."

"I suppose that's all I can do," answered Trimmer. "But I'd do it a lot more cheerfully if I was surer of Henry. I don't like to say it, Jim, but the boy — he's — he's a weakling. Why? I've asked myself over and over. I'm no mollycoddle. Our people have always been strong."

He shook his head.

"What Henry needs is a firm hand," he sighed. "I've been hoping some good girl would get hold of him. But it's no use. She'd never waste her time on Henry."

I choked on my soup as Miss Mary Elkhart was thus suddenly recalled to me. With intense relief I heard Trimmer drop the topic of his son and turn to other matters.

He told me of the old town, on the pavements of which I had not set foot in years; he gloated over the results of the last census; he let his imagination soar as he prophesied the next. Then soap enthralled him. There was much of the old vivacity in his manner as he talked along.

We had reached the coffee before young Henry came back into the conversation. Then Trimmer startled me by inquiring:

"Jim — just what is the Pantry Shelf Playhouse?"

"Oh," I said, "it's another of these back-alley efforts to resuscitate the drama."

"Then it ain't a regular theatre?"

"No — it's one more irregular one. They're very numerous. Every little group of serious thinkers in town has its own. They satisfy a fierce, hot longing for the white glare of publicity ——"

"Jim — do you know that the Pantry Shelf Players are going to stage a play of Henry's tonight?"

"Why — yes," said I. "Henry told me. How did you happen to hear of it?"

He took a clipping from his pocket.

"I ran across it in the paper this morning," he answered. "Henry's play is called 'Should a Child Be Told?' Sounds as if it might be a little fairy story, or something like that."

"Perhaps."

"Or maybe it's about Santa Claus."

The simple old soul appalled me. I could not answer.

"I thought of that," he went on, "because I remembered back to the time we told Henry there was no Santa Claus. He was a funny kid — he cried for two days. Poor little fellow!"

This was pathetic. I sought vainly some way of turning the conversation.

"Perhaps he's made a play of that, Jim," he went on.

"The play is in free verse," I said, not knowing exactly what that had to do with it.

"What of it? It might be good, at that. I tell you, Jim, if the boy really could write — I mean about decent things — if he had the divine spark — there's nothing I wouldn't do for him. I'd be a proud man. And — maybe he can. I mean to find out. You and I are going down to this theatre tonight."

"No — no ——" I gasped.

"Why not?"

"You wouldn't like it. The plays are young; the acting is young — and awful. The settings are after the manner of the new school, which means they look as though they had been made by loving hands at home. Have you seen the new musical show at the ——"

"Nonsense. Come along — it's getting late."

I wanted to seize him by the coat, to drag him uptown, not down. But I felt as weak as Henry, Junior looked.

"All right," I said at last. "Here's a pass Henry wrote for me. He told me to bring a friend."

Trimmer took the scrap of paper and smiled at it. "Fine!" he said. "Come on, Jim. Where is this Playhouse?"

"It's up an alley. It was once a Bishop's woodshed."

"A woodshed!" He roared with laughter. "That's where I used to take Henry across my knee."

I shuddered. It seemed to me inevitable that the Bishop's woodshed would shortly see an ancient rite repeated.

After a protracted search, we found the alley. It was very dark, as Henry had predicted; the bright flame of inspiration did not appear to be on the job. In front of the theatre Trimmer took out Henry's pass and, tearing it into bits, scattered the white remnants over the cobblestones.

"We'll pay our way, Jim," he said. "We'll do our share to help."

He handed a yellow bill to the young man at the door. The young man trembled and there was quite a flurry of excitement. The situation appeared unprecedented; a great cry for change went up. Commercialism, which the serious thinkers scorned, was creeping in; soap was succoring art, and art didn't appear to find it so very unpleasant, either.

While we waited for the change, lean young radicals whispered all about us. There was a rumor that the police would raid, because of the frankness of the plays. They spoke hopefully, but even the most sanguine among them seemed to realize that this was too good to be true.

We took our seats on a hard bench halfway down the little room. The curtain rose on the first of three one-act plays. This one dealt with a man and a girl who were living together in Greenwich Village without benefit of clergy. The topic was inevitable; so also was the attempt to out-Bernard Shaw in dealing with it. Henry Trimmer did not flinch. He sat staring this raw little play full in the face. When it was ended he made a solitary comment.

"I hope the Bishop don't need any wood tonight," he said. "I'd feel mighty uncomfortable to have him come through that door."

"Cheer up," I answered. "The Bishop's dead and gone."

The second playlet was not bad at all; it was so good, in fact, that I forgot for a moment the imminence of "Should a Child Be Told?" written out of the heart's blood of Henry Trimmer, Junior. Then the curtain went down, the lights flared for the last intermission, and I began to hope passionately that the place would catch fire, the police come, the leading man drop dead — for any untoward event, in short, that would prevent the presentation of young Henry's masterpiece.

My hopes were dashed; the curtain rose for the final play. By my side the father fidgeted nervously in his seat.

Henry's play was all that I had dreaded. Perhaps it was even more. I got no very clear idea of the thing. I was conscious of a terrific verbal wrestle with the problems of sex; of a confused stream of ideas on the subject stolen from continental writers, hashed over, warmed up, and served to us by Henry. As I watched, all I could think of was the father's prophecy that no doubt Henry had made a play of the Santa Claus myth. The simple old man, breathing hard at my side, seemed more pathetic than ever before.

The curtain went down on Henry's grand climax, and his father slipped to his knees. For one wild moment I thought he might be praying, but he was only searching for his hat. He rescued it from beneath the restless feet of the radicals; he seized me by the arms and propelled me toward the door. The young mob was shouting for Trimmer.

"Let's get out quick, Jim," the old man panted. In the alley-way he stopped.

"Take me somewhere where I can think," he directed.

I took him to the café of the Lafayette. He dropped wearily into his chair, and for a long time said nothing. Finally he spoke, bitterly.

"Should a Child Be Told?" he cried. "My God, Jim — that's not the question. Let one of these bright young men write me a play on the other side of it. Should a Parent Be Told? Should a parent be allowed to learn the thoughts that are in the mind of his radical son? I say — no! It's cruel, it's inhuman, it's barbarous."

He paused. "For thirty years," he said, "I've been working to make the name of Trimmer stand for cleanliness. And now my son wants to make it stand for dirt. I won't have it!" His face was pale with anger; he brought his heavy fist down on the frail table. "I won't stand it! I'll go to him — I'll give him one last chance to come home — and if he won't, then I'm through with him — forever. I'll go to him tonight."

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"Don't do that," I cried, appalled.

"Tonight!" he thundered.

"No," I pleaded. "You would strike him at the very worst time — fresh from what he no doubt considers a great triumph. You wouldn't have a chance. Wait till tomorrow — send for him ——"

"I'm going tonight, Jim," said Trimmer, gravely. "This is my job. I'd like to have you come with me, if you will. If not ——"

"I'll come," I said, but my heart yearned toward the green busses running north along the lighted Avenue.

We pressed the button above Henry's mail-box, and the lock clicked joyously. No doubt Henry thought that it was Fame ringing his bell at midnight, determined to rout him out. Inside the door I pushed ahead of the old man and tore up the stairs like mad.

"Follow me," I called.

I beat him by a flight of stairs; I knocked at Henry's door and pushed it open. Henry was there; so also was the girl.

"Your father's with me, Henry," I warned.

Without a word the girl went into the other room and closed the door. Henry and I turned just as the elder Trimmer marched upon the scene.

"Good evening, Henry," he said, panting from the climb.

Henry removed the semi-detachable pipe from his vacant face, which held more color than usual.

"Hello, Father," he said. "You're out rather late — for you."

"I happened to be in the neighborhood," answered Trimmer. "I have just attended a performance at the Pantry Shelf Playhouse."

"You were there?" cried Henry. "Then you witnessed my triumph. You heard the cheers — the calls for Trimmer. You realized that, whatever you may think of my work ——"

"I am not here to discuss my opinion of your work," his father said. "I am here on a serious errand. I am here to give you one last chance. You know me well enough to understand that I mean what I say. I want you to come home."

"Home?" sneered Henry. "Back among the Philistines ——"

"My Lord, boy," Trimmer cried, "you were born and raised out there. They're your own people. Have you no affection for the place, like Jim and I have? Don't you ever think of the quiet Avenue on a warm spring night, with the screen doors slamming, and the little Fords creeping by in the dusk and old Ed Smith out watering his lawn? Or of Main Street on a hot afternoon, with the clerks loafing in the doorways ——"

"I despise it," Henry cut in. "It is a hot-bed of narrowness, of ignorance ——"

"Think hard before you answer. You won't come back?"

"Come back! After tonight? At this, the turning point in my career ——"

"All right." Trimmer's face was set and hard. "That ends it. Stay here and drag our name through the mire. Stay here and muddle and fail. You're no son of mine. I'm through with you. Good night."

He turned to go. And suddenly he saw thrown over a chair, a woman's coat. He picked it up. It was all quite like a play.

"Is this your coat, Henry?" he inquired.

"Put that down!" raged Henry. "Of course it's not my coat. It belongs to Mary Elkhart — to the girl who has consented to share my poverty, my struggles, to help me climb to the heights ——"

"Are you married?" The old man's tone sent shivers up and down my spine.

"Put it down, I say!" Little Henry was almost in tears. "What's that to you ——"

"Are you married?"

"Marriage! Bah! How you cling to the old superstitions. Marriage is for the butcher's boy — the chambermaid. People who really think cannot be bound by archaic ties — they must be free to live their lives ——"

Tragedy had pushed comedy back into the wings. Henry Trimmer, Senior looked very old and worn; his face was gray. He threw the coat from him.

"This will kill your mother," he said hoarsely.

At that the door to the other room opened, and Mary Elkhart stood there on the threshold. Her cheeks were wet with tears; she seemed taller, and of finer grain, than I had thought her.

"Henry!" she cried as we all faced her. "Henry — this is cruel of you — it is unworthy. Tell him the truth!"

Henry did not reply. He sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"What is the truth?" asked Henry Trimmer, Senior.

The girl advanced to him, and held out her hand — her left hand.

"My wedding-ring," she said. "Yes, Henry — I took it from the drawer and put it on." Again she turned to the father. "Henry and I were married before I came here to live," she said. "Henry insisted on it."

"Henry insisted ——" Trimmer gasped.

"If he hadn't," she went on, "I shouldn't have come. Of course, we couldn't tell his friends — Henry would have lost his standing in the Village. So we had to fake — to pretend ——" She laughed. "It's ludicrous, isn't it? We're all trying so hard to be devilish and bohemian — but — few of us can. We're so hopelessly middle class — there are too many generations of Puritans behind us. My father is a Methodist minister out in Indiana."

"Mary!" pleaded Henry in anguish.

"Oh, yes," she said, "we're mostly frauds and fakes — we advanced thinkers in the Village. There's many a horrible secret like the one I've just revealed. And I'm sick of it all — I'm deathly sick of it. Just now, Mr. Trimmer, when you spoke of your little Avenue in the evening — I sobbed behind that door. I want to go back to a town like that ——"

Henry raised a startled head.

"I want a little house with pansies planted round the porch — I want a nursery and a hired girl. I want to get away from all this radical foolishness, and go out there, and be what I was meant to be." She raised her voice, which was usually soft and gentle. "That's what I'm going to do," she announced. "We'll go back with your father, Henry ——"

"What!" screamed Henry. "You tell me this tonight — tonight when I have put my foot on the first rung of the ladder — when my play that has been compared to Sophocles ——"

"Yes," said the girl, "we're going back to the worth-while things. Don't rant, Henry — you can't impress me." She held out her hands to the old man. "You and I together," she said, "we must make him see."

Trimmer's face was beautiful.

"I've always wanted a daughter," he smiled. "And by the Lord Harry — I've got one — a real one — now."

He kissed her. From the depths of his chair Henry was muttering: "Back among the Philistines."

No one was noticing me. So I opened the door very softly, and slipped out.

All this happened several months ago. Today's mail brought a letter from Henry Trimmer, Senior. I will close with a quotation:

"You'd never know Henry now," he writes. "The little lady is a wonder, Jim. She's got a firm hand, and it's on Henry. He needed it. They've got a dandy little house up on Maple Avenue. Henry comes down to the office every morning at nine, and goes home at five. I've turned the correspondence over to him. Sometimes there's a queer sort of rhythm to his letters, and I suspect him of working a little free verse into a story of how two cases of Trimmer's Ocean Foam, Shipment E-47, happened to go astray. But I overlook it. Of course he hasn't entirely reformed. He's working in his spare time on a novel, which he says is to be in the Russian manner. But Mary tells me the Russians are mighty long-winded, and that he'll probably never finish it, especially now that he's taken up golf. Mary is working on some baby clothes."

And a postscript:

"Henry says he expects the novel to keep the name of Trimmer alive in Greenwich Village. I pointed out to him that we are now engraving that name on eight hundred thousand cakes of soap a day. He just shook his head. I guess he's like me; he's got a sort of a — kind of a feeling that the radicals will never see it there."

"Wild Apples" begins next month. It was written at our request by the anonymous author of "The Straight Road." If you loved Callie Baird, you will also love Lynnie Willis. It is a powerful novel of California — a story with the ring of truth in every line

Keeping Hair on Heads

by **Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.**

THE broker who cajoles you into investing in Wall Street cats and dogs is usually sufficiently skilful to skate all around the thin edges of these without falling in himself. The barber who most insistently and vehemently touts the virtues of some never-heard-of tonic is usually completely naked from the ears up. And the famous skin specialist, who takes your good money under the false pretense of stopping the dropping of your hair — of making two fine young hairs grow where none grew before — is quite likely, when viewed by a bird, to resemble an animated ostrich egg.

Why is this? Is there no balm in Gilead capable of cementing the troubled attachments of hair and head? Is there no sweet oblivious antidote that will make the hair stick in the scalp, instead of in the matutinal brush and comb?

The chief reason for loss of hair is loss of fat in the head — under the hair. For be it known that the hair draws most of its sustenance from the layer of fat which is sandwiched in between the scalp proper and the bony tables of the skull. So long as there is nothing for it to hang on to, it can't keep its foothold — let alone extract a living — from a tight piece of leather, bound down like the cover on a baseball on a mass of solid bone.

So keep fat-headed if you would retain luxuriant locks. And keep the leather cover on the head loose, so that the blood can circulate under it, and feed the fat that feeds the hair.

Anything that will do this is a good hair tonic. Perhaps the best means is massage. This should be administered with the tips of the fingers — not the palms of the hands —and should be designed to move the scalp, and not merely rub the remaining hair loose, so that it can be more readily combed out. Be firm with it, but gentle.

Ten minutes of exercise in loosening the scalp — using always a rotary motion, and covering every square inch of the caput — repeated morning and night, will sometimes work wonders — if the condition is not helpless and hopeless.

For if, by stimulating the nutrition of the parts, we can assist nature to store fat, we can cure impending baldness.

This, by the way, is the reason that the loss of hair following fevers or exhausting diseases is usually not a permanent loss. For, while the febrile process has burnt the fat, or while the fat has been drawn upon to furnish the energy stored in its cells, when the disease departs, and the tissues are regenerated, the fat returns. And when the fat returns the hair comes coyly back again — a little fuzzy at first, but gathering courage and stiffening backbone with the increase of adipose tissue around its follicles.

The next most important cause for baldness is the pernicious microbe and his pestiferous family.

For "seborrhœa," as medical men fondly call it, is highly contagious. The intolerable itching and discomfort it causes are the least of its sins. The action the microscopic bugs set up produces an increased flow of the oily secretion from the bulbs of the hair. These harden and form scales on the surface of the scalp, which cover the mouths of the glandular ducts, choke up the hair follicles, and squeeze the life out of the hair.

Seborrhœa is one of the most obstinate disorders that human beings ever had to wrestle with. But it can be cured. Thus: Shampoo the head thoroughly every morning, first with tincture of green soap, then with crude oil, or, if this is not available, with the mineral oil now so generally sold as a laxative. Follow the shampoo by a thorough washing with some pure soap. After thoroughly rinsing and drying rub a little olive oil into the scalp — to help add to the deposit in the fat bank. And be not infirm of purpose, but keep this active treatment up for many weeks, if you would see results. Then reduce the dose, taking only two treatments a week, instead of one each day. Then once a week — for life.

A reason frequently assigned as a cause for baldness we mention only to dismiss. For it hasn't any more to do with baldness than the bird of dawning's crow has to do with the sunrise. Tight bands and stiff hats do not restrict the flow of blood to the scalp and put the hair on short rations of nutriment, for the simple reason that the temporal arteries, the only ones constricted by the squeeze of the hat, haven't anything to do with supplying that part of the scalp where the hair first droops disconsolate and dies.

An unventilated hat, however, may cause sweating. The sweat, mixing with the oil of the hair, may become rancid and cause a rotting and a subsequent falling of the hair. But this would be almost as likely to follow going bareheaded — provided the head produced perspiration faster than the hair evaporated it.

There is no deep mystery about being baldheaded. And while the honest medical man cannot promise startling results in hair conservation, he can give heartening counsel to him who hath patience and perseverance.

His chief admonitions will be to feed the scalp, and keep it loose, and clean. These, and the avoidance of rough treatment, drying alcohol tonics, foolish singes and maltreatment generally, will keep hair and head together for as long as this connection will really matter.

Summer Twilight

by **Perrin Holmes Lowrey**

OH, the wan, red roses shiver with an ecstasy of hope
As they smile across the dimness, as they offer me their lips;
Now they bow their burning beauty where the sultry shadows grope,
And my stabbing pulses quiver to my flaming finger tips.

Oh, the dim magnolias darken, harems glooming in the night,
And the fireflies light their candles in the windows of the trees;
All the blooms are timid maidens, and they tremble with delight
As they give their pristine treasures to the errant evening breeze.

Oh, the summer thrills my pulses with the mellow wines of old,
And my tropic heart is throbbing in a tumult of surprise;
For the young moon turns the dimness into oriental gold,
And the shy stars peep like houris from a purple paradise.

Summer — *Continued from page 30*

door. "I don't want to stay. I don't want to come back here," she stammered, her hand on the knob; but with a swift movement, Dr. Merkle edged her from the threshold.

"Oh, very well. Five dollars, please."

Charity looked helplessly at the doctor's tight lips and rigid face. Her last savings had gone in repaying Ally for the cost of Miss Balch's ruined blouse, and she had had to borrow four dollars from her friend, to pay for her railway ticket and cover the doctor's fee. It had never occurred to her that medical advice could cost more than two dollars.

"I didn't know. . . . I haven't got that much . . ." she faltered, bursting into tears.

Dr. Merkle gave a short laugh which did not show her teeth, and inquired with concision if Charity supposed she ran the establishment for her own amusement? She leaned her firm shoulders against the door as she spoke, like a grim jailer making terms with her captive.

"You say you'll come round and settle later? I've heard that pretty often too. Give me your address, and if you can't pay me I'll send the bill to your folks. . . . What? I can't understand what you say. . . . That don't suit you either? My, you're pretty particular for a girl that ain't got enough to settle her own bills. . . ." She paused, and fixed her eyes on the brooch with a blue stone that Charity had pinned to her blouse.

"Ain't you ashamed to talk that way to a lady that's got to earn her living, when you go about with jewelry like that on you? . . . It ain't in my line, and I do it only as a favor . . . but if you're a mind to leave that brooch as a pledge, I don't say no. . . . Yes, of course, you can get it back when you bring me my money. . . ."

ON the way home, she felt an immense and unexpected quietude. It had been horrible to have to leave Harney's gift in the woman's hands, but even at that price the news she brought away had not been too dearly bought. She sat with half-closed eyes as the train rushed through the familiar landscape; and now the memories of her former journey, instead of flying before her like dead leaves, seemed to be ripening in her blood like sleeping grain. She would never again know what it was to feel herself alone. Everything seemed to have grown suddenly clear and simple. She no longer had any difficulty in picturing herself as Harney's wife now that she was the mother of his child; and compared to her sovereign right Annabel Balch's claim seemed no more than a girl's sentimental fancy.

That evening, at the gate of the red house, she found Ally waiting in the dusk. "I was down at the post-office just as they were closing up, and Will Targatt said there was a letter for you, so I brought it."

Ally held out the letter, looking at Charity with piercing sympathy. Since the scene of the torn blouse there had been a new and fearful admiration in the eyes she bent on her friend.

Charity snatched the letter with a laugh. "Oh, thank you — good night," she called out over her shoulder as she ran up the path. If she had lingered a moment she knew she would have had Ally at her heels.

She hurried upstairs and felt her way into her dark room. Her hands trembled as she groped for the matches and lit her candle, and the flap of the envelope was so closely stuck that she had to find her scissors and slit it open. At length she read:

"DEAR CHARITY:

"I have your letter, and it touches me more than I can say. Won't you trust me, in return, to do my best? There are things it is hard to explain, much less to justify; but your generosity makes everything easier. All I can do now is to thank you from my soul for understanding. Your telling me that you want me to do right has helped me beyond expression. If ever there is a hope of realizing what we dreamed of you will see me back on the instant; and I haven't yet lost that hope."

She read the letter with a rush; then she went over and over it, each time more slowly and painstakingly. It was so beautifully expressed that she found it almost as difficult to understand as the gentleman's explanation of the Bible pictures at Nettleton; but gradually she became aware that the gist of its meaning lay in the last few words. "If ever there is a hope of realizing what we dreamed of. . . ."

But then he wasn't even sure of that. She understood now that every word and every reticence was an avowal of Annabel Balch's prior claim. It was true that he was engaged to her, and that he had not yet found a way of breaking his engagement.

As she read the letter over Charity understood what it must have cost him to write it. He was not trying to evade an importunate claim: he was honestly and contritely struggling between opposing duties. She did not even reproach him in her thoughts for having concealed from her that he was not free; she could not see anything more reprehensible in his conduct than in her own. From the first she had needed him more than he had wanted her, and the power that had swept them together had been as far beyond resistance as a great gale loosening the leaves of the forest. . . . Only, there stood between them, fixed and upright in the general upheaval, the indestructible figure of Annabel Balch. . . .

Face to face with his admission of the fact, she sat staring at the letter. A cold tremor ran over her, and the hard sobs struggled up in her throat and shook her from head to foot. For a while she was caught and tossed on great waves of anguish that left her hardly conscious of anything but the blind struggle against their assaults. Then, little by little, she began to relive, with a dreadful poignancy, each separate stage of her poor romance. Foolish things she had said came back to her, gay answers Harney had made, his first kiss in the darkness between the fireworks, their choosing the blue brooch together, the way he had teased her about the letters she had dropped in her flight from the evangelist. All these memories, and a thousand others, hummed through her brain till his nearness grew so vivid that she felt his fingers in her hair, and his warm breath on her cheek as he bent her head back like a flower. These things were hers: they had passed into her blood, and become a part of her, they were building the child in her womb: it was impossible to tear asunder strands of life so interwoven.

The conviction gradually strengthened her, and she began to form in her mind the first words of the letter she meant to write to Harney. She wanted to write it at once, and with feverish hands she began to rummage in her drawer for a sheet of letter paper. But there was none left: she must go downstairs to get it. She had a superstitious feeling that the letter must be written on the instant, that setting down her secret in words would bring her reassurance and safety; and taking up her candle she went down to Mr. Royall's office. . . .

At that hour she was not likely to find him there: he had probably had his supper and walked down to Carrick Fry's. She pushed open the door of the unlit room, and the light of her lifted candle fell on his figure, seated in the darkness of his high-backed chair. His arms lay along the arms of the chair, and his head was bent a little; but he lifted it quickly as Charity entered. She started back as their eyes met, remembering that her own were red with weeping, and that her face was livid with the fatigue and emotion of her journey. But it was too late to escape, and she stood and looked at him in silence.

He had risen from his chair, and came toward her with outstretched hands. The gesture was so unexpected that she let him take her hands in his, and they stood thus, without speaking, till Mr. Royall said gravely: "Charity — was you looking for me?"

She freed herself abruptly and fell back. "Me? No —" She set down the candle on his desk. "I wanted some letter-paper, that's all,"

His face contracted, and the bushy brows jutted forward over his eyes. Without answering he opened the drawer of the desk, took out a sheet of paper and an envelope, and pushed them toward her. "Do you want a stamp too?" he asked.

She nodded, and he gave her the stamp. As he did so she felt that he was looking at her intently, and she knew that the candle light flickering up on her white face must be distorting her swollen features and exaggerating the dark rings about her eyes. She snatched up the paper, her reassurance dissolving under his pitiless gaze, in which she seemed to read the grim perception of her

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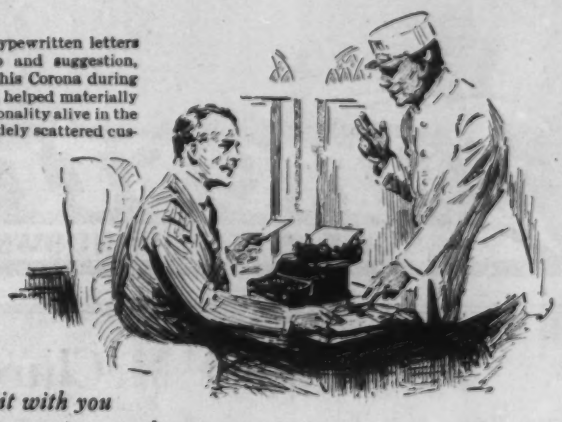

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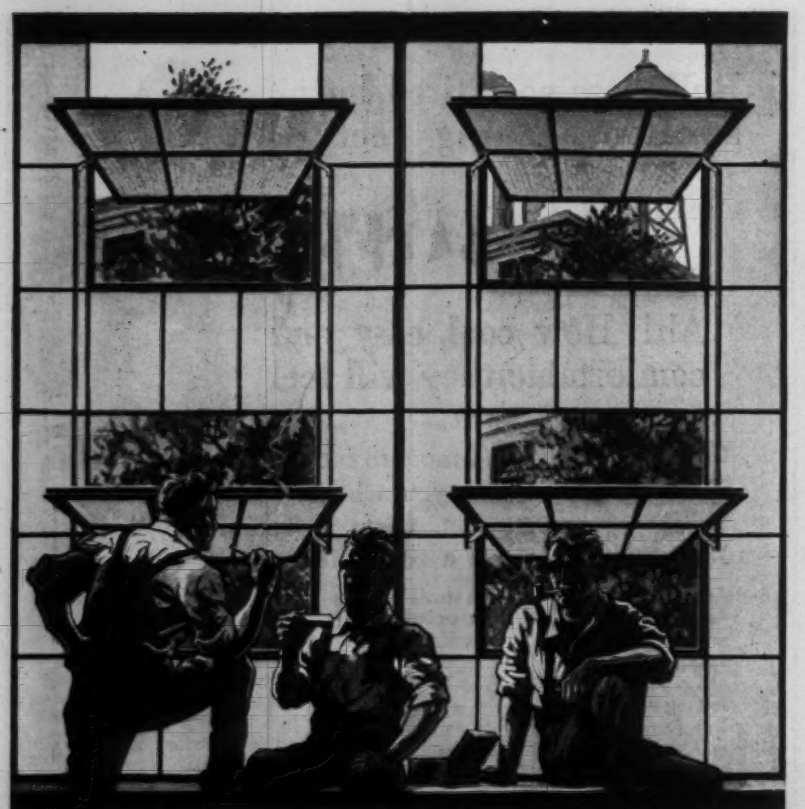

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The August McClure's

THERE will be a host of features in the next number of McClure's. For instance: In addition to the first chapters of the brilliant new serial by the author of "The Straight Road," there will appear "Why I Am No Longer a Pacifist," a timely article by Ernest Poole; "Four Cylinders and Twelve," a new type of short story by a brand new author, Leon Kelley; "The Gee-Whiz Guy," a baseball yarn by Jerome Beatty; "Business Friends," a business article by Alfred Grunberg; "Being Wicked," a fascinating love story by Leila Burton Wells, with a big surprise at the end; "The Right Kind of Training," one of Cleveland Moffett's incomparable articles; a funny sketch page by Tony Sarg; "Blood and Iron," a wonderful one-act play by Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan; "The Business of Being a Bachelor," illustrated by Flagg; "A Matter of Gesture," a fine story by Susan Glaspell; and the continuation of our serials, "A King in Babylon," by Burton E. Stevenson, and "Summer," by Edith Wharton.

A feast indeed! A crackerjack number!

state, and the ironic recollection of the day when, in that very room, he had offered to compel Harney to marry her. His look seemed to say that he knew she had taken the paper to write to her lover, who had left her as he had warned her she would be left. She remembered the scorn with which she had turned from him that day, and knew, if he guessed the truth, what a list of old scores it must settle. She turned and fled upstairs; but when she got back to her room all the words that had been waiting had vanished. . . .

If she could have gone to Harney it would have been different; she would only have had to show herself to let his memories speak for her. But she had no money left, and there was no one from whom she could have borrowed enough for such a journey. There was nothing to do but to write, and await his reply. For a long time she sat bent above the blank page; but she found nothing to say that really expressed what she was feeling. . . .

Harney had written that she had made it easier for him, and she was glad it was so; she did not want to make things hard for him. She knew she had it in her power to do that; she held his fate in her hands. All she had to do was to tell him the truth; but that was the very fact that held her back. . . . Her five minutes face to face with Mr. Royall had stripped her of her last illusion, and brought her back to North Dormer's point of view. Distinctly and pitilessly there rose before her the fate of the girl who was married "to make things right." She had seen too many village love-stories end in that way. Poor Rose Coles's miserable marriage was of the number; and what good had come of it for her or for Halston Skeff? They had hated each other from the day the minister married them; and whenever old Mrs. Skeff had a fancy to humiliate her daughter-in-law she had only to say: "Who'd ever think the baby's only two? And for a seven months' child — ain't it a wonder what a size he is?" North Dormer had treasures of indulgence for brands in the burning, but only derision for those who succeeded in getting snatched from it; and Charity had always understood Julia Hawes's refusal to be snatched. . . .

Only — was there no alternative but Julia's? Her soul recoiled from the vision of the white-faced woman among the plush sofas and gilt frames. In the established order of things as she knew them she saw no place for her individual adventure. . . .

She sat in her chair without undressing till faint gray streaks began to divide the black slats of the shutters. Then she stood up and pushed them open, letting in the light. The coming of a new day brought a sharper consciousness of ineluctable reality, and with it a sense of the need of action. She looked at herself in the glass, and saw her face, white in the autumn dawn, with pinched cheeks and dark-ringed eyes, and all the marks of her state that she herself would never have noticed, but that Dr. Merkle's diagnosis had made plain to her. She could not hope that those signs would escape the watchful village; even before her figure lost its shape she knew her face would betray her.

Leaning from her window she looked out on the dark and empty scene; the ashen houses with shuttered windows, the gray road climbing the slope to the hemlock belt about the cemetery, and the heavy mass of the Mountain black against a rainy sky. To the east a space of light was broadening above the forest; but over that also the clouds hung. Slowly her gaze traveled across the fields to the rugged curve of the hills. She had looked out so often on that lifeless circle, and wondered if anything could ever happen to anyone who was enclosed in it. . . .

Almost without conscious thought her decision had been reached; as her eyes had followed the circle of the hills her mind had also traveled the old round. She supposed it was something in her blood that made the Mountain the only answer to her questioning, the inevitable escape from all that hemmed her in and beset her. At any rate it began to loom in her again as it loomed against the rainy dawn; and the longer she looked at it the more clearly she understood that now at last she was really going there.

XVI

THE rain held off, and an hour later, when she started, wild gleams of sunlight were blowing across the fields.

After Harney's departure she had returned her bicycle to its owner at Creston, and she was not sure of being able to walk all the way to the Mountain. The deserted house was on the road; but the idea of spending the night there was unendurable, and she meant to try to push on to Hamblin, where she could sleep under a wood-shed if her strength should fail her. Her preparations had been made with quiet forethought. Before starting she had forced herself to swallow a glass of milk and eat a piece of bread; and she had put in her canvas satchel a little packet of the chocolate that Harney always carried in his bicycle bag. She wanted above all to keep up her strength, and reach her destination without attracting notice. . . .

Mile by mile she retraced the road over which she had so often flown to her lover. When she reached the turn where the wood-road branched off from the Creston highway she remembered the Gospel Tent — long since folded up and transplanted — and her start of involuntary terror when the fat evangelist had said: "Your Saviour knows everything. Come and confess your guilt." There was no sense of guilt in her now, but only a desperate desire to defend her secret from irreverent eyes, and begin life again among people to whom the harsh code of the village was unknown. The impulse did not shape itself in thought: she only knew she must save her baby, and hide herself with it somewhere where no one would ever come to trouble them.

She walked on and on, growing more heavy-footed as the day advanced. It seemed a cruel chance that compelled her to retrace every step of the way to the deserted house; and when she came in sight of the orchard, and the silver-gray roof slanting crookedly through the laden branches, her strength failed her and she sat down by the roadside. She sat there a long time, trying to gather the courage to start again, and walk past the broken gate and the untrimmed rose-bushes strung with scarlet lips. A few drops of rain were falling, and she thought of the warm evenings when she and Harney had sat embraced in the shadowy room, and the noise of summer showers on the roof had rustled through their kisses. At length she understood that if she stayed any longer the rain might compel her to take shelter in the house overnight, and she got up and walked on, averting her eyes as she came abreast of the white gate and the tangled garden.

The hours wore on, and she walked more and more slowly, pausing now and then to rest, and to eat a little bread and an apple picked up from the roadside. Her body seemed to grow heavier with every yard of the way, and she wondered how she would be able to carry her child later, if already he laid such a burden on her. . . . A fresh wind had sprung up, scattering the rain and blowing down keenly from the mountain. Presently the clouds lowered again, and a few white darts struck her in the face: it was the first snow falling over Hamblin. The roofs of the lonely village were only half a mile ahead, and she was resolved to push beyond it, and try to reach the Mountain that night. She had no clear plan of action, except that, once in the settlement, she meant to look for Liff Hyatt, and get him to take her to her mother. She herself had been born as her own baby was going to be born; and whatever her mother's subsequent life had been, she could hardly help remembering the past, and receiving a daughter who was facing the trouble she had known.

Suddenly the deadly faintness came over her once more and she sat down on the bank and leaned her head against a tree-trunk. The long road and the cloudy landscape vanished from her eyes, and for a time she seemed to be circling about in some terrible wheeling darkness. Then that too faded.

She opened her eyes, and saw a buggy drawn up beside her, and a man who had jumped down from it and was gazing at her with a puzzled face. Slowly consciousness came back, and she saw that the man was Liff Hyatt.

She was dimly aware that he was asking her something, and she looked at him in silence, trying to find strength to speak. At length her voice stirred in her throat, and she said in a whisper: "I'm going up the Mountain."

"Up the Mountain?" he repeated, drawing aside a little; and as he moved she saw behind him, in the buggy, a heavily coated figure with a familiar pink face and gold spectacles on the bridge of a Grecian nose.

"Charity! What on earth are you doing here?" Mr. Miles exclaimed, throwing the reins on the horse's back and scrambling down from the buggy.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his. "I'm going to see my mother."

The two men glanced at each other, and for a moment neither of them spoke.

Then Mr. Miles said: "You look ill, my

dear, and it's a long way. Do you think it's wise?"

Charity stood up. "I've got to go to her."

A vague mirthless grin contracted Liff Hyatt's face, and Mr. Miles again spoke uncertainly. "You know, then — you'd been told?"

She stared at him. "I don't know what you mean. I want to go to her."

Mr. Miles was examining her thoughtfully. She fancied she saw a change in his expression, and the blood rushed to her forehead. "I just want to go to her," she repeated.

He laid his hand on her arm. "My child, your mother is dying. Liff Hyatt came down to fetch me. . . . Get in and come with us."

He helped her up to the seat at his side, Liff Hyatt clambered in at the back, and they drove off toward Hamblin. At first Charity had hardly grasped what Mr. Miles was saying; the physical relief of finding herself seated in the buggy, and securely on her road to the Mountain, effaced the impression of his words. But as her head cleared she began to understand. She knew the Mountain had but the most infrequent intercourse with the valleys; she had often enough heard it said that no one ever went up there except the minister, when someone was dying. And now it was her mother who was dying . . . and she would find herself as much alone on the Mountain as anywhere else in the world. The sense of unescapable isolation was all she could feel for the moment; then she began to wonder at the strangeness of its being Mr. Miles who had undertaken to perform this grim errand. He did not seem in the least like the kind of man who would care to go up the Mountain. But here he was at her side, guiding the horse with a firm hand, and bending on her the kindly gleam of his spectacles, as if there were nothing unusual in their being together in such circumstances.

For a while she found it impossible to speak, and he seemed to understand this, and made no attempt to question her. But presently she felt her tears rise and flow down over her drawn cheeks; and he must have seen them too, for he laid his hand on hers, and said in a low voice: "Won't you tell me what is troubling you?"

She shook her head, and he did not insist: but after a while he said, in the same low tone, so that they should not be overheard: "Charity, what do you know of your childhood, before you came down to North Dormer?"

She controlled herself, and answered: "Nothing only what I heard Mr. Royall say one day. He said he brought me down because my father went to prison."

"And you've never been up there since?"

"Never."

Mr. Miles was silent again, then he said: "I'm glad you're coming with me now. Perhaps we may find your mother alive, and she may know that you have come."

They had reached Hamblin, where the snow-flurry had left white patches in the rough grass on the roadside, and in the angles of the roofs facing north. It was a poor bleak village under the granite flank of the Mountain, and as soon as they left it they began to climb. The road was steep and full of ruts, and the horse settled down to a walk while they mounted and mounted, the world dropping away below them in great mottled stretches of forest and field, and stormy dark blue distances.

Charity had often had visions of this ascent of the Mountain but she had not known it would reveal so wide a country, and the sight of those strange lands reaching away on every side gave her a new sense of Harney's remoteness. She knew he must be miles and miles beyond the last range of hills that seemed to be the outmost verge of things, and she wondered how she had ever dreamed of going to New York to find him. . . .

As the road mounted the country grew bleaker, and they drove across fields of faded mountain grass bleached by long months beneath the snow. In the hollows a few white birches trembled, or a mountain ash lit its scarlet clusters; but only a scant growth of pines darkened the granite ledges. The wind was blowing fiercely across the open slopes; the horse faced it with bent head and straining flanks, and now and then the buggy swayed so that Charity had to clutch its side.

Mr. Miles had not spoken again; he seemed to understand that she wanted to be left alone. After a while the track they were following forked, and he pulled up the horse, as if uncertain of the way, Liff Hyatt craned his head around from the back and shouted against the wind: "Left —," and they turned into a stunted pine-wood and began to drive down the other side of the Mountain.

A mile or two farther on they came out on a clearing where two or three low houses lay in stony fields, crouching among the rocks as if to brace themselves against the wind. They were hardly more than sheds, built of logs and rough boards, with tin stove-pipes sticking out of their roofs. The sun was setting, and dusk had already fallen on the lower world, but a yellow glare still lay on the lonely hillside and the crouching houses. The next moment it faded and left the landscape in dark autumn twilight.

"Over there," Liff called out, stretching his long arm over Mr. Miles's shoulder. The clergyman turned to the left, across a bit of bare ground overgrown with docks and nettles, and stopped before the most ruinous of the sheds. A stove-pipe reached its crooked arm out of one window, and the broken panes of the other were stuffed with rags and paper. In contrast to such a dwelling the brown house in the swamp might have stood for the home of plenty.

As the buggy drew up two or three mongrel dogs jumped out of the twilight with a great barking, and a young man slouched to the door and stood there staring. In the twilight Charity saw that his face had the same sodden look as Bash Hyatt's, the day she had seen him sleeping by the stove. He made no effort to silence the dogs, but leaned in the door, as if roused from a drunken lethargy, while Mr. Miles got out of the buggy.

"Is it *here?*" the clergyman asked Liff in a low voice; and Liff nodded.

Mr. Miles turned to Charity. "Just hold the horse a minute, my dear; I'll go in first," he said, putting the reins in her hands. She took them passively, and sat staring straight ahead of her at the darkening scene while Mr. Miles and Liff Hyatt went up to the house. They stood a few minutes talking with the man in the door, and then Mr. Miles came back. As he came close, Charity saw that his smooth pink face wore a frightened solemn look.

"Your mother is dead, Charity; you'd better come with me," he said.

She got down and followed him while Liff led the horse away. As she approached the door she said to herself: "This is where I was born . . . this is where I belong. . . ." She had said it to herself often enough as she looked across the sunlit valleys at the Mountain; but it had meant nothing then, and now it had become a reality. Mr. Miles took her gently by the arm, and they entered what appeared to be the only room in the house. It was so dark that she could just discern a group of a dozen people sitting or sprawling about a table made of boards laid across two barrels. They looked up listlessly as Mr. Miles and Charity came in, and a woman's thick voice said: "Here's the preacher." But no one moved.

Mr. Miles paused and looked about him; then he turned to the young man who had met them at the door.

"Is the body here?" he asked.

The young man, instead of answering, turned his head toward the group. "Where's the candle? I tole yer to bring a candle," he said with sudden harshness to a girl who was lolling against the table. She did not answer, but another man got up and took from some corner a candle stuck into a bottle.

"How'll I light it? The stove's out," the girl grumbled.

Mr. Miles fumbled under his heavy wrappings and drew out a match-box. He held a match to the candle, and in a moment or two a faint circle of light fell on the pale aguish heads that started out of the shadow like the heads of nocturnal animals.

"Mary's over there," someone said; and Mr. Miles, taking the bottle in his hand, passed behind the table. Charity followed him, and they stood before a mattress on the floor in a corner of the room. A woman lay on it, but she did not look like a dead woman; she seemed to have fallen across her squalid bed in a drunken sleep, and to have been left lying where she fell, in her ragged disordered clothes. One arm was flung above her head, one leg drawn up under a torn skirt that left the other bare to the knee; a swollen glistening leg with a ragged stocking rolled down about the ankle. The woman lay on her back, her eyes staring up unblinkingly at the candle that trembled in Mr. Miles's hand.

"She jus' dropped off," a woman said, over the shoulder of the others; and the young man added: "I jus' come in and found her."

An elderly man with lank hair and a

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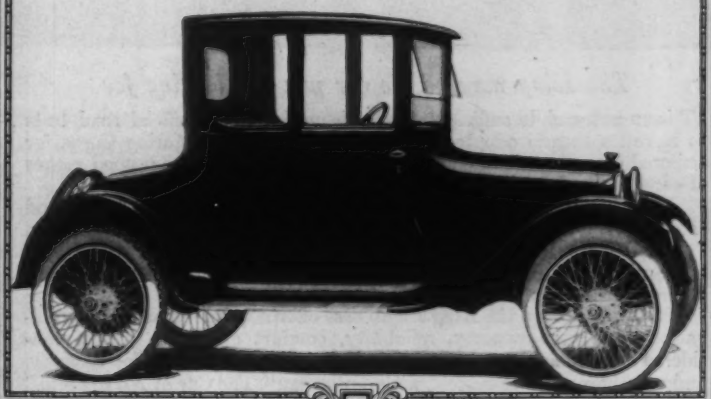
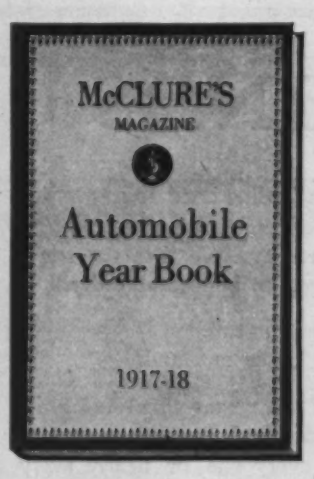




An Advertisement for Boys

If you are not now driving your father's car — it won't be long until you can drive it. Read the letter from J. Wallace Higgins, Jr., the proud owner of a McClure Automobile Year Book. You will find a full description of the McClure Year Book on page 42. There should be a copy of this book in your home for reference.

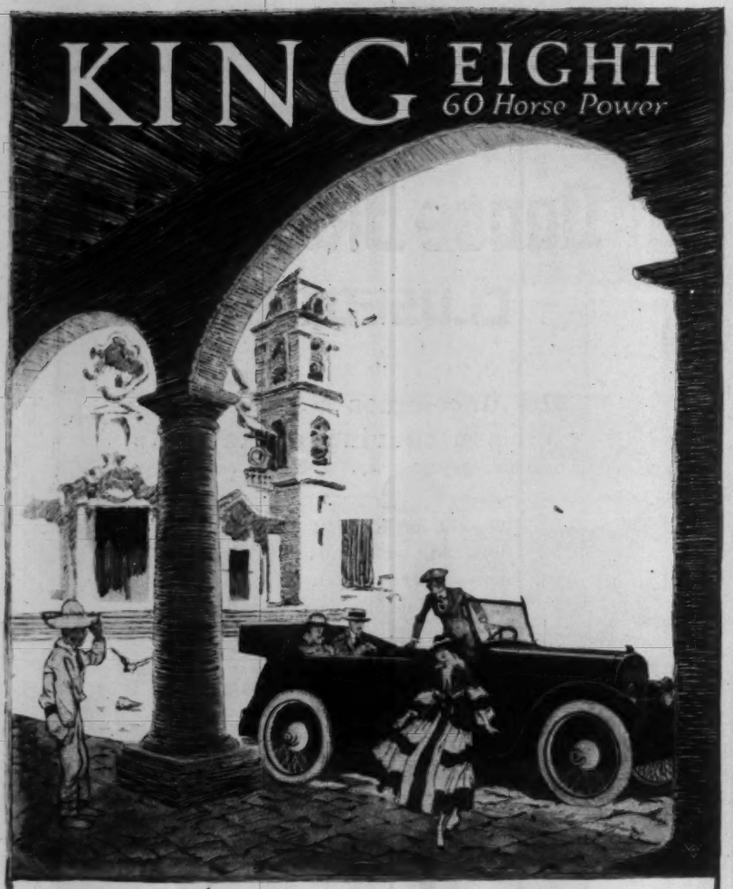
MR. WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT, *Automobile Editor*, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. May 13, 1917

DEAR SIR:

I am a boy eleven years old and I am very much interested in automobiles. I own a McClure Automobile Year Book. I read your articles in McClure's Magazine every month, and I was especially interested in the May article on Horsepower. I have often wondered how it was gotten.

In looking through my Year Book some questions occur to me that I would like to ask you. They are the following: 1. Which is the best clutch, disc or cone, and why? 2. How does the pressure gasolene system, as installed on the Pierce-Arrow, Cadillac and Stutz, work, and is it better or poorer than the vacuum system? 3. How does the magnetic transmission work?

Yours truly,
J. WALLACE HIGGINS, JR.
95 Chestnut Street,
Roselle Park, N. J.



The King may be the car you are looking for

IT is an automobile sufficiently reliable under severe official road tests to have its chassis adopted by the U. S. Army and Marine Corps for armored cars, though it shares this honor with several other good makes of cars, some of higher price.

It is built by a long established company with a reputation for good cars and fair dealing, ranking high among a number of worthy competitors.

The King is a car which may be conservatively described as economical, and is one that "handles" easily, having an all-round road competence which has surprised and delighted many.

In all, we believe the King Eight *does* offer a quite remarkable combination of power, economy, reliability, comfort and style which, considered with the price, makes it a purchase absolutely safe for *anybody*, and one thoroughly consistent with our slogan "The Car of No Regrets."

Foursome (shown above), $1700; Touring, $1650; Sedan, $2300; Roadster, $1585. All 60 H. P.

KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

$100 BONDS

WHEN the president of one of the leading bond houses in this country found that a number of their own stenographers had purchased $100 bonds from a recent issue that the house had put out, he sent his sales manager an important order.

The order was "Please see to it that we always have several issues of $100 bonds on hand."

Do you realize what this means today? It means that during the next few years the habit of buying $100 bonds is going to grow to such a degree in this country that every one, or nearly every one, who saves will become a bond holder. You should look into this important subject now.

McClures carries the advertisements of a number of big bond houses that handle $100 bonds. Write to them, or ask our Financial Department about $100 bonds.

McCLURE FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

feeble grin pushed between them. "It was like this: I says to her only the night before: if you don't take and quit, I says to her. . . ."

Someone pulled him back and sent him reeling against a bench along the wall, where he dropped down muttering his unheeded narrative.

There was a silence; then the young woman who had been lolling against the table suddenly parted the group, and stood in front of Charity. She was healthier and robuster looking than the others, and her weather-beaten face had a certain sullen beauty.

"Who's the girl? Who brought her here?" she said, fixing her eyes mistrustfully on the young man who had rebuked her for not having a candle ready.

Mr. Miles spoke. "I brought her; she is Mary Hyatt's daughter."

"What? Her too?" the girl sneered; and the young man turned on her with an oath. "Shut your mouth, damn you, or get out of here," he said; then he relapsed into his former apathy, and dropped down onto the bench, leaning his head against the wall.

Mr. Miles had set the candle on the floor and had taken off his heavy coat. He turned to Charity. "Come and help me," he said.

He knelt down by the mattress, and pressed the lids over the dead woman's eyes. Charity, trembling and sick, knelt beside him, and tried to compose her mother's body. She drew the stocking over the dreadful glistening leg, and pulled the skirt down to the battered upturned boots. As she did so, she looked at her mother's face, thin yet swollen, with lips parted in a frozen gasp above the broken teeth. There was no sign in it of anything human: she lay there like a dead dog in a ditch. Charity's hands grew cold as they touched hers.

Mr. Miles drew the woman's arms across her breast and laid his coat over her. Then he covered her face with his handkerchief, and placed the bottle with the candle in it at her head. Having done this he stood up.

"Is there no coffin?" he asked, turning to the group behind him.

There was a moment of bewildered silence; then the fierce girl spoke up. "You'd oughter brought it with you. Where'd we get one here, I'd like ter know?"

Mr. Miles, looking at the others, repeated: "Is it possible you have no coffin ready?"

"That's what I say: them that has it sleeps better," an old woman murmured. "But then she never had no bed. . . ."

"And the stove warn't hers," said the lank-haired man, on the defensive.

Mr. Miles turned away from them and moved a few steps apart. He had drawn a book from his pocket, and after a pause he opened it and began to read, holding the book at arm's length and low down, so that the pages caught the feeble light. Charity had remained on her knees by the mattress: now that her mother's face was covered it was easier to stay near her, and avoid the sight of the living faces which too horribly showed by what stages hers had lapsed into death.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," Mr. Miles began: "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. . . . Though after my skin worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. . . ."

In my flesh shall I see God! Charity thought of the gaping mouth and stony eyes under the handkerchief, and of the glistening leg over which she had drawn the stocking. . . .

"We brought nothing into this world and we shall take nothing out of it —"

There was a sudden muttering and a scuffle at the back of the group. "I brought the stove," said the elderly man with lank hair, pushing his way between the others. "I wen' down to Creston 'n bought it . . . n' I got a right to take it outer here . . . n' I'll lick any feller says I ain't. . . ."

"Sit down, damn you!" shouted the tall youth who had been drowsing on the bench against the wall.

"For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them. . . ."

"Well, it *are* his," a woman in the background interjected in a frightened whine.

The tall youth staggered to his feet. "If you don't hold your mouths I'll trun you all out o' here, the whole lot of you," he cried with many oaths. "G'won, minister . . . don't let 'em faze you. . . ."

"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept. . . . Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and when this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in Victory. . . ."

One by one the mighty words fell on Charity's bowed head, soothing the horror, subduing the tumult, mastering her as they mastered the drink-dazed creatures at her back. Mr. Miles read to the last word, and then closed the book.

"Is the grave ready?" he asked.

Liff Hyatt, who had come in while he was reading, nodded a "Yes," and pushed forward to the side of the mattress. The young man on the bench who seemed to assert some sort of right of kinship with the dead woman, got to his feet again, and the proprietor of the stove joined him. Between them they raised up the mattress; but their movements were unsteady, and the coat slipped to the floor, revealing the poor body in its helpless misery. Charity, picking up the coat, covered her mother once more. Liff had brought a lantern, and the old woman who had already spoken took it up, and opened the door to let the little procession pass out. The wind had dropped, and the night was very dark and bitterly cold. The old woman walked ahead, the lantern shaking in her hand and spreading out before her a pale patch of dead grass and coarse-leaved weeds enclosed in an immensity of blackness.

Mr. Miles took Charity by the arm, and side by side they walked behind the mattress. At length the old woman with the lantern stopped, and Charity saw the light fall on the stooping shoulders of the bearers and on a ridge of up-heaved earth over which they were bending. Mr. Miles released her arm and approached the hollow on the other side of the ridge; and while the men stooped down, lowering the mattress into the grave, he began to speak again.

"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. . . . He cometh up and is cut down . . . he fleeth as it were a shadow. . . . Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death. . . ."

"Easy there . . . is she down?" piped the claimant to the stove; and the young man called over his shoulder: "Lift the light there, can't you?"

There was a pause, during which the light floated uncertainly over the open grave. Someone bent over and pulled out Mr. Miles's coat — ("No, no — leave the handkerchief," he interposed) — and then Liff Hyatt, coming forward with a spade, began to shovel in the earth.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear sister here departed, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. . . ." Liff's gaunt shoulders rose and bent in the lantern light as he dashed the clods of earth into the grave. "God — it's froze a'ready," he muttered, spitting into his palm, and passing his ragged shirt-sleeve across his perspiring face.

"Through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself. . . ." The last spadeful of earth fell on the vile body of Mary Hyatt, and Liff rested on his spade, his shoulder-blades still heaving with the effort.

"Lord, have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us, Lord have mercy on us. . . ."

Mr. Miles took the lantern from the old woman's hand and swept its light across the circle of bleared faces. "Now kneel down, all of you," he commanded, in a voice of authority that Charity had never heard. She knelt down at the edge of the grave, and the others, stiffly and hesitatingly, got to their knees beside her. Mr. Miles knelt too. "And now pray with me — you know this prayer," he said: and he began: "Our Father which art in Heaven. . . ." One or two of the women falteringly took the words up, and when he ended, the lank-haired man flung himself on the neck of the tall youth. "It was this way," he said. "I tole her the night before, I says to her. . . ." The reminiscence ended in a sob.

Mr. Miles had been getting into his coat again. He came up to Charity, who had remained passively kneeling by the rough mound of earth.

"My child, you must come. It's very late."

She lifted her eyes to his face: he seemed to speak out of another world.

"I ain't coming: I'm going to stay here."

"Here? Where? What do you mean?"

"These are my folks. I'm going to stay with them."

Mr. Miles lowered his voice. "But it's not possible — you don't know what you are doing. You can't stay among these people: you must come with me."

She shook her head and rose from her knees. The group about the grave had scattered in the darkness, but the old woman with the lantern stood waiting. Her mournful withered face was not unkind, and Charity went up to her.

"Have you got a place where I can lie down for the night?" she asked. Liff came up, leading the buggy out of the night. He looked from one to the other with his feeble smile. "She's my mother. She'll take you home," he said; and he added, raising his voice to speak to the old woman: "It's the girl from lawyer Royall's — Mary's girl . . . you remember. . . ."

The woman nodded and raised her sad old eyes to Charity's. When Mr. Miles and Liff had clambered into the buggy she went ahead with the lantern to show them the track they were to follow; then she turned back, and in silence she and Charity walked away together through the night.

[*To be concluded*]

Mrs. Wharton's serial ends next month; and "Wild Apples" begins. It is by the author of "The Straight Road." Nothing finer has been accepted for McClure's — a big, gripping yarn that will be talked about. Remember, it starts in August

---

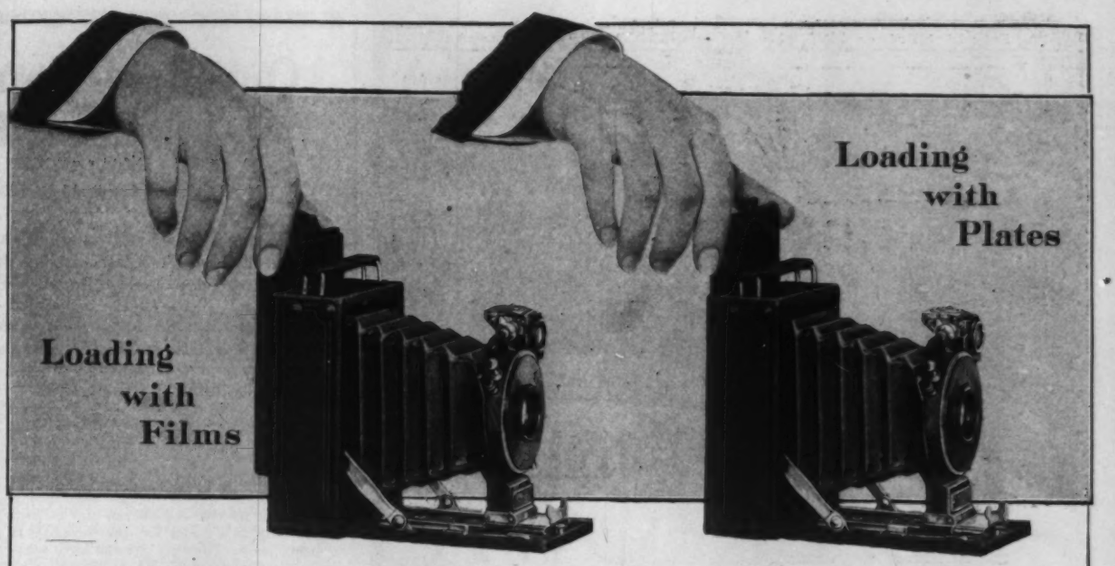
What has happened in the foregoing instalments of

A King in Babylon

SO many rumors concerning Jimmy Allen, a movie actor, have been spread about; Billy, the camera man of the same company, decides it is only fair to Allen to clear up the mystery.

Just as Creel, their director, is becoming desperate for an idea for his next production, he runs across a clipping of a poem by Henley which suggests a picture that he is sure will be a masterpiece. He is given free rein to work out his idea and arranges to start for Egypt as soon as possible, taking along his wife, Jimmy Allen, Mollie Adams, Digby and Billy, who incidentally is in love with Mollie. At the Metropolitan Art Museum he obtains a great deal of valuable information about Egypt and also gets in touch with an Egyptologist, by the name of Davis, who agrees to procure the natives and other necessary things for the expedition. Just as everything seems to be going along smoothly, Creel finds that the movie actress whom he had hoped to engage as the heroine refuses to go and he has a wild search for one to take her place. At last, after a most discouraging quest, he happens to drop into a little Fourteenth Street Theatre to see a French film and finds just the one he needs for the rôle. He telegraphs Powers, his Paris man, to search for her and in a few days hears that Mlle. Roland, the actress, has agreed to join the party at Marseilles. Powers is on hand when the company reaches the quay and while the others are getting their things transferred to another steamer takes Creel off to meet Mlle. Roland. Much to the astonishment of all, when Mlle. Roland meets Jimmy Allen a little later she stares at him with horror and cries out, "I must go ashore. I cannot go on. It is impossible!" But the engines of the boat have already started. Mlle. Roland quickly regains some semblance of self-control and the others endeavor to forget the incident.

The plot of the moving picture is discussed by Creel and the others during the rest of the trip, and by the time they reach Luxor the details are nearly completed. The party finds Davis waiting for them on their arrival, and they proceed on their long trip across the desert to the excavations which are to serve as a background to the picture. The actors are so perfect in their rôles that considerable difficulty is experienced in preventing the natives from bolting, and when Mlle. Roland appears the entire group feels that the very spirit of ancient Egypt has risen from the dead.



Really two cameras in one

PREMO No. 12

And it is such a small, such a thoroughly capable one, too. It is at once a plate or a daylight loading film camera. One method may be employed as easily as the other. It's just as the user chooses.

Focusing and composing may be done by use of finder and focusing scale, or at any time, for absolute accuracy the ground glass screen is easily used with either film or plates.

The camera makes 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, it measures 1⅝ x 3¼ x 4⅝ inches, it weighs but 24 ounces, but it is so cleverly constructed that it will accommodate a three-hundredth of a second shutter, and the best and speediest of anastigmat lenses, including the Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3, and the B. & L. Ic Tessar *f*.4.5. With such equipments and its careful, accurate mechanical construction, the Premo No. 12 offers the very limit of photographic efficiency—it will make good pictures wherever amateur pictures can possibly be made.

The negatives, while of good size for contact prints, are of such quality that enlargements may be made from them to any reasonable size.

For those who do not care for the high speed lenses, the same camera is supplied fitted with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and either Rapid Rectilinear or Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.7.7.

Thin, smooth, richly finished, this will make a faithful, unobtrusive biographer of your personal experiences.

Price, $15.00 to $56.00.

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10 cents brings this book to those who accept the offer made in coupon

"I can't make both ends meet"

Put Your Home on a War Footing With the Book

"Where the Money Goes"

FLOUR, potatoes, meats, clothing —the cost of everything is going higher and higher.

To make both ends meet during the war, you must make every cent count. The wolf is at every door, and the only way to bar him out is to put your home on a business basis. Instead of your expenses controlling you, *you must control them.*

Here is a book ("**Where the Money Goes**") that, though it comes to you for almost nothing, will keep many dollars in your pocket.

It is a simple home budget and household account book, prepared by the chief accountant of McClure's Publications in consultation with his wife, herself an expert in domestic economy.

Their household experience showed them the great need for a system that would help the housewife to manage her expenses *so* that there would be money left over after the household bills were paid.

It is as simple as A, B, C. It shows how much you can afford to spend for food, rent, clothes, charity, vacation, enjoyment.

Before you in black and white will be a record of all money spent, wise and unwise.

There is a record for every day, week and month in the year.

If you can't earn more, you *can save more.* This book tells you how to do it without suffering hardships. Send for it at once.

The book is well-bound, stamped in gold, and if it were for sale at retail seventy-five cents would be a fair price.

McClure's Magazine
251 4th Ave., New York

One of Many Letters

"My copy of 'Where the Money Goes,' arrived nearly two months ago, but I waited to give it a thorough trial before acknowledging its receipt. For six years I have hunted for a satisfactory account book, or rather a system of keeping accounts, and this is the first that has ever really satisfied me. The longer I use it, the better I like it.

"Now DO put it on the market so that all women may profit by your discovery. If you will only sell them, I shall buy a copy for every bride of my acquaintance." (*Name on request.*)

CUT COUPON — MAIL WITH 10c

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 251 4th Ave., New York

Enclosed find 10c. I accept your offer. Send me "**Where the Money Goes**" and enter my subscription to McClure's Magazine.

(Check below offer you accept)

[ ] Enter my subscription to McClure's for one year, and send me bill for $1.50.

[ ] Enter my subscription to McClure's for two years, and send me bill for $2.00, your special 2-year price. I promise to pay the required amount within 30 days, on receipt of bill.

(*Write name and address below in margin.*) McC.7¢17

Fair List Prices — Fair Treatment

Cords that are Cords

GOODRICH

SILVERTOWN

CORD TIRES

BEHOLD the *cord* that has made *cord tires* mean *durability, easy-riding comfort, mileage,* and *gasoline saving economy* to knowing automobile owners. Behold CABLE CORD, the unique cord made especially for the patent-protected two-ply Silvertown Cord Tires, and found ONLY in them.

Note the SIZE of CABLE CORD, its SUPPLE STRENGTH, and the TWO layers of it CROSS WRAPPED into a sinewy tire body.

Wrought of many threads the size of the "cords" of WEB TIRES, strong enough to swing the weight of a man, CABLE CORD gives Silvertowns a flexible strength which, yielding to the blows of a rough road, comes back without jolt or jar.

Fused with rubber as a cobbler's waxed end is waxed—a perfect weld of cord and rubber 40 PER CENT. RUBBER—CABLE CORD keeps Silvertown Tires immune to tire fever (internal friction), the destroyer of many ply tires.

Therefore, Silvertown Cord Tires, the only *two-ply, cable-cord* tires outlast many ply tires with their multiplied tire fever.

Know them by their Red-Double-Diamond trade mark and graceful extra size, the tires you can not afford to deny yourself.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, *Akron, Ohio*

Goodrich also makes the famous fabric tires—Black Safety Treads

"Silvertowns make all cars high-grade"

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MEND IT TODAY 10¢

A Dime Brings

"The MAN WITHOUT *a* COUNTRY"

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McClure's Magazine

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Pineapple Juice and Indigestion

HAS *pineapple juice any virtue medicinally?* *C. M. C., New York.*

The United States Dispensary states that the juice of the pineapple has been recommended for gastric indigestion and is used by the laity as a gargle for sore throats. It is quite possible that its enzyms have some therapeutic properties.

Astringent Grape Juice

PLEASE *tell me what is the matter with sample of grape juice I am sending under separate cover. We do not like the flavor. We are subscribers to McClure's.* *Mrs. W. P. C., Ohio.*

You can hardly be blamed for not liking the flavor. The slightly bitter or astringent taste is unpleasant when compared with a good commercial grape juice. It looks like a home-made product in the manufacture of which the grape skins and seeds have been strongly pressed. Then, too, possibly grapes were immature or of poor quality or variety. Notable amounts of tannin are present. We should say it was a juice improperly made and from poor stock.

Gum in Ice Cream

WILL *you please inform me if Ice Cream Powder made with Indian Gum and powdered sugar is injurious? I recently heard of such a preparation that is being introduced on the market. I have not seen or tried it. Are other thickeners often used?* *Miss D. M., Pennsylvania.*

Ice Cream powder of the composition you suggest is not injurious. It may, however, be used for fraudulent purposes; it gives to the cream an impression of richness which does not exist. It is, unfortunately, a common practice to add to commercial ice cream any one of several fillers, usually a gum preparation of some sort.

Besides gums, agar-agar, starch and gelatine are used. The manufacturers claim they employ thickeners to make a more creamy or homogeneous mixture and to enable the product to stand transportation.

The present-day tendency is to reduce the butter fat to the lowest possible amount. As one prominent ice cream manufacturer said in the writer's presence, "We put in just as little butter fat as possible." This proclivity doubtless throws more light on the subject of thickeners.

The Soft Drink

THE soft drink has a distinct use aside from that of merely quenching the thirst. When compounded from fruit juices it furnishes a considerable amount of beneficial organic acids and mineral salts, particularly those of iron and potassium. Beverages made from vegetable extracts, ginger, spices, etc., often have stomachic properties. Sugar is the only proper sweetener. Glucose is seldom, if ever, used for this purpose because of its low sweetening power and its tendency to ferment. The coal tar drug, saccharine, is still in use among a low class of bottlers. It is objectionable both from the point of nutrition and of health. Its use in this connection is a despicable fraud. Saccharinated soft drinks are forbidden in interstate commerce, but in states having poorly enforced food-laws they abound, like many other evils. Saponin, a virulent poison from soap bark, (Quillaga-saponaria) is often used.

The ordinary benzoated, coal-tar dyed soda-water should be avoided as should all those "drinks" containing caffeine or other habit-forming drugs. This is particularly important in the case of children. Coca-Cola is one of the most widely known caffeinated drinks, although there are scores of competitors similar in name and in composition. The use of caffeine is sometimes defended by makers or users of doped drinks on the ground that caffeine is naturally found in tea or coffee. This is all very true, but it must be borne in mind that tea or coffee have no proper place in the diet of children, nor do they serve any good purpose in the feeding of invalids. A palatable soft drink carrying a relatively large amount of caffeine encourages the excessive use of the drug. It is not at all the practice of bottlers to warn consumers of the presence of this insidious drug in their syrups and carbonated beverages.

A third class of soft drinks consists of malted preparations which, partly through their own merit and partly because of the temperance gains throughout the country, are rapidly coming into public favor. These are frequently made by a process similar to the manufacture of beer and the alcohol removed by steam.

By referring to the analyses it will be seen that these near or temperance beers are like ordinary beer except they have little or no alcohol.

Sample	Per cent. Alcohol by weight	Per cent. Total solids or extract
Lager beer	4.45	5.92
Anzac	0.42	5.30
Checo	0.00	7.28
N. A. B.	0.00	4.82
Barma	0.00	4.73
Jus-Rite	0.00	6.16

So far as we are able to determine, the temperance beers are true to name and are made with the brewers' characteristic cleanliness and regard for sanitation.

No Alcohol—Caffeine Instead

I AM *sending you by parcel post today a bottle of soft drink made here, and it has come to my ears that the man who makes the drink is putting whiskey into it (as I suppose he cannot get the pure alcohol) as the law is very strict, but he can get the whiskey by ordering. It is not supposed to contain any alcohol. Will you please analyze and write me by return mail.* *Mrs. J. L. G., Florida.*

The Lime Cola you submit contains no alcohol. It is colored with caramel and contains approximately the same amount of caffeine as Coca-Cola. The consumer is not warned of the presence of this drug.

Clean Bill of Health for Moxie

I AM *a reader of your articles. Kindly let me have information concerning the following. I am enclosing envelope. What is Moxie? Is it a safe drink for children?* *Mrs. J. B., Pennsylvania.*

Moxie is one of the safest and cleanest soft drinks on the market, made from pure vegetable extracts. It is a perfectly healthful, wholesome compound containing no alkaloids or habit-forming drugs of any nature whatsoever. The makers of Moxie are zealous advocates of pure foods and pure drinks.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

Interesting News from the Food World

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

"Stop Food Waste"

WHETHER or not the United States is producing all the food we need, both for ourselves as well as for our Allies, whether or not we were all successful, during the planting weeks, in adding our bit to that production, whether or not we shall all reap a fruitful harvest in our own home gardens, there is still time to help the country very definitely by stopping all food waste.

Our Government tells us that "we are the most wasteful people in the world in our ways of living;" that "our tastes and desires have been educated beyond our incomes," and that quite as great a benefit will result "through the more economical manufacture, purchase and use of food" as through increased production.

Food is wasted commercially because it is not all used to the best advantage in the various processes of manufacture. It has been figured, for example, that 18,000,000 barrels of flour a year are wasted, because only 73 per cent of the wheat kernel is milled into flour, instead of a possible 81 per cent. Food is wasted when purchased, because we do not know how to buy, because we do not know the value of foods and how to substitute one food for another—because we do not know how to use rice and corn in place of wheat and potatoes, or beans and peas and milk in place of meat and eggs. Food is wasted in the home, because we do not know how to cook, because we cook and serve too much, and because we throw good food away. The less food we waste, the more there will be to feed some other hungry person, or to feed ourselves at some other hungrier time. Stop food waste, and you are doing your bit in a very big way.

More New Foods

IT is difficult to keep pace with progress. In the scientific food world this is particularly so. While we are conservatively enjoying our old-fashioned dinners, somebody, somewhere, is inventing or discovering or growing some practical new source of nourishment which may be destined to play an important part in feeding our growing country, and may even be a factor in relieving the present food strain. Almost every class of foods is covered.

In addition to the new cereal crops previously noted, cottonseed flour or meal, as a possible food, is under discussion. The Japanese soy bean may some day reap as big a cash harvest for America as it does for Asia. At present, our Department of Agriculture states: "It may be utilized in a greater variety of ways than almost any other agricultural product," and we have, already, soy bean flour, soy bean milk, soy bean oil, soy beans prepared as a coffee substitute, green soy beans, canned baked soy beans, and dried soy beans to bear out this claim.

In the field of fats alone, there have been many ventures. Analysis of the avocado, or alligator pear, shows that it is exceedingly rich in fat—containing an average, perhaps, of twenty per cent—proving it a food as well as a flavor fruit, and indicating that it may become a rival of the olive in meeting the need for salad oil. Another new fat may some day be derived from alfalfa flour or hay. Recent experiments seem to show that the fat of this very common plant, in certain vital elements of growth which it contains, closely resembles fresh butter and the fat element of eggs, and may—through the cheapness of its source—prove of importance in feeding children, nursing mothers, and all who require the particular nourishment to be obtained from cream, butter and eggs, but who, in too many cases, cannot afford such foods.* Peanut oil, cocoanut oil, and other nut oils offer interesting possibilities. Cottonseed oil and corn oil are not new, but their development is not being neglected. Butter substitutes from beef fat are justifying their existence, and are no longer looked upon just a little fearfully. Processes of hydrogenating fat—"methods of treating liquid oils to harden them"— are adding many new cooking fats to our list.

The appreciation of goat's milk for infant feeding is growing. Experiments in the satisfactory desiccation of milk have been successful, and still more satisfactory results whereby even "the more subtle physiological properties are retained," are hoped for. The extreme importance of both the nutritive and commercial value of this one item alone deserves attention. Notable progress has also been made in perfecting various forms of fermented milk. The development of the dried and frozen egg industry promises to give us eggs for our cakes and puddings at a price that we can afford to pay. The hard palates of slaughtered beef, hitherto thrown in the discard, are furnishing another source of apparently wholesome animal protein. A more cosmopolitan taste in fish is being urged by the Government.

Fresh vegetables are being dried by new and improved processes, and entirely new vegetables are appearing in our markets—New Zealand spinach, Chinese cabbage, the dasheen, the udo. It is even hinted that certain grain plants and other sources of vegetable protein, long considered impractical as foods, may some day be so chemically or mechanically treated that they will deliver up the wealth of nutriment which now lies concealed. New fruit juices and syrups in concentrated, and frozen form, are receiving considerable attention, and this method of preserving excess or waste fruit promises to be profitable.

The list of practical and wholesome manufactured products, with innumerable ready-to-serve dishes that are as palatable as they are ingenious and satisfying—grows longer every day.

This remarkable development of our food industry seems to be founded on the aim to produce as many different kinds of food as possible, under as many different conditions, and from as many different areas, so that when some foods fail, there shall be others to draw on. "Don't be finicky." Neither you nor your country can afford it.

Another "War Bread"

JUST as in Europe, the use of bread made from flour representing not less, approximately, than 80 per cent of the wheat milled has been urged for this country. With every bushel of wheat so inestimably precious as it is at present, the saving between this and the flour as milled for our popular white loaf is appreciable. A still greater saving might even be effected, however, by combining a portion of cornmeal with the wheat flour. About 25 per cent of cornmeal can be successfully used in bread-making, and the resulting product is both wholesome and delicious. The price of cornmeal is about one-half that of wheat flour, while in nutritive value it compares favorably. As a complete food it is somewhat deficient in protein and certain mineral elements, but, on the other hand, it is relatively richer in fat and starch. When combined with wheat flour—as in bread-making—the loaf produced gives us an economical and wholesome food, and its more general use at the present time ought not to be overlooked.

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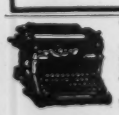

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Pineapple Juice and Indigestion

HAS *pineapple juice any virtue medicinally?* *C. M. C., New York.*

The United States Dispensary states that the juice of the pineapple has been recommended for gastric indigestion and is used by the laity as a gargle for sore throats. It is quite possible that its enzyms have some therapeutic properties.

Astringent Grape Juice

PLEASE *tell me what is the matter with sample of grape juice I am sending under separate cover. We do not like the flavor. We are subscribers to McClure's.* *Mrs. W. P. C., Ohio.*

You can hardly be blamed for not liking the flavor. The slightly bitter or astringent taste is unpleasant when compared with a good commercial grape juice. It looks like a home-made product in the manufacture of which the grape skins and seeds have been strongly pressed. Then, too, possibly grapes were immature or of poor quality or variety. Notable amounts of tannin are present. We should say it was a juice improperly made and from poor stock.

Gum in Ice Cream

WILL *you please inform me if Ice Cream Powder made with Indian Gum and powdered sugar is injurious? I recently heard of such a preparation that is being introduced on the market. I have not seen or tried it. Are other thickeners often used?* *Miss D. M., Pennsylvania.*

Ice Cream powder of the composition you suggest is not injurious. It may, however, be used for fraudulent purposes; it gives to the cream an impression of richness which does not exist. It is, unfortunately, a common practice to add to commercial ice cream any one of several fillers, usually a gum preparation of some sort.

Besides gums, agar-agar, starch and gelatine are used. The manufacturers claim they employ thickeners to make a more creamy or homogeneous mixture and to enable the product to stand transportation.

The present-day tendency is to reduce the butter fat to the lowest possible amount. As one prominent ice cream manufacturer said in the writer's presence, "We put in just as little butter fat as possible." This proclivity doubtless throws more light on the subject of thickeners.

The Soft Drink

THE soft drink has a distinct use aside from that of merely quenching the thirst. When compounded from fruit juices it furnishes a considerable amount of beneficial organic acids and mineral salts, particularly those of iron and potassium. Beverages made from vegetable extracts, ginger, spices, etc., often have stomachic properties. Sugar is the only proper sweetener. Glucose is seldom, if ever, used for this purpose because of its low sweetening power and its tendency to ferment. The coal tar drug, saccharine, is still in use among a low class of bottlers. It is objectionable both from the point of nutrition and of health. Its use in this connection is a despicable fraud. Saccharinated soft drinks are forbidden in interstate commerce, but in states having poorly enforced food-laws they abound, like many other evils. Saponin, a virulent poison from soap bark, (Quillaga-saponaria) is often used.

The ordinary benzoated, coal-tar dyed soda-water should be avoided as should all those "drinks" containing caffeine or other habit-forming drugs. This is particularly important in the case of children. Coca-Cola is one of the most widely known caffeinated drinks, although there are scores of competitors similar in name and in composition. The use of caffeine is sometimes defended by makers or users of doped drinks on the ground that caffeine is naturally found in tea or coffee. This is all very true, but it must be borne in mind that tea or coffee have no proper place in the diet of children, nor do they serve any good purpose in the feeding of invalids. A palatable soft drink carrying a relatively large amount of caffeine encourages the excessive use of the drug. It is not at all the practice of bottlers to warn consumers of the presence of this insidious drug in their syrups and carbonated beverages.

A third class of soft drinks consists of malted preparations which, partly through their own merit and partly because of the temperance gains throughout the country, are rapidly coming into public favor. These are frequently made by a process similar to the manufacture of beer and the alcohol removed by steam.

By referring to the analyses it will be seen that these near or temperance beers are like ordinary beer except they have little or no alcohol.

Sample	Per cent. Alcohol by weight	Per cent. Total solids or extract
Lager beer	4.45	5.92
Anzac	0.42	5.30
Checo	0.00	7.28
N. A. B.	0.00	4.82
Barma	0.00	4.73
Jus-Rite	0.00	6.16

So far as we are able to determine, the temperance beers are true to name and are made with the brewers' characteristic cleanliness and regard for sanitation.

No Alcohol—Caffeine Instead

I AM *sending you by parcel post today a bottle of soft drink made here, and it has come to my ears that the man who makes the drink is putting whiskey into it (as I suppose he cannot get the pure alcohol) as the law is very strict, but he can get the whiskey by ordering. It is not supposed to contain any alcohol. Will you please analyze and write me by return mail.* *Mrs. J. L. G., Florida.*

The Lime Cola you submit contains no alcohol. It is colored with caramel and contains approximately the same amount of caffeine as Coca-Cola. The consumer is not warned of the presence of this drug.

Clean Bill of Health for Moxie

I AM *a reader of your articles. Kindly let me have information concerning the following. I am enclosing envelope. What is Moxie? Is it a safe drink for children?* *Mrs. J. B., Pennsylvania.*

Moxie is one of the safest and cleanest soft drinks on the market, made from pure vegetable extracts. It is a perfectly healthful, wholesome compound containing no alkaloids or habit-forming drugs of any nature whatsoever. The makers of Moxie are zealous advocates of pure foods and pure drinks.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

Interesting News from the Food World

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

"Stop Food Waste"

WHETHER or not the United States is producing all the food we need, both for ourselves as well as for our Allies, whether or not we were all successful, during the planting weeks, in adding our bit to that production, whether or not we shall all reap a fruitful harvest in our own home gardens, there is still time to help the country very definitely by stopping all food waste.

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Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

THIS article is written early in May just as the Secretary of the Treasury is calling for subscriptions to the $2,000,000,000 Liberty Loan of 1917. When this magazine is in the hands of its readers United States government bonds will be far better known to greater numbers of people than at any time since the Civil War. My intention is not to describe government bonds or urge their purchase. That is the function of the newspapers or other agencies which more quickly and immediately reach the people.

The purchase of government bonds is enthusiastically described as a patriotic act on the one hand and a mere act of self-interest on the other. Those who take the latter view are not numerous, but they make up in noise what they lack in majorities, and are insistent enough to puzzle not a few investors by their arguments. It is far from soothing or altogether pleasant to a sensitive person to be told that he is an idle drone, a mere useless creditor on the backs of the people, collecting toll from their labor. And yet that is the argument presented not only by socialists, but by many other groups of radicals. George Bernard Shaw laughs at the English people when they praise him for subscribing to government bonds. He cannot understand why they should want to support him in idleness for the rest of his life.

Now the government of this country, like that of England and every other belligerent, has raised a big loan at the beginning of the war because no other course is practical or possible. No sensible man believes that a war should be paid for wholly by bond issues. But the opposite extreme is just as contrary to common sense. The proper method is to start off with bond issues and gradually impose taxes heavy enough to pay the interest on the bonds, pay off the bonds themselves in from ten to thirty years and in time supplant bonds altogether as a means of raising revenue. But to attempt to raise several billion dollars all at once by bond issues would utterly disrupt business and destroy the source from which taxes come. Business can adjust itself to a gradual increase in taxes, even up to an extreme point, but it cannot stand being suddenly upset.

So the individual, even the man who invests $20, is helping his country in a very practical way. I do not believe that he is helping as much as the farmer or the artisan. And of course it is absurd to argue that he is doing as much as the soldier, because the latter may make the great sacrifice of life itself, while the investor usually makes no sacrifice at all. Indeed, he gets a sound investment.

But bond issues are necessary to finance a war, and the investor does his bit, less personal and less poignant, yet necessary in the scheme of modern warfare. Surely it is a service to help finance the country's needs rather than waste the money on foolish extravagance. Great government bond issues have been called a national blessing—a most inaccurate and unfortunate description. But they have certain aspects which are unquestionably good. As an incentive to thrift and as furnishing safe rather than get-rich-quick investments for even the most ignorant and illiterate, they confer benefits.

This question deserves more than almost any other an unbiased, unprejudiced outlook. Government bonds are necessary at the present juncture. They may, probably will, create habits among the American people for which there has been a bitter need. But it is very dangerous to argue much beyond this point. If the bonds prove a safe investment, as they are almost certain to, the owners will not want them paid off when the time comes. In France after the war of 1870 and even in this country after the Civil War the political influence of those who did not want government bonds paid off, or even reduced to a lower interest rate, had to be reckoned with. That men can allow their self-interest to blind them so to national interest makes one ashamed of his fellowmen.

So the facts must be steadily kept in mind. They are these: Government bonds are a practical and necessary *makeshift*. But they should be paid off as soon as possible and the burden shifted to taxation.

But this is as far as we need go with the radicals. To argue that under all conditions a bondholder, and especially a government bondholder, is an idle drone, is simply contrary to clear thinking. If only the very rich and those who escaped every form of military service and war sacrifice bought government bonds then their issue would be a curse indeed. In so far as tax exempt government bonds enable the very rich to escape taxes and the Treasury suffers a net loss on the operation, then we can only say that our war finance has been unwise in that particular.

But the truth is that government bonds are taken by all classes, by those who are poor as well as rich and by those who have given their services or that of their sons. But it is said a man gives his life without compensation. Why not give one's money without reward? It is necessary that life be so given. It is not necessary that money be seized by the government outright. If the financial part of the war burden can be made easy and light, and even moderately profitable why not do it? But of more direct and practical bearing is the fact that to simply confiscate wealth does not pay. There is nothing like encouraging people in war time. Promise some reward and they work much harder. They produce more and there is consequently more for the government to seize a little later on. It pays to be fairly generous, for then the fund from which the government collects its revenues will be increased.

This is no time for blind selfishness. Wealth becomes more and more a social trust. Anyone who has read Richard T. Ely's monumental work on "Property and Contract" cannot fail to realize how slowly but surely the ideas of private property are being modified. More and more it is recognized that while the investor performs a valuable service his service is limited by the fact that he gives nothing of himself. His dollar keeps on working if he drops dead. Then, too, investors should take an increasing

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
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How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
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Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

War Income Tax

We have prepared a chart showing how the proposed Income Tax Bill reported by the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Congress affects incomes ranging from $3,000 to $3,000,000.

A copy of Mr. Kitchin's Report on the War Tax Bill and of the above chart will be sent upon request for Chart MC-59.

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interest in the human and moral problems of the industries they put their money into. Society will soon learn to cast its disapproval on the man or woman who invests in a company and allows the management to oppress the workers.

Investors of course take risks. But laborers take even greater risks. The investor usually has more than one iron in the fire. He can afford to wait. But the laborer cannot wait. He often must take whatever terms are offered. If the business fails the investors loses, but almost always he has other means of livelihood. The workingman loses, at least for the time, his total income. And while some investors take risks, others are too liberally rewarded. Success should not be penalized, but if anything should happen to the stocks of the Standard Oil companies who would have any sympathy with the owners? They have received more than 629 per cent in dividends in six years.

These are the commonplaces of the enlightened social and economic thought of the day. But the time has not come when men will stint themselves and save if there is no reward. Socialists say there should be reward enough in merely being allowed to keep what one saves without receiving interest upon it. Common experience as well as the recent studies of our most brilliant economic thinkers do not bear out this plea.

The socialist argument rests on the theory that labor produces everything and therefore should take all the usufruct. A man plants a tree and is paid $1 for his services. Twenty-five years later the tree is worth $3. Why should not the laborer who planted the tree be entitled to the entire $3? The answer is that he is entitled to the $3 if he is willing to wait twenty-five years for it. Someone must wait and he who waits is entitled to a reward. Interest on loans is justified because the borrower prefers the present to the future good. Those who borrow money buy things that they want or can use. It is fundamental in human, in fact in animal, nature, that some want things now and others are willing to abstain and wait. Those who abstain must be paid.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

THE Farm Mortgage Handbook. By Kingman Nott Robins. Doubleday, Page & Co. Although this book is admittedly an ex-parte presentation of the advantages of farm mortgages as investments, it is the first connected, comprehensive and authoritative description of this form of investment, and is handled not only clearly but in a remarkably fair manner. For instance the author admits that persons who desire to borrow from banks in the eastern part of the country will not find farm mortgages very acceptable collateral. Among the subjects covered are: Rural credits, negotiation of farm mortgages, marketing of farm mortgages, investors in farm mortgages, record of farm mortgages as investments, qualities of farm mortgages as investments, essential differences between mortgages on farm and on urban real estate, farm mortgage fields and their qualifications, and the Farm Mortgage Bankers Association of America.

Cooperation in American Export Trade. Federal Trade Commission, Washington, D. C. This is really an exhaustive account of the leading industries in European countries and is invaluable to the American business man who is interested in any way in foreign trade.

A Century of Sugar Refining in the United States. This is a brief account written by the secretary of the American Sugar Refining Company of one hundred years of the cane sugar industry. The company recently paid its 100th dividend and has been in existence for twenty-five years.

The Bankers Trust Company, 14 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., will be glad to send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with the many advantages of using "A. B. A." Cheques when traveling.

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"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet [free] on Municipal Bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Co., of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

The National City Company recently issued a booklet [free] containing the official list of bonds legal for Savings Bank and Trust Fund investment in the State of New York.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Co., 15 Wall Street, New York.

Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York, N. Y., will send upon request booklet K-10, describing a number of new foreign securities.

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

The "Seal of Safety" is the newest booklet issued by S. W. Straus & Co., describing the merits of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. This house also publishes the "Straus Investors' Magazine," issued monthly, in the interest of sound investment. "Sound Investment Bonds," another Straus booklet, traces the history of real estate bonds back for nearly three thousand years, and pictures an interesting mortgage of the ancient Babylonians. All of this literature will be sent on request to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

An interesting booklet is being distributed free by The Citizens' Savings & Trust Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, which is of particular interest to people desiring a steady income of 4 per cent interest and no worry. Ask for book D.

Federal Bond & Mortgage Company, Detroit, Mich., will send upon request interesting booklets dealing with a selective list of real estate mortgages.

On account of the ever-increasing number of women who are looking after their business interests, William P. Bonbright & Co. has organized a Department for women investors that is entirely managed by women. This department has prepared a pamphlet which contains information and suggestions for every woman interested in the conservative investment of her money. Write to the Women's Department, William P. Bonbright & Co., Nassau & Cedar Streets, New York, for this Pamphlet M.

A review of seventeen Public Utility Companies and the strong position this type of investments now hold, due to present conditions, is described in the latest issue of "Bond Talk" which will be sent on request by P. W. Brooks & Company, 115 Broadway, New York.

A booklet has recently been issued by the F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

"A Long Look Ahead" is the title of an analysis of present market conditions with predictions as to the course in the future which has been issued by John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York. Illustrated by a chart which outlines the logical trend as influenced by prospects of peace, effects of war destruction and possibilities of peace profits, it affords a basis for clear thinking which is designed to clarify the opinion of the individual investor. Copies sent on request.

"Booklet T," issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about 6 per cent farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

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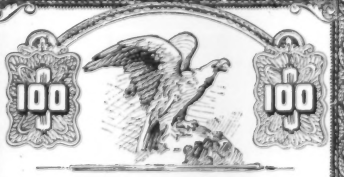

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Uncle Sam Talks to Farmers

[*Continued from page 24*]

sensible way, or improving the social and educational conditions of the county.

Of course, I do not confine myself to the South. I went in person to no less than seventy-six thousand farms and ranches in northern and western states and addressed meetings attended by one million, two hundred thousand people. I gave many practical lessons right on the farm, just as I had done down South.

Did you ever hear of my egg car? I send it all over the country. It contains a complete refrigerating plant. I use it as a kind of school. When it is switched to a siding, I invite the whole county to come in and let me talk about eggs — how to collect them, handle them, keep them, test them and pack them. I have had farmers' wives come with eggs that they declared, quite ignorantly, were laid that day. I tested them then and there and showed that they were not fit to be sold. When those women left me, they knew how to candle eggs, how to keep them from exposure to heat and how to get the best price in the big city markets. In the same way I lectured to farmers in railway cars on dairying, on planting, on reaping, on farm work in general.

To show you what I could do for a little community let me tell you about the work that I did at Clemson College, South Carolina. In the autumn of 1914 I started a cooperative creamery there with five men who owned a total of twenty-five cows. A year later the creamery had 227 members who owned 833 cows. In twelve months nearly twenty-three thousand dollars were paid out for butter fat alone. To a New Yorker, that sum is not very impressive. But down in that little community it was the first real cash that farmers had received for anything but cotton. Before I established a creamery, the surplus milk was turned into butter on the farm. But what butter! A housewife couldn't sell it. The best that she could do was to trade it off at the store for a little coffee or sugar, and she thought herself lucky when she succeeded in doing that. Checks for butter fat were such a novelty that the women used to frame them and hang them up in the parlor. I had to stop that simply to keep the creamery's books in order.

Progress is not always made so easily. Down South, where I have been spending a great deal of money in trying to eradicate the cattle tick, the ranchmen did not welcome me cordially at first. I found that cattle had to be dipped in baths of arsenic in order to kill the tick. Some of the cattle men blew up the vats with dynamite, and some threatened to shoot the inspectors on sight — shoot me, in other words. Arresting them was useless; for the juries wouldn't bring in a verdict of guilty. All that is changed now. The man who tried to dynamite a vat would be lynched today.

The tick inoculates cattle with splenetic fever, just as mosquitoes inoculate you with fever. That was a very important discovery made by my Bureau of Animal Industry, just as important in its way as the discovery that malaria is transmitted by mosquitoes and the bubonic plague by rats. I have had a hard time of it, down South, getting rid of the cattle tick. In 1916 I quarantined 741,515 square miles of tick-infested territory. That is an area bigger than Italy, Germany, France, Spain and Portugal combined, a fact which I mention in passing lest you should forget how vast is this country of ours. I have freed over half of that territory now. In a few years I hope that there will not be a tick in the whole South.

I changed the attitude of the South toward the tick by making the eradication of the insect not only a scientific process but a fashionable social function. As soon as the local newspaper announces the date and place of a dipping, the whole countryside gathers to see the performance, just as it would to a dance. There is much speech-making and jollity. If it were not for the vats and the ticky steers, you would think that the people had come to see the two-headed calf and the prize pumpkin in a county fair or to celebrate the Fourth of July. That's a far cry from dynamiting, isn't it?

Animal disease costs the country two hundred and twelve million dollars a year. That is why it gives me so much concern. Think of what you pay for beefsteak and ham and then think how the cost of living would go down if sick animals could be saved! Great as the loss now is it would be greater if it were not for my Bureau of Animal Industry. There is the foot and mouth disease, for example. I simply will not permit it to gain a foothold in this country. You may remember how it appeared in the Chicago Stockyards three years ago. Before I knew it the animals of twenty-one states were affected. But I stamped it out by the following summer. How? By slaughtering all animals exposed to the contagion and by quarantining whole counties and states in which the infection had appeared. Fully two hundred thousand animals were killed (there is no cure for the foot and mouth disease), and about six million dollars in money were thus lost. Some of the cattlemen and farmers thought I was too drastic. They even hinted that my way of saving the country's cattle from a terrible scourge was altogether too German. So I thought that I would find out how the Germans handled the problem. I was thunderstruck when I discovered that they were not nearly German enough in their methods. They had been too gentle — too kind-hearted. It will take them years to make any headway because they did not adopt my strict measures when the disease first appeared in Germany thirty-five years ago. It's too late now to slaughter and quarantine. I have an idea that Germany would gladly pay a good deal more than six million dollars to rid herself of a formidable plague.

That corn-cob has gone out. Just a minute, please, while I light it.

To resume: Hog cholera worries me as much as the foot and mouth disease and the cattle tick. You will understand why when I tell you that in the twenty-year period from 1894 to 1914 the annual losses in pork have never been less than twenty-seven million dollars and have been as great as seventy-eight million dollars. Last year, I inoculated seven million hogs with anti-cholera serum, and that is about one-eighth of all the swine in the country. I made a very instructive experiment in three counties, one each in Iowa, Indiana and Missouri. In 1912, these three counties lost over twenty-eight per cent of their hogs; now the loss is less than two per cent. That shows what inoculation with serum means, doesn't it?

Plagues such as this are quite beyond the farmers' control. I am willing to attack them myself. All that I expect of the farmer is to take good advice when it is given to him. All in all, the chief curse of farming in this country is its carelessness in a matter of raising diversified crops. Long before I became interested in the subject, the farmers of ancient countries rotated crops so that a field is not planted with wheat or corn or barley over and over again. The farmers of ten centuries ago didn't know the scientific reason for crop rotation — didn't know that it prevented exhaustion of the soil. Experience taught them that the practice was good. The farms of China, cultivated intensively for over four thousand years, support a population of four hundred and sixty-five millions and show no signs of exhaustion. In New England, even in the Middle West, farms are deserted after less than a century — deserted because the soil is worn out. I doubt if there are any deserted farms in China.

It was not until this terrible war broke out in Europe that I succeeded in making at least a part of the country take any interest in what I call "safe farming." Financial disaster threatened the South. Someone started the "buy a bale of cotton" movement to save from ruin and starvation thousands of foolish planters to whom I had been preaching for years and whom I had been counseling to give up part of their land to some other crop besides cotton. They are beginning to do that now. The eleven cotton states produced fifty-five million more bushels of oats, nearly two million more tons of hay, four million more bushels of wheat, and over two hundred million more bushels of corn in 1915 than they did in 1914. Sometimes I wonder if they have changed their methods because they are afraid that there may be another cotton crisis rather than because their farms are the better for the new practice.

This shows pretty well, I think, what a bad business man the farmer can be. But then, the farmer has never been a brilliant business success. As a rule farmers are as willing to admit that as poets and painters — rather too cheerfully, as if there were no help for it. They don't even know how to manage a farm and how to ascertain whether or not it pays them to raise oats, alfalfa, or wheat. It's the same with raising livestock. I'll bet my star-spangled coat and second-best beaver hat against an old-fashioned razor that there are not five thousand farmers in the whole country who know to a cent what it costs to fatten a hog or to breed a herd of Holstein cattle. And when it comes to figuring his own investment, receipts, expenditures, and net income from the farm business and the important factors that largely control this income — well, when it comes to that, the average farmer decides that estimating the national debt is an easier problem.

All this being so, I established an "Office of Farm Management" in Washington. Last year that office made a study of the cost of growing sugar beets in Michigan, Ohio, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana and California. It's a little too early to write a business report on the study, but when the records are all in there will be no excuse for losing money in growing sugar beets for market.

In the same way I am figuring what it costs to produce hay and grasses (you ought to read some fine pamphlets I have written on "Conditions Affecting the Value of Market Hay," "Measuring Hay in Ricks or Stacks," and "Growing Hay in the South"); why it doesn't pay to raise potatoes in some states; what is the most efficient way to make money out of cotton; and what are the essentials to achieve success in growing apples and other fruit. I haven't overlooked

WHAT we need more than anything else, now that we are confronted with the task of not only feeding ourselves but England and France and Italy as well, is practical guidance.

Don't go about telling people what in your opinion the country ought to do in this crisis. Do something about it yourself. The Editor of McClure's wants to help you by introducing you to Uncle Sam — scientific farmer, expert utilizer of waste back yards, efficient cook, authority on household management, instructor in farm accounting, tireless ranger of forests, student of infant feeding and general reducer of the cost of living.

There is probably some bureau in Uncle Sam's Department of Agriculture that can give you the very advice that you want. The Department of Agriculture works not only in the interest of farmers, but of city dwellers as well. It takes as much interest in the bottle of ketchup on your table as in the growing of wheat in Montana. In a large sense, it is trying to teach the people of this country how to live. If you need help in the home, on the farm or in the factory, tell the Editor of McClure's exactly what you would like Uncle Sam to do for you. You will then be told to what bureau you should write. There is no charge for this service.

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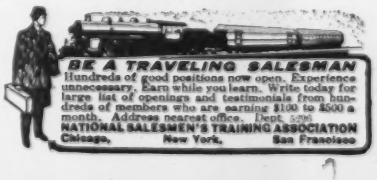

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Young man or young woman, McClure's Magazine offers you the opportunity this business man longed for. By your own grit, with our hearty support, you can earn $5.00 or more a day and acquire a valuable business education besides.

You want work. You want money. Here is your chance. Have you the initiative to send me a letter asking me to put you to work; and then—will you carry the thing through?

If you have beginning and staying qualities, there is a good income ahead of you—write me at once!

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the farm wood lot; for I am going to spend nine hundred dollars this year settling in my own mind the actual and relative importance of the farm wood lot in relation to the general profitableness of the farm business.

The investigations that I am making of the live-stock business ought to be eye-opening, from a commercial point of view. In 1917 I will spend a little less than twenty thousand dollars to determine the cost of producing feeder cattle on farms and ranches and in carrying out other live-stock inquiries. When I am through a farmer will know what it costs to keep farm work-horses and to raise colts; how to make money out of milk and butter (I've already published a very informative report on the "Cost of Raising a Dairy Cow"); and how to raise baby beef profitably.

But there are other business aspects of the farm that I may not ignore. There are only too many alleged business men who never think of charging the value of their own time and ability in the cost of conducting an enterprise. Most farmers are equally blind. I have made a complete analysis of more than five hundred farms in an old and well-developed district in Chester County, Pennsylvania, to determine just why some farmers fail and others put money in the savings bank. I have a much clearer understanding of the problems of farm organization and of the relation between the magnitude of the farm business, crop yields and efficiency of live stock to the farmer's income. You may not believe it, but I have even figured the cost of the farmer's living and what the farm contributes directly toward paying that cost. Every farmer in the country ought to read my little study called "Value to Farm Families of Food, Fuel, and Use of the House," which will be out soon. With all this carefully compiled business information accessible in simply phrased form I can't see why a farmer should not be able to make money as systematically as the United States Steel Corporation. Can you?

The business aspects of farming have interested me only recently. It occurred to me about four years ago that it is useless to tell a man how to raise corn and cabbage unless he were taught how to sell them. What's the good of showing a farmer how to make two blades of grass sprout where one grew before if he can't market the second blade profitably? In 1912 farmers produced nearly seven hundred million more bushels of corn than in 1913. Of course, you say to yourself they must have made much more money in the fat year of 1912 than in the lean year 1913. But they did not. They actually made one hundred seventy-one million, six hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars less. Surely, that is not as it should be.

TO be brief, I started the Office of Markets and Rural Organization in 1913 to teach farmers how to keep in touch with the big distributing centers and through them with the corner grocer. I can't say that I have made much headway as yet. How could that be expected? I've barely had a chance to look around, as it were, and to get my economic bearings. Besides, this problem of distribution is just as big as the problem of scientific production. Since I have been teaching farmers for over fifty years how to grow crops, you can see that I may have to spend a very long time in mere investigation, so that I can show them how to sell their products. Still, I am not ashamed of the progress that I have made in the last few years. I had the Cotton Futures Act passed in 1915 to prevent the manipulation of cotton prices and so give the South a chance to sell its cotton at top prices representing fair market values, rather than some unscrupulous speculator's idea of values.

I mean to follow this up soon with a law that will standardize grain — grade it, in a word. This matter of standardizing grain, which means simply telling the truth about it, has become a point of honor with me. Not so long ago a shipment of oats about to leave Baltimore was seized under the federal Food and Drugs Act. The cargo was going abroad labeled "good oats." What did I find? Not only much water, soaked up by the grain, but from seven and one-half to thirty-three and one-third per cent of barley screenings and trash. You know as well as I do that Americans cannot hope to compete with other countries in foreign markets if such tricks are played. I mean to establish official grades of corn, wheat, rye, oats and other grains, and I mean to license inspectors to label the grain in accordance with these official grades. You may sell wheat or oats by sample, but never again will I let a whole cargo or carload pass from one state to another or out of the country without having examined it with my own eyes. Hereafter a foreign buyer or an interstate dealer will have my word of honor that the grain shipped to him is of a certain grade. I almost lost my temper over that Baltimore shipment. And to think that there are fools like that shipper among us who are wondering why I don't blast an opening for their goods in Europe and South America!

It is astonishing how profound is the selling effect of mere grading. Time and time again I have seen ungraded crops dumped on a glutted market and farmers all but ruined. I have also seen uniform, well-prepared, attractive farm products command a fair price in the face of poor selling conditions. It is always the inferior stock that is left on a dealer's hands — whether it's diamonds or tomatoes. Grade your product and you can sell it not at the price commanded by the worst of it, but at the price that each grade is worth.

You can hardly believe what sorting and grading will do in helping the farmer get better prices for his produce. It was the California orange growers that taught me the lesson. They sifted out the big oranges from the little ones and sold the best at a high price, simply because they were so attractively uniform. If grading can do so much to make an orange grower prosperous, thought I, perhaps it can help the potato grower. I got a board two and one-half feet long and about a half-foot wide and directed a carpenter to bore into it oblong holes of various sizes. Tucking that board under my arm I went up into New York State. I picked out a good potato-raising county and invited all the farmers to come and watch me sort potatoes. By merely pushing the potatoes through the holes I sorted them out into several sizes. The big ones were bought up by the fashionable New York hotels and restaurants at prices that paid for the whole crop. The little ones brought fairly good prices as Bermuda potatoes (the hotels, not the farmers, called them that), although most of them were sold for what they really were at a good rate to nearby markets. I think that the old way of selling potatoes is extinct in that county.

Bearing all this in mind, apply to your Uncle Sam when you think of going to market. If you want to know how to pack fruit and farm produce, ask me. If you want to know how many barrels and boxes of apples are held in cold storage throughout the country on the first day of each month, drop me a line. There is no use in sending a load of cauliflower to market if all the dealers are over-stocked with that vegetable, is there? Through the Office of Markets I intend to keep the large consuming centers and the farmer in touch with each other. I made the experiment with strawberries and peaches. It worked well. If you want to know how to keep books, whether you are a farmer, the owner of a grain elevator, the manager of a creamery, or simply a city dealer in farm products, I'll show you. Don't think that my Bureau of Chemistry is composed only of technically trained policemen looking for violators of the Pure Food Law. If you are manufacturing food products in the wrong way, I'll teach the right way through the bureau and save you money besides. Why, bless you, half of the farmers don't know that they can increase their profits if they will only let me explain to them how wastes can be utilized. I'll go right into the factory and take off my coat and work side by side with the boys and girls just to see whether they are on the right track or not. And I will do this for other factories besides those that prepare food — for leather tanneries (it would open your eyes to see how little is known about scientific tanning), for paper makers, for alcohol distillers, for turpentine and rosin sellers, in a word for almost any plant that handles a product of the farm or of the forest. Since I am keeping an eye on food manufacturers, I go further afield than that. I show many sardine canners how to improve their product, and I have taken oystermen and fish packers aside and lectured them on the right way to handle and ship their wares. And recently I have been making spinning tests to demonstrate the waste, tensile strength and bleaching quality of cotton for cotton mills and brokers. Do you see now how close is the relationship between the farm and the factory? Do you see now why as a scientific farmer I must study not

only the soil but the machinery of a vinegar factory? Do you see now why sound agriculture involves more science than perspiration and muscle?

That picture of Millet's called "The Man with the Hoe" is a wonderful work of art, I am told. Whenever I see a copy of it I am thankful that it was painted, that a great emotional artist had the skill to put on canvas the toil, the misery, the self-denial that the cultivation of the soil entails. All that Millet's farmer got was hardship. I don't want farmers like that in this country. The Man with the Hoe must give way to the Man with the Gasoline Engine. I want to make the American farmer a practical scientist, a combined chemist, engineer, veterinary, botanist and biologist. I want to make him a business man, too, so that he may cope with the city usurer and produce speculator.

I want him to have something more than vast verdant fields, something more than fat kine, something more than huge silos. If farming holds out nothing more than wealth to him, after I have taught him, he will be only a little better than the Man with the Hoe. There is an art of living as well as a science of agriculture. If all that I have done will teach him only how wealth may be heaped up, I shall count the two hundred and fifty million dollars that I have spent in the last fifty years as a poor investment. Above all, I want him to carry his love of country into the very act of tilling or sowing, so that he may ask himself not only "Will it pay me to plant wheat?" but also "Am I impoverishing the soil of my native land and injuring my grandchildren and my fellow citizens? Am I making it harder for people in the big cities to live because I have not bred the right kind of sheep?" I want to grow on all farms not only cabbages and corn but high-minded American citizens.

The author of "The Straight Road" struck twelve. In the new serial that begins in August, by the same writer, you will say that twelve is struck once more. A great romance; the eternal struggle of youth against the world, and Love's sorrow and final victory. Don't fail to read it!

Not a Cent in the House

[*Continued from page 34*]

"That night I went to see Hattie. I set her free. Not that she wasn't willing to wait. Well, never mind — I had made up my mind to even scores with those men if I wrecked their bank doing it. Mother died while I was laying my plans. After that nothing much mattered. So I took longer chances. When I came to, I saw that I hadn't a chance to hurt them — and an accountant was at work on my books. That night, I lit out. Yes — it was the silly egotism of an angry boy." His face set in hard lines. "I ought to have waited until I had learned to play their game."

"I had a letter from Hattie yesterday. She's sailing for France," I said. "They need more nurses in the American hospitals."

His lips went white. "I thought of enlisting with the Canada boys — but if a man is going to die in action, he'd rather go out under his own name."

Jerry wanted to spend the night in the lean-to, and have Dolores sleep on the floor of the shack. But I told him I thought we were safer alone. If there is an uprising, Dolores with her Mexican kin might be more of a protection to me than a dozen white men with guns.

Jack is back!

He tried to talk about 'most everything except the capture of those poor, foolish, reckless Mexican boys. It took me a long time to drag out a few particulars. It seems that when the posse stumbled upon them in a pocket or kettle-shaped hollow, 'way up in the mountains, they refused to surrender. One of their shots caught a deputy in the arm. Then the entire posse, creeping to the rim of the pocket, sent a circle of shot and flame down on the trapped men until everything in that hideous hole was quiet.

The bodies are lying in Copeland to be claimed by relatives. Tonight the four of us are huddled in our shack, Jack, Jerry, Dolores, and I, and no doubt every deputy in the county is guarding himself and his, in the same way. For the threat of a Mexican uprising to avenge the work of the posse is in the air.

This afternoon, Jack and Jerry covered the windows with boards and battens. There's no smoke coming out of the chimney, and, from without, the shack must look deserted. They have barricaded the door with the bed. Dolores is crouched beside it telling her beads. Jack and Jerry are playing "rummy," with their automatics on the table. Under such circumstances, I ought to be frightened, but I feel that when you're about to become a mother a special angel is detailed to watch over you. It is just as if God had given me a beautiful piece of work to perform. He will let nothing happen to me until that work is finished.

We've nothing much to do these days but watch the wheat grow, so Jack and I often go fishing. The river runs close to the western line of our land and you can follow its turns by the cottonwoods that line it. I love to sit on the bank and watch Jack in rubber boots to his waist, wading from rock to rock and whipping the stream for trout.

Today the river, which is nearly a mile wide at this point, made me feel restless and rebellious. Bank-high with the melted snow from the mountain gorges, it struggled against its boundaries and filled every arroyo, deep or shallow. It fairly cried out its God-given right to quench the thirst of the land. But the great sluice-gates raised their forbidding heads and ordered the precious stream to race on to the sea.

For you see, Hattie-Belle, in this country the crops and the men who raise them are at the mercy of irrigation companies. Years and years ago when it was found that these mountains, valleys or plateaus could be redeemed by irrigation, clever, shrewd men bought from the state the right to build ditches and divert the water from the rivers to the thirsty soil. Today the ranchmen who raise thousands of acres of grain must all pay tribute to the irrigation companies at so much per inch for water. We may fish, we may row, we may wash our clothes and bathe in the river. But we may not divert the tiniest rivulet of water from the river to our parched land, not even if that land runs down to the river's edge, as Jerry's does. Men ride the great ditches and guard them with rifles as mining claims are guarded. And the man who does not pay for irrigation can watch his crops parch in the ground with the swish of life-giving water in his ears.

In Pueblo, in Denver, in Chicago, as far east as New York, there are men who will never have to do another day's work, because their pioneer fathers and grandfathers were shrewd enough to corner the water-rights of this State!

DR. CLARK dropped in unexpectedly this morning. He'd been at the Four-Bar ranch setting a lot of bones for a cowpuncher who had taken too many chances with a pony fresh from the range.

He suggested my going to King City when the baby comes. Said his wife could put me up. I agreed to talk it over with Jack, but I'd rather have my baby born on our own land with the golden wheat nodding him a welcome. If only we had a telephone! Back in Reading we never thought that telephones were so wonderful! We took them for granted, as we drank water and breathed air. Here a telephone would mean reaching a doctor in a few minutes, getting him to our ranch in a few hours. But you have to pay for a telephone in advance. After we had chatted quite a bit, Dr. Clark, looking at me sharply and asking me a lot of questions that I didn't want to answer, said suddenly:

"Don't let me interfere with your dinner preparations, Mrs. Creighton."

I felt an odd thrill of foreboding, but I answered blithely enough:

"Oh, you're not! I've converted Jack to city habits. We have dinner at night. But you'll stop and have lunch with us? It — it will be ready in no time."

What else could I do? Out here you feed anybody who stops off at meal time. So we sat down to Hattie Stevens's fern-dish filled with wildflowers, all my lovely ancestral silver, a bowl of oatmeal, another of brown sugar, and a great pitcher of milk. If we had only had a little warning, Jack could have made a dash for the river and brought home a trout, or he could have scoured the mesa for a jackrabbit. We ate the last chicken Sunday a week, and there's nothing left in the vegetable patch but young weeds.

But I was so proud of Jack! He carried it off beautifully and served the oatmeal as if it had been plover or quail.

After lunch Dr. Clark said he'd like to have a look at Margy, the blue-mare. Everybody is crazy about her. When the sun shines on her coat it is like Alice-blue satin gleaming through silver.

When they came back to the house, Jack laid his hand on my hair while the doctor talked.

"I'd like you to eat more meat, fresh vegetables and fruit, Mrs. Creighton," he said; "not quite so much oatmeal."

"But I'm very fond of oatmeal," I protested. "My ancestors were Scotch."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but you can overdo a good thing. I know a woman on a ranch not far from here, who tried living on oatmeal. Her baby didn't stay with her very long. You and Mr. Creighton don't want anything like that to happen, do you?" Jack's hand slipped down to my shoulder and drew me close. "Mr. Poynter will come in to King City tomorrow and I'll send out, by him, the things I'd like you to eat during the next month or two. Aside from this we'll not worry. I've been giving that animated mummy of yours a few instructions, and she's given me her solemn promise not to try any Mexican methods before I arrive on the scene. Just you do as she says till I arrive to take charge."

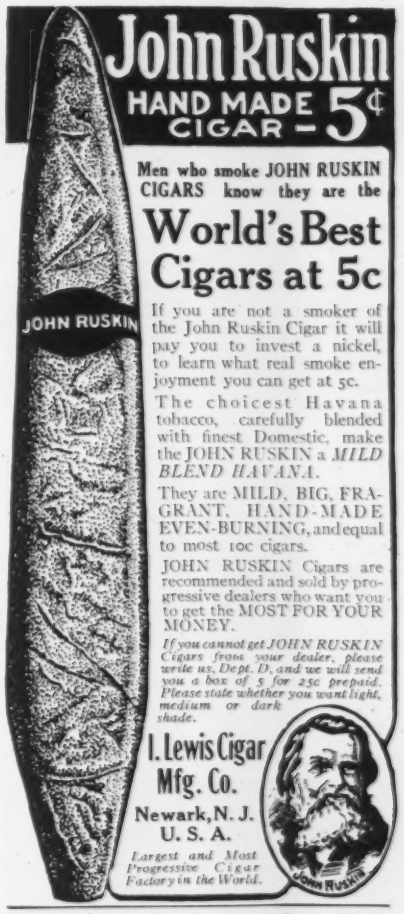
For the first time I realized how cut off we are from the world we once called ours, with its white-walled hospitals, its white-clad internes and nurses.

But when Jerry rode over this afternoon, and went off, leading Margy, I could think of nothing else. Margy, the pride of Jack's heart, has been sold. At first I had to fight back the tears; then a thought, thrilling, magnificent, brought me up with a start. Jack would have starved himself to hold that little mare, but for his wife and unborn child he could part with her and still whistle at his chores.

Jack and Jerry went to King City this morning to see a demonstration of new harvesting machinery. Jack said that his going was a joke. I knew what he meant. He hasn't the money to buy so much as a new blade for his reaper. But I urged him to go. It's good for a man to mix with his own kind.

Just before noon, I saw a group of men near the sluice gate that lets the water flow from the great North Ditch into Jack's main ditch. As they didn't ride on, I called Dolores and we went out to see what had happened. I recognized one of the men as the regular ditch rider, another as a man I'd seen at the irrigation company's offices in King City. The rest of the party were strangers, keen looking men in shabby khaki who reminded me of the surveyors and civil engineers you see in the movies. They were all most polite, and the man from King City explained that they were making an inspection trip with a view to improving the water service. As it was nearly noon, if I didn't mind, they'd make camp on our land and have a bite to eat. I asked them to come up to the house where at least I could give them coffee and milk. But they said they had everything in their kits.

When Dolores and I reached the house, I looked back and was surprised to see them circling the wheat fields and making



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for a high spot on the northeast corner of our land that Jack has never cultivated. It's still covered with sage brush, cactus and prairie dog holes. But when I saw smoke rising in yellow-gray spirals, I supposed they wanted a dry spot to cook their bacon and coffee. When Jerry heard about it, however, he turned on his heel and hurried off toward the sluice gate. It was dark when he came back, and Jack was stretched out in the Morris chair. He took out his pipe to inquire lazily, "Any damages, Jerry?"

"Nothing at the gate, except a little trampled wheat. It's a bit odd that they studied out this improvement scheme at your gate only."

Jack grinned up at him good humoredly. "Well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, what else?"

"Nothing, except that they seem to have had considerable trouble finding a hole over in that northeast section to build their fire. They dug up half a dozen spots and then tramped the ground in again. Did you notice whether any of the men carried picks?"

Jerry whirled on me so suddenly that I jumped. I was obliged to admit that I hadn't noticed. Jerry looked disappointed, crossed to the door and stood staring off to the mountains.

"What's heavy on your mind, old chap?" asked Jack.

"Nothing much. I was just wondering why that bunch came here today when they must have known that you and I were in King City for the demonstration. Well, so long!"

"Better stop for supper," Jack called after him. But Jerry shook his head and swung up to the saddle.

EVEN as I write I find myself following the brown hands of Dolores and marveling at the matchless tenderness concealed within them. For after all it was Dolores alone who went down into the chill valley of fear with me and led me back into light and warmth with my baby at my breast. For though Jack rode like mad to the Sanchez ranch and though Doctor Clark started the minute he got the telephone message, and pushed his little machine to the limit, every mile, he arrived here only in time to tell Dolores that he was proud of her and to announce that Jack, Jr., weighed seven and three-quarter pounds.

There was one dreadful minute when I saw Dolores cross herself, when I heard her praying in Spanish. Then something cold as death seemed to fasten itself upon me, tearing out my very breath, followed by a blank during which I floated on the clouds that had come down from the mountains to pick me up, and at last a rush of warm air enveloped me, and out of it came the wail of our wee man-child. After seven days I find it hard to record my sensations, even for you, Hattie-Belle. This is the compensation of motherhood — the power to forget its pain. But I remember that just as I was falling off into the blessed sleep which lasted for hours and hours, I heard Doctor Clark say to Jack:

"It was the normal outdoor life she led, her unflagging interest in everything about her. She's one of those rare women made for motherhood and wise enough to know it."

His words thrilled me even in my dreams, for now I know that Jack, Jr., will not inherit alone the land which his father is fighting to hold for him. I may bear other children.

But Jack has not yet forgiven Jerry for leaving just when we had need of him. You see, Jerry had agreed to stop here during those last few nights so that he could ride to the Sanchez ranch to telephone, and so leave Jack with me. But just two mornings before the baby was born, he got Sanchez to drive him over to Copeland, where he took a train for Trinidad. He sent word to Jack that something had come up very suddenly. He didn't even have time to write. We'd hear from him soon. But Sanchez said he took his trunk and suitcase. Perhaps it's my fault — telling him that Hattie Stevens had gone to France. Jack's going to miss him dreadfully, and, strangest of all, he left no orders for the care or disposition of his crop.

Jerry is back. He's had to tell us over and over again because we couldn't believe that it was true. You see, Hattie-Belle, it all started with Jerry's asking himself why those men from the irrigation company had chosen that sun-baked elevation on our land to eat their lunch, when the cool cotton-wood shadows on the river's edge were nearer, — and why they had been so fussy about building the fire, digging hole after hole, when with a bit of sagebrush and a piñon stump you can start a fire on top of the ground.

Jack's mind could think only in terms of wheat, but Jerry had been reading about the potash finds in the valley on the other side of the range. Night after night, while Jack and I had slept, Jerry had worked in the moonlight, gathering samples of soil from different sections of the ranch. And that was what he had carried away in his trunk and suitcase!

Potash is not gold, silver or copper, and I don't expect to see a second Cripple Creek or Creed spring up in our back yard, but the war has raised the value of potash, and there'll be a gang of men at work here within a week. Jerry's land is richer in potash than ours, and Jack says they'll soon be calling him the potash king.

No wonder the men in the irrigation company and the bank were looking on Jerry's land and Jack's with covetous eyes! They knew it lay like the potash deposits across the range. The men who cooked that lunch on our section cooked another on Jerry's and they, too, carried away samples. But we're safe now. Jerry raised money in Trinidad to meet the notes and to move the potash — I almost called it the potash crop. For you see, Jack still talks of his crop. He says that potash or no potash — he proposes to raise wheat. And I'd be awfully disappointed in him if he didn't.

It's a perfectly wonderful day. I sat on the south side of the shack watching the men lay the foundations for our new house. Just think! a real cellar and a steam heating plant. They're bringing the stone sixty miles by wagon. I couldn't feel more set up if I were Mrs. Billionaire watching them break ground for a Fifth Avenue palace.

Jack, Jr., was lying across my knees when Jerry rode up. He sat down on an upturned box, staring at the baby. By and by he pulled off his glove and stroked Junior's pudgy little fist with his long, lean, brown finger.

"Peggy," he said, "I'm going back to New York and give myself up. What's the use of money if you don't dare visit the town you came from? The more money I make, the more homesick I'll be. Neither the bank nor the surety company is out a cent, and I don't know that they will — will send me up — but I'm starting east tonight — to give them the chance. When I come back again, I can enjoy my money — and life itself as other men do. I've given Jack power of attorney — and he'll look after my interests here."

"Then you told him?"

Jerry nodded. He was still cuddling Junior's hand in his.

"You see, Peggy, I've felt differently ever since this little chap came. I might have one of my own some day, and I'd want him to bear his father's right name."

He gave the baby a farewell pat, and left us there, in the sun.

And now that I have told you all about it, Hattie-Belle, I'll close your scarlet cover and write a long letter — addressed to an American hospital somewhere in France. For serving the wounded and the dying there, is a girl who must know that not all the world's courage is spending itself on battle fields. I want her to wait and to pray for the man who loves her. For I've learned that even without a cent in the house, Love is life.

[*The end*]

The story of Callie Baird attracted wide attention. Now the anonymous author of "The Straight Road" has recorded the real romance of Lynnie Willis; and next month this vivid serial will begin, and run through eight or nine numbers. It is a human document that lives and breathes. The spirit of youth is in it. Chambers has drawn the splendid pictures

BUNK— *by* Oliver Herford

WHEN Alexander the Great cut with his sword the Gordian Knot, whose intricacies had baffled all his efforts to untie with honest fingers, it goes without saying that his impudent performance received the applause of the onlookers.

As he stood there, his drawn sword still swaying from the impetus of the stroke and exclaimed with a challenging glare at those before him (and an apprehensive glance over his shoulder), "Did I or did I not untie that knot?"—whatever might—nay, must have been the unspoken comment that passed from eye to eye, the answer shouted in unison, was without a shadow of a doubt the Phrygian equivalent of "You sure did!"

For the Great God Bunk whose worshipers are born at the rate of one a minute is as old as the world itself; and since we have it on good authority that the world is a stage, even though we do not suspect him of a hand in its making, we know the old rogue assisted at the first dress rehearsal famous for all time for the smallness of the cast and the inexpensiveness of the costuming.

To the Great God Bunk, the cutting of the Gordian Knot was no more than a whiff of his customary insense — an adorable triumph of brute impudence over creative thought. King Gordius, whose genius contrived the unpickable knot, is now comfortably forgotten, while Alexander who destroyed what he could not understand, still enjoys an uneasy immortality; for what is immortality at best but the suspended sentence of oblivion?

And the knot? The hempen hieroglyph that was never solved. When oblivion has overtaken Alexander and even his name of Gordius is forgotten, the world, which is surprisingly young for its age, will still babble, wonderingly of the knot that never was and never will be untied.

Another high priest of the Great God Bunk was Christopher Columbus, and on how frail a foundation rests his immortal fame — nothing more than the fragile, calcareous container, (and fractured at that) of an unborn domestic fowl.

Unquestionably the fame of Columbus rests upon his impudent pretense of balancing an egg by crushing it violently upon the table. To be sure, Columbus also discovered America, but in that he was only one of a multitude. At that moment in the world's history the discovering of America was, like golf, something between a sport and an obsession, (from a fad it became an epidemic, as is today the writing of plays). Soon, everybody was discovering America. So common was it, that only a few of the discoverers are today remembered by name, and had it not been for his famous egg-balancing fraud the name of Christopher Columbus would surely be among the forgotten ones.

To balance an egg on its apex — though not impossible, is a tedious and dispiriting task; and even if Columbus had accomplished it honestly without fracturing the shell, so far from adding to his laurels he might have lost them altogether. Queen Isabella would never have had the patience to sit through so long and boresome a performance, and when the Queen leaves, you know the performance is over.

Indeed, it is quite thinkable that it was the dread of just such an ending to his audience and the resultant stage fright reacting upon an excitable sea-faring nature that caused Columbus to break the egg.

The question now asks itself: Has Christopher Columbus, posing as a clever impostor when in reality only a stage-frightened bungler, obtained his fame under false pretenses? In unmasking his clandestine honesty do we but prove him the greater fraud? Bunk only knows!

Queen Dido of Carthage, on the other hand, came by her dishonesty quite honestly — she inherited it from her royal father's sister Jezebel.

Yes, Jezebel, the patron sinner of half a world of womankind, was Queen Dido's aunt. Good or bad, what was her Aunt Jezebel's was also Dido's by right of inheritance. And none of all the prophets of the Great God Bunk was greater than this prophetess. Did she not for certain moneys receive the title to so much land as might be compassed by the bigness of a bull's hide? She did.

Did she not then carve said bull's hide into fine strips and therewith enclose enough real estate for the foundation of the city of Carthage?

As the niece of Jezebel this is quite believable of her, but it is not for me to cast the first stone. Did I not myself very nearly win the prize for inventing a non-refillable bottle by the simple expedient (patent applied for) of inserting a dynamite stopper in the bottle neck, and — for further particulars see printed directions furnished with every bottle.

The Letter

by Harry Kemp

YESTERDAY came the news that he was dead—
Scant words on paper set in one black row;
It brought a bitter, half-expected woe,
For hopeless hope had bid me lift my head
To smile upon what might not yet be so . . .
"He will come back alive," I often said.
Then fell this dreadful, unexpected blow—
Today his tardy letter came. It read:

"It's not half-bad . . . we've nothing much to do
But lie and wait . . . we hope for action soon . . .
Kiss Jane and Jim for me" . . . just common words
Full of life's small endearments! But O, the new
Anguish it woke! . . . outside, a thrush's tune
Began. It seemed my heart would break in two!

The Man in the Driver's Seat

Training the Motor-Truck Chauffeur

By Waldemar Kaempffert

WHO shall drive a business man's motor truck? The man who held the reins of the discarded horse? A family chauffeur out of work? A novice who does not know a carbureter from a crankcase?

The business decides — the business alone.

In Boston there is a prosperous express company that made up its mind to use gasoline instead of horseflesh. Should the old drivers be retained, or should men familiar with motors be hired? It was a wise company that decided to keep the old men. Why? Knowledge of the express business and physical strength were indispensable. The horse-drivers had seen years of service; they knew how to handle loads varying in character from heavy furniture to dress-suit cases. It was cheaper to teach them the principles of motor-truck driving than to lose prestige by lowering delivery-standards even for a month. And so the horse-drivers became chauffeurs.

The company that bakes and delivers bread, that bottles and sells ginger ale, that deals in crackers, in a word, the company whose wagons reach hundreds of small retail tradesmen, demands from the man on the box more than a knowledge of horses or of gasoline engines. He is the personal representative of the firm — a salesman who must try to drum up new customers. Selling is a far more important function in his daily life than truck-driving. A mineral water company of Newark, New Jersey, knew that. It retained its salesmen-drivers when horses gave place to motors. It could not afford to disrupt a valuable selling organization.

But when the facts in the case are not so clear, nine alleged business men out of ten will select an automobile chauffeur to take the place of an old horse-driver. In a few weeks they have reason to rue their decision. The old family chauffeur does not make a good motor-truck driver. He must be closely watched. He is imbued with a passion for speed — with the notion that a motor truck should go as fast as a pleasure car. Overspeeding means heavy repair bills. Wherefore, the old chauffeur is an expensive luxury.

Novices often make the best drivers. They have no bad habits to unlearn. Their very ignorance of motor-truck mechanism may be an asset. They must learn even the elements of the truck's construction, and if they are taught correctly, they will learn correctly.

But how can the novice be trained? Perhaps the best system is that which is employed on railway locomotives. The engineer has his fireman, a kind of helper, who serves his period of apprenticeship and finally becomes an engineer himself. So the motor-truck driver is best trained by employing him first as a helper. A great corset-manufacturing corporation of Connecticut found that the method has unsuspected merits. A truck is never idle because of a driver's sickness; the helper can always take out the vehicle. It may be objected that a man with a license is expensive because he must be paid more than if he were a mere unlicensed helper. But the corset company finds the money well spent. It is a kind of insurance against sickness and against costly delays.

Like every other laborer, skilled or unskilled, a driver is worth his hire. It pays to obtain the best man. His extra wage is more than offset by the reduction in the cost of repairs that he is able to effect. One good, sober, competent driver at $3 or $4 a day is worth three at $2 or $3 a day for that reason alone. As a rule, drivers of two-ton trucks and under are usually paid from $12 to $20 a week. Drivers of six-ton trucks sometimes receive as much as $25 and $30 a week.

It pays to make the motor truck driver feel important; it pays to make him take an interest in his job; it pays even to keep him clean and neat. The coal-truck driver has always symbolized grime. No one expects him to have a clean white face and clean white hands. He does not even expect it himself. Give him the opportunity to wash and not only does his self-respect increase but his efficiency as well. That was the experience of a large Pittsburgh coal company. Some member of the firm conceived the idea of providing a new garage with a locker room and a shower bath. After the day's work, the drivers bathe, leave their soiled clothes at the garage, and travel home on the street cars as neat as any bank clerk. They are welcomed in their homes not as objects of black horror, not with admonitions to keep their dirty hands off the paint, but as clean men with white skins. Since the locker room and the shower bath were installed, there has been a noticeable lack of minor repair work. We leave it to the psychologists to tell us why.

To increase the efficiency of drivers, bonus systems have been introduced. The bonuses are paid on the tonnage carried per day, with mileage considered; on the number of packages delivered during the day, on fewness of complaints, on low cost of repairs, on punctuality and on neatness. But, to devise an operative bonus system is almost as difficult as devising a fair system of war-taxation.

In the first place, a bonus system must be just. The opportunities for earning the bonus must be equal.

Before a bonus system is introduced, a complete study of the delivery conditions must be made. Bonus systems cannot be successfully introduced if the trucks are hardly ever engaged two days in succession in the same kind of delivery. What then? The system must pay its bonus for punctuality or low repair costs. To base it upon the number of tons carried or the mileage covered would be inequitable.

A bonus paid on tonnage carried should also allow for mileage. It is obvious that a greater mileage takes a greater period of time for delivery. If Big Bill must deliver five tons after a five-mile run, he certainly does not stand on the same footing as Little John who delivers a load of the same weight after the end of a two-mile run. So, too, allowances must be made for unavoidable delays. Thus, a New Jersey company that operates two five-ton trucks between its plant in Newark and New York City, found that its drivers could not live up to their schedule because of delays at piers or at ferry landings. Accordingly the average tonnage and the average mileage were calculated over a period of several months, and it was decided to pay each driver $3 a day for 75 ton-miles of work and four cents additional for each ton-mile above that total. The ton-mile, it may be mentioned in passing, is obtained by multiplying the tons hauled by the miles made. What has happened? Both drivers and company are gratified. The drivers make two trips a day regularly and they earn not the $3.50 a day formerly paid, but from $4 to $5 per day; the company saves money because the expensive idle time of the trucks is reduced to an endurable minimum.

The bonus system is capable of almost infinite variation. A stationery store in

A NEW booklet issued by the Automobile Department of McClure's Magazine, entitled "The Motor Truck in Business," written by Waldemar Kaempffert, is just off the press. It will be sent free to any business man who will write to the Automobile Department of McClure's Magazine on his business stationery. This booklet is unlike anything ever before published and may be worth thousands of dollars to your house. Write for a copy today, addressing your letter to the McClure Automobile Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York.

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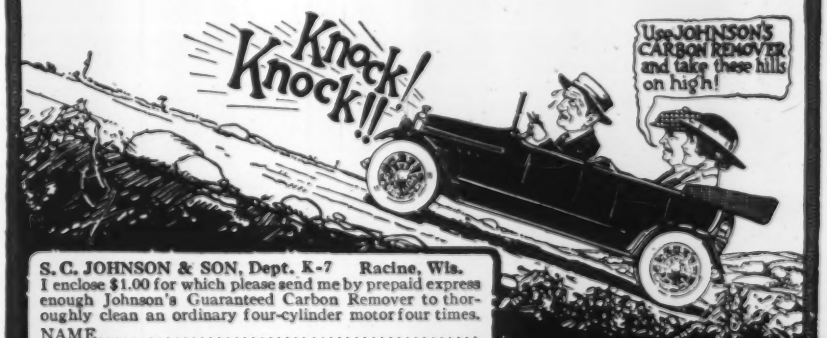

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Pittsburgh utilizes one light truck to deliver small packages in the business section of the city within a half-mile radius of the store. It pays its drivers $14 a week — a wage based on the average number of 300 packages delivered in a week. If the driver delivers more than 300, he receives one cent for each extra package. The company has a heavier truck which hauls goods between the half-mile zone referred to and an eight-mile zone. The driver is paid at the rate of $14 a week for 240 packages delivered in that zone and an additional bonus of one cent a package for everything over that. The mileage remains practically constant in both zones, so that the one-cent bonus based on the average number of packages delivered in the two zones is fair — indeed so fair that it has not been necessary for the company to hire any additional boys or men. Before the system was introduced, the excess number of packages was handled at the rate of five cents apiece. The bonus system saves the company four cents a package and enables the truck drivers to increase their earnings.

If the mileage and the number of packages delivered vary greatly from week to week and if several zones must be covered by different types of vehicles, a more complicated basis of payment must be devised. A large department store offers three prizes for the three different types of trucks which it owns, each type covering its own particular zone. Such is the zone system that the average daily mileage of each type of vehicle remains almost constant; hence, mileage need not be considered. The bonus is paid on low cost of maintenance and fewness of repairs due to accidents. Prizes are awarded twice a year (on June 1 and January 1) — $15 for the trucks in the nearest zone, $20 for those in the middle zone, and $25 for those in the farthest zone. Besides these bonuses, that department store awards five other prizes, varying in amount from $2.50 to $20, three times a year —prizes awarded to the drivers who excel in attendance (least number of days absent), care (smallest amount of broken merchandise and smallest amount of lost merchandise), courtesy (smallest number of complaints received), and neatness in personal appearance.

Another department store — one of the largest in New York — washes its hands of the responsibility of awarding the bonus. A committee of five is elected by the drivers and their helpers to make the awards. That committee ought to be in the accounting room. It considers the amount of gasoline or electric current consumed, the number of accidents or breakdowns, the efficiency of the crew, the percentage of C. O. D. packages delivered, the total number of packages delivered, the number of packages returned and their condition, the amount of merchandise damaged, the condition of the truck, the number of times the driver or his helper were absent without leave, punctuality of the driver and his helper, the number of trips missed, and the number of extra loads taken out. The drivers receive two-thirds of the award and the helpers one-third. Two sets of prizes are offered — one each month divided into ten parts and totaling $67. The first prize is $20; the tenth $2. Every three months a first prize of $50, a second of $30 and a third prize of $20 are also awarded. The system has worked well because the men feel that it is theirs.

Bonus systems are good provided that they are not abused. The truck must not suffer because of a driver's zeal to win the extra award. If drivers are allowed to overload or overspeed in order to win the bonus, an exorbitant repair bill may ensue. That was the experience of a New York haulage company that contracts for transportation at a fixed rate. Many of the company's routes are long. A bonus system based on ton-mileage tempted the drivers to overload and overspeed. The repairs were costly. That system was abandoned. Instead, the drivers' wage scale was raised so that the company was enabled to select the very best men available. To offset the temptations of a competitor, the wage was made very high — so high that it was difficult to meet.

Simpler than the bonus system is the automatic recorder, which is as impartial as a gas or electric meter, and just about as unpopular with drivers. The truck keeps a kind of diary — only, unlike most diaries, it tells the truth. As it moves it writes down everything in a curve, which shows graphically the period during which the truck is in motion and the period during which it is standing. It tells exactly whether or not the driver was loafing. Confronted with the actual record of a day's run and asked to explain why it is that he stayed so long at some corner saloon, what can he say?

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give the names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself.

With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.

"Divided We Fall"

[*Continued from page 26*]

of them I love, and all of them I can stand but that smooth, hard surface which shows not one trace of compassion. Yes, and God knows you need the compassion! — for, generally, there are black, savage forces broiling down there underneath, just waiting to leap out and kill!"

Jensen's normally quiet voice rang out in a way that stirred in my pulse a queer excitation.

"Has he ever — manhandled Haddon?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean just that," said Jensen, in his ordinary tone again. "Don't lay too much by anything I've said. Anyway, what did the Old Man fetch him along for, if it wasn't to help him?"

Just then eight bells struck, and we heard the Mate's heavy tread descending the companionway, not waiting for relief on deck. Jensen struggled into his heavy jacket, and hurried out to take the watch. At the door he paused and, over his shoulder, said:

"Better forget all this — nothing's up, anyway."

But, as I passed Haddon's room, I heard the sound of a wedge-block driven behind his sliding door.

The next day was the one I found that something *was* up. That morning, as Jensen had predicted, the ocean was a wallowing waste, not a breath of wind, the barometer stationary, and the ship at a rolling standstill. Looking over the side, I could see far down into the water; the light pierced there in visible streaks, like sunbeams on dust particles into a small-windowed room. On deck, the sun felt as if it pulsed, so hot and direct were its rays. At every roll, the roaring canvases crescendoed to a boom, the reef-points drummed a tattoo, and, with our halyards slacked to ease the strain, we lay in heaving helplessness.

I finished my work, and then came on deck. The heat and that reiterant creak-clank of the tackle-blocks made me drowsy; I dozed on and off, I remember, for an hour perhaps, there in the shade of the spanker.

It was the Mate's deck from eight to twelve, and, between naps, I watched him and his men scraping the forward deckhouse. I hadn't seen the Captain give him his allowance of rum at breakfast, and I wondered whether he had stopped it. The Mate's mouth was hanging slack, I noted, and he licked his lips at frequent intervals. Now and then he clutched at the open neck of his shirt — to think that *that* had once commanded respect, had won the love of a pretty woman! Three times, as I sat there, he stumbled forward to the water breaker and drank deep, gasping draughts. "Poor fool," I thought, "he's burning up!"

And all the while, under that scorching sun, the canvases shuddered and roared, the reef-points kept up that restless tattoo. The ship seemed alive with uneasiness, with whispering suspense — something that stealthily crept into the very marrow of you.

It finally got on my nerves. I was glad when it was time for me to go back to the galley.

A little later, with the grub-basket and coffee-pot, I climbed down the swaying companionway ladder and, with my foot, slid the pantry door open. I glanced through the second pantry door, which gave into the saloon, and then I stopped rigid. There stood the Mate, shaking his fist at the Captain, who filled the doorway of his stateroom, just beyond.

"You took it! You know you took it!" cried the Mate.

The Captain's voice, in contrast, sounded more emotionless than ever.

"What in the devil would I want with the picture of a ——"

He paused, with deliberation, it seemed. The Mate jumped forward, but the Captain didn't move; just stood there staring with those little unblinking eyes. And they seemed to hypnotize Haddon, for he paused just out of the other's reach, his shoulders twitching.

"— of a married lady," Richie then finished.

Haddon gulped. "But it's gone! Where else could it have gone?"

"How'd I know? Anyway, you're drunk!"

"I'm not drunk! — you know I haven't had a drink today." Haddon's hands were working spasmodically. "My God! I'm nearly crazy! Won't you give me just one drink?"

The Captain stared at him a long minute before he replied caustically:

"Why? So you can tell me I made you drink it?"

Suddenly Haddon's comparative composure broke. He brandished his arms in futile jerks, and lifted his voice to a shrill, accusing whine.

"It's all your doing! You know I was all right till you found us in Seattle! You know ——"

"Stop that talk!" Richie's voice cut in contemptuously. "You booze because you ain't man enough to stay quit of it. You're a jellyfish. You're a sponge, a stinking barmop."

His harsh, dead voice hadn't lifted an iota. He stood there a full minute longer, staring, blank-eyed, before he backed into his stateroom and closed the door behind him.

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Then, across the way, through Haddon's half-open doorway, I saw the Mate, sitting on his bunk, swaying drunkenly to the roll of the vessel. His arms hung down between his knees, a mug dangling from one finger. The Captain reached the bottom and stopped, taking in the spectacle. His back was toward me, expressionless, but I saw the muscles harden in his neck. I held my breath. But the Captain passed on and through the saloon.

Then my gaze went back to the Mate. He had drawn one foot up to the bunk and dropped back on his arm. The other arm was thrown before his face and, over the elbow, his eyes, in bare, questioning terror, met mine.

"He's gone," I told him.

The expression of panic faded, and he unsteadily clambered down from the bunk. A bottle fell to the floor and rolled, uncorked and spilling its contents, to my feet. Picking it up, I recognized it as belonging to the ship's medicine-chest. It was labeled "Alcohol."

I looked from the bottle to Haddon.

"You oughtn't to do this," I said. "The Captain won't like it."

Haddon, who had subsided to his bunk again, stared at me stupidly. Yet, despite the loathesomeness of his condition, something about him, about his abject helplessness, appealed to my sympathy.

"You mustn't take these things again," I began.

At that he flung back his head, suddenly vehement.

"*He* took it!" he cried. "*He* took it — I know he did. He couldn't get *her* — so he comes sneaking in my room and steals all I've got of her here!"

Then, as swiftly as it had risen, the ferocity died out of his tone.

"She's gone. You don't know how I miss her now she's gone. She used to sit right over on the table there — looking at me — telling me how she'll stay by me and how I'll stay by her. And how, soon's I get home again, she'll put on her pretty pink dress, and kiss me, and spoil me, and make me lemon pie for supper — God! how I want some lemon pie!"

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The Mate pointed unsteadily and his red-rimmed eyes went back to the table, peered, wandered over its vacantness; then he screamed again:

"She's not there! He took her! But I'll get the dirty sneak yet — if he don't get me first."

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Presently he went on deck, and Jensen and I had our supper, talking in lowered voices of what was going on.

It was just after Jensen had gone back on deck, while I was clearing up in the pantry, that suddenly the Mate's door crashed open. The Mate came pitching out, caught himself by the companionway ladder, and crawled on deck. I put my head out the hatch and watched him make the rail. When he turned around, his arms weakly feeling for support, I had a glimpse of his face, and sprang forward. But he slumped to the deck before I could reach him.

Jensen was on the poop; I called him and together we carried Haddon below. The air in his stateroom was close, and there was a warm, faintly sweet odor that hit our faces like a velvet curtain. We put Haddon in his bunk. Though we couldn't rouse him, he breathed regularly, and his pulse was full, but slow.

I asked Jensen whether I should call the Captain. He said no; the Old Man would only give him another dose of ipecac, and the poor devil was already sick enough.

"Is that what he sobers him up on?" I asked. Ipecac is pretty severe treatment, even for a drunk.

Jensen nodded and pointed to the Mate's desk, where I saw an over-turned whiskey glass rolling in the angle of the walls. I came close, and saw that some of its contents had been spilled on the blotter. It was from this spot that the peculiar odor issued. I lifted the glass to my nose; it gave off faintly that same sweetish smell.

I held out the glass to Jensen.

"Here," I said, "this isn't ipecac."

He sniffed at it. "No," he said. "The Old Man generally gives him ipecac — but this ain't it."

He set down the glass, and shook the Mate vigorously. The Mate's eyelids lifted slightly, and he mumbled. Then he dropped off into a stupor again. I went to the pantry for coffee. There was a scant cupful left from supper, but it was strong. We managed to get most of it down the Mate; then we left him.

We were both puzzled and uneasy. But it wasn't till next day that I got a clue that sent icy chills down my back. Sam, the cook unwittingly gave it.

"Ol' Man 'mos' catch me sleepin' yesterday," he said, grinning.

"Did he?"

"Yes. I scrub in storeroom, and I think plenty good time sleep. Ol' Man on deck. Ol' Man come in storeroom, and I pull feet back onion sack quick. Ver' quiet. Ol' Man make nodder drink for Mate out bottle."

"What bottle?" I asked.

"Bottle under mattress odder bunk. Ol' Man put back under mattress. Sam ver' still, or Ol' Man talk plenty hell."

Sam laughed heartily at his joke on the Old Man. But I waited till the Captain took the wheel, then I slipped into his room and felt under the mattress of his unused berth. I drew out a round pint bottle and read the label — "Tincture of Opium."

I pulled out the cork and sniffed it, and a familiar sweetish odor struck my nostrils. Tincture of Opium! — and, judging from the amount left in the bottle, he'd given the Mate three ounces of the stuff!

I carefully started to conceal the bottle again, and then my fingers encountered something else. This time they brought out something hard and thin like pasteboard — the photograph of the Mate's wife!

For a minute I dared stand there and look again at that pictured face. Her eyes gazed straight back into mine, tender eyes, but with that baffling hint of audacity. There was something pathetic about those eyes, looking helplessly out of that printed face. Or was it the face itself that was pathetic? — immobile yet weak, curiously appealing ——

Hastily I compelled my hand to thrust the picture far back under the mattress. It had begun to cast its spell over me also, a strange sort of spell. The bit of cheap pasteboard disturbingly made me feel the presence of some force, unseen but tremendously alive, hovering in the background; a force playing its part in what was happening, what would happen on this ship.

And what *would* happen?

I hurried to Jensen's room and wakened him. He believed, as I did, that the Captain had meant to do away with his rival. But we didn't know what to do. If we should try to have Richie confined till we reached port, we'd face a charge of mutiny with but scant evidence to help us out. Besides, we'd never dare let Haddon take command with Richie in his power. We decided to wait and watch.

For several days nothing eventful oc-

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would clear her skin

"She would be a pretty girl if it wasn't for her miserable complexion!" But the *regular* use of Resinol Soap, aided at first by a little Resinol Ointment, would probably make it clear, fresh and charming. If a poor skin is *your* handicap, begin using Resinol Soap and see how quickly it improves.

But the use of Resinol Soap is by no means confined to the improvement of poor complexions. It is a delightfully pure, cleansing and softening soap which truly merits its place among the finest toilet requisites. At the same time, it contains just enough of the gentle Resinol medication to *preserve* the delicate texture and color of a *healthy* skin from the inroads of sun, wind, dust and *time*.

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Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and most dealers in toilet goods. For a sample cake, free, with miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 30-C, Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md.

Pittsburgh utilizes one light truck to deliver small packages in the business section of the city within a half-mile radius of the store. It pays its drivers $14 a week — a wage based on the average number of 300 packages delivered in a week. If the driver delivers more than 300, he receives one cent for each extra package. The company has a heavier truck which hauls goods between the half-mile zone referred to and an eight-mile zone. The driver is paid at the rate of $14 a week for 240 packages delivered in that zone and an additional bonus of one cent a package for everything over that. The mileage remains practically constant in both zones, so that the one-cent bonus based on the average number of packages delivered in the two zones is fair — indeed so fair that it has not been necessary for the company to hire any additional boys or men. Before the system was introduced, the excess number of packages was handled at the rate of five cents apiece. The bonus system saves the company four cents a package and enables the truck drivers to increase their earnings.

If the mileage and the number of packages delivered vary greatly from week to week and if several zones must be covered by different types of vehicles, a more complicated basis of payment must be devised. A large department store offers three prizes for the three different types of trucks which it owns, each type covering its own particular zone. Such is the zone system that the average daily mileage of each type of vehicle remains almost constant; hence, mileage need not be considered. The bonus is paid on low cost of maintenance and fewness of repairs due to accidents. Prizes are awarded twice a year (on June 1 and January 1) — $15 for the trucks in the nearest zone, $20 for those in the middle zone, and $25 for those in the farthest zone. Besides these bonuses, that department store awards five other prizes, varying in amount from $2.50 to $20, three times a year —prizes awarded to the drivers who excel in attendance (least number of days absent), care (smallest amount of broken merchandise and smallest amount of lost merchandise), courtesy (smallest number of complaints received), and neatness in personal appearance.

Another department store — one of the largest in New York — washes its hands of the responsibility of awarding the bonus. A committee of five is elected by the drivers and their helpers to make the awards. That committee ought to be in the accounting room. It considers the amount of gasoline or electric current consumed, the number of accidents or breakdowns, the efficiency of the crew, the percentage of C. O. D. packages delivered, the total number of packages delivered, the number of packages returned and their condition, the amount of merchandise damaged, the condition of the truck, the number of times the driver or his helper were absent without leave, punctuality of the driver and his helper, the number of trips missed, and the number of extra loads taken out. The drivers receive two-thirds of the award and the helpers one-third. Two sets of prizes are offered — one each month divided into ten parts and totaling $67. The first prize is $20; the tenth $2. Every three months a first prize of $50, a second of $30 and a third prize of $20 are also awarded. The system has worked well because the men feel that it is theirs.

Bonus systems are good provided that they are not abused. The truck must not suffer because of a driver's zeal to win the extra award. If drivers are allowed to overload or overspeed in order to win the bonus, an exorbitant repair bill may ensue. That was the experience of a New York haulage company that contracts for transportation at a fixed rate. Many of the company's routes are long. A bonus system based on ton-mileage tempted the drivers to overload and overspeed. The repairs were costly. That system was abandoned. Instead, the drivers' wage scale was raised so that the company was enabled to select the very best men available. To offset the temptations of a competitor, the wage was made very high — so high that it was difficult to meet.

Simpler than the bonus system is the automatic recorder, which is as impartial as a gas or electric meter, and just about as unpopular with drivers. The truck keeps a kind of diary — only, unlike most diaries, it tells the truth. As it moves it writes down everything in a curve, which shows graphically the period during which the truck is in motion and the period during which it is standing. It tells exactly whether or not the driver was loafing. Confronted with the actual record of a day's run and asked to explain why it is that he stayed so long at some corner saloon, what can he say?

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give the names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself.

With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.

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251 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

"Divided We Fall"

[*Continued from page 26*]

of them I love, and all of them I can stand but that smooth, hard surface which shows not one trace of compassion. Yes, and God knows you need the compassion! — for, generally, there are black, savage forces broiling down there underneath, just waiting to leap out and kill!"

Jensen's normally quiet voice rang out in a way that stirred in my pulse a queer excitation.

"Has he ever — manhandled Haddon?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean just that," said Jensen, in his ordinary tone again. "Don't lay too much by anything I've said. Anyway, what did the Old Man fetch him along for, if it wasn't to help him?"

Just then eight bells struck, and we heard the Mate's heavy tread descending the companionway, not waiting for relief on deck. Jensen struggled into his heavy jacket, and hurried out to take the watch. At the door he paused and, over his shoulder, said:

"Better forget all this — nothing's up, anyway."

But, as I passed Haddon's room, I heard the sound of a wedge-block driven behind his sliding door.

The next day was the one I found that something *was* up. That morning, as Jensen had predicted, the ocean was a wallowing waste, not a breath of wind, the barometer stationary, and the ship at a rolling standstill. Looking over the side, I could see far down into the water; the light pierced there in visible streaks, like sunbeams on dust particles into a small-windowed room. On deck, the sun felt as if it pulsed, so hot and direct were its rays. At every roll, the roaring canvases crescendoed to a boom, the reef-points drummed a tattoo, and, with our halyards slacked to ease the strain, we lay in heaving helplessness.

I finished my work, and then came on deck. The heat and that reiterant creak-clank of the tackle-blocks made me drowsy; I dozed on and off, I remember, for an hour perhaps, there in the shade of the spanker.

It was the Mate's deck from eight to twelve, and, between naps, I watched him and his men scraping the forward deckhouse. I hadn't seen the Captain give him his allowance of rum at breakfast, and I wondered whether he had stopped it. The Mate's mouth was hanging slack, I noted, and he licked his lips at frequent intervals. Now and then he clutched at the open neck of his shirt — to think that *that* had once commanded respect, had won the love of a pretty woman! Three times, as I sat there, he stumbled forward to the water breaker and drank deep, gasping draughts. "Poor fool," I thought, "he's burning up!"

And all the while, under that scorching sun, the canvases shuddered and roared, the reef-points kept up that restless tattoo. The ship seemed alive with uneasiness, with whispering suspense — something that stealthily crept into the very marrow of you.

It finally got on my nerves. I was glad when it was time for me to go back to the galley.

A little later, with the grub-basket and coffee-pot, I climbed down the swaying companionway ladder and, with my foot, slid the pantry door open. I glanced through the second pantry door, which gave into the saloon, and then I stopped rigid. There stood the Mate, shaking his fist at the Captain, who filled the doorway of his stateroom, just beyond.

"You took it! You know you took it!" cried the Mate.

The Captain's voice, in contrast, sounded more emotionless than ever.

"What in the devil would I want with the picture of a —— "

He paused, with deliberation, it seemed. The Mate jumped forward, but the Captain didn't move; just stood there staring with those little unblinking eyes. And they seemed to hypnotize Haddon, for he paused just out of the other's reach, his shoulders twitching.

" — of a married lady," Richie then finished.

Haddon gulped. "But it's gone! Where else could it have gone?"

"How'd I know? Anyway, you're drunk!"

"I'm not drunk! — you know I haven't had a drink today." Haddon's hands were working spasmodically. "My God! I'm nearly crazy! Won't you give me just one drink?"

The Captain stared at him a long minute before he replied caustically:

"Why? So you can tell me I made you drink it?"

Suddenly Haddon's comparative composure broke. He brandished his arms in futile jerks, and lifted his voice to a shrill, accusing whine.

"It's all your doing! You know I was all right till you found us in Seattle! You know —— "

"Stop that talk!" Richie's voice cut in contemptuously. "You booze because you ain't man enough to stay quit of it. You're a jellyfish. You're a sponge, a stinking barmop."

His harsh, dead voice hadn't lifted an iota. He stood there a full minute longer, staring, blank-eyed, before he backed into his stateroom and closed the door behind him.

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Then, across the way, through Haddon's half-open doorway, I saw the Mate, sitting on his bunk, swaying drunkenly to the roll of the vessel. His arms hung down between his knees, a mug dangling from one finger. The Captain reached the bottom and stopped, taking in the spectacle. His back was toward me, expressionless, but I saw the muscles harden in his neck. I held my breath. But the Captain passed on and through the saloon.

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At that he flung back his head, suddenly vehement.

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Then, as swiftly as it had risen, the ferocity died out of his tone.

"She's gone. You don't know how I miss her now she's gone. She used to sit right over on the table there — looking at me — telling me how she'll stay by me and how I'll stay by her. And how, soon's I get home again, she'll put on her pretty pink dress, and kiss me, and spoil me, and make me lemon pie for supper — God! how I want some lemon pie!"

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Presently he went on deck, and Jensen and I had our supper, talking in lowered voices of what was going on.

It was just after Jensen had gone back on deck, while I was clearing up in the pantry, that suddenly the Mate's door crashed open. The Mate came pitching out, caught himself by the companionway ladder, and crawled on deck. I put my head out the hatch and watched him make the rail. When he turned around, his arms weakly feeling for support, I had a glimpse of his face, and sprang forward. But he slumped to the deck before I could reach him.

Jensen was on the poop; I called him and together we carried Haddon below. The air in his stateroom was close, and there was a warm, faintly sweet odor that hit our faces like a velvet curtain. We put Haddon in his bunk. Though we couldn't rouse him, he breathed regularly, and his pulse was full, but slow.

I asked Jensen whether I should call the Captain. He said no; the Old Man would only give him another dose of ipecac, and the poor devil was already sick enough.

"Is that what he sobers him up on?" I asked. Ipecac is pretty severe treatment, even for a drunk.

Jensen nodded and pointed to the Mate's desk, where I saw an over-turned whiskey glass rolling in the angle of the walls. I came close, and saw that some of its contents had been spilled on the blotter. It was from this spot that the peculiar odor issued. I lifted the glass to my nose; it gave off faintly that same sweetish smell.

I held out the glass to Jensen.

"Here," I said, "this isn't ipecac."

He sniffed at it. "No," he said. "The Old Man generally gives him ipecac — but this ain't it."

He set down the glass, and shook the Mate vigorously. The Mate's eyelids lifted slightly, and he mumbled. Then he dropped off into a stupor again. I went to the pantry for coffee. There was a scant cupful left from supper, but it was strong. We managed to get most of it down the Mate; then we left him.

We were both puzzled and uneasy. But it wasn't till next day that I got a clue that sent icy chills down my back. Sam, the cook unwittingly gave it.

"Ol' Man 'mos' catch me sleepin' yesterday," he said, grinning.

"Did he?"

"Yes. I scrub in storeroom, and I think plenty good time sleep. Ol' Man on deck. Ol' Man come in storeroom, and I pull feet back onion sack quick. Ver' quiet. Ol' Man make nodder drink for Mate out bottle."

"What bottle?" I asked.

"Bottle under mattress odder bunk. Ol' Man put back under mattress. Sam ver' still, or Ol' Man talk plenty hell."

Sam laughed heartily at his joke on the Old Man. But I waited till the Captain took the wheel, then I slipped into his room and felt under the mattress of his unused berth. I drew out a round pint bottle and read the label — "Tincture of Opium."

I pulled out the cork and sniffed it, and a familiar sweetish odor struck my nostrils. Tincture of Opium! — and, judging from the amount left in the bottle, he'd given the Mate three ounces of the stuff!

I carefully started to conceal the bottle again, and then my fingers encountered something else. This time they brought out something hard and thin like pasteboard — the photograph of the Mate's wife!

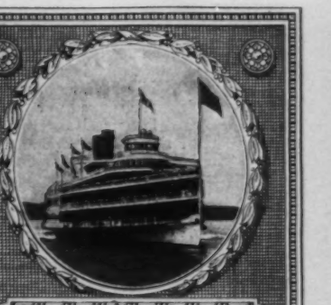
For a minute I dared stand there and look again at that pictured face. Her eyes gazed straight back into mine, tender eyes, but with that baffling hint of audacity. There was something pathetic about those eyes, looking helplessly out of that printed face. Or was it the face itself that was pathetic? — immobile yet weak, curiously appealing ——

Hastily I compelled my hand to thrust the picture far back under the mattress. It had begun to cast its spell over me also, a strange sort of spell. The bit of cheap pasteboard disturbingly made me feel the presence of some force, unseen but tremendously alive, hovering in the background; a force playing its part in what was happening, what would happen on this ship.

And what *would* happen?

I hurried to Jensen's room and wakened him. He believed, as I did, that the Captain had meant to do away with his rival. But we didn't know what to do. If we should try to have Richie confined till we reached port, we'd face a charge of mutiny with but scant evidence to help us out. Besides, we'd never dare let Haddon take command with Richie in his power. We decided to wait and watch.

For several days nothing eventful oc-



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curred. We were making steady progress now, with increasing breezes. Haddon was on duty again, taking his meals with the Captain. He wasn't drinking; his eyes had lost their puffed, oily look, he was less unkempt, and again he showed some traces of his former good looks and alertness. The cooler weather should have lightened, as it cleared the humidity, that feeling of whispering suspense; yet there was something tenser and tenser in the atmosphere. Haddon never quite turned his back to Richie; and the Captain now, also, locked his door at night.

Then the weather changed again. One morning, I think it was the fourth after the Mate's sickness, I came on deck to find the sea all gray and capped with white. The wind tore up long streamers of ragged lace; and, now and then, the *Lenners* hit a wave too short to ride, and shuddered from stem to stern. But the storm came from a favorable quarter and, with short sail, we made leaping progress.

Under these conditions, the Captain and Mate were too busy to bother with each other, and eight days of continuous blow had passed, when I said to Jensen:

"I guess that danger's over. Haddon's had his scare, and is on the lookout; and the Old Man's afraid to try it again."

"I hope so," said Jensen, "but ——"

"But what?" I asked.

"There's still a thousand miles of sea between us and port. I'd like to see Haddon on land — he ain't got an even chance here."

But the next move didn't come from the quarter Jensen feared. It came that same night. About nine o'clock I was in the pantry, writing in my diary, when I heard the Captain go on deck. From the commands and the commotion, I knew we were about to wear-ship. On such occasions, the Captain himself took the wheel, for the deck-officer needed all his men to pass the topsails over, shift the tackle-blocks, and get the ship squared away on its new course.

I'd just felt the heel of the vessel as she took the wind on the new tack, when I heard a shattering crash out in the saloon. I ran in there. The table and the floor were all covered with splintered glass, and a jagged hole gaped up in the skylight. At that moment the ship heaved, and an iron marlin-spike came jangling over the bits of glass to my feet.

I picked the thing up and, turning, found the Captain behind me. Silently he reached out his hand. I gave him the spike and, still saying nothing, he carried it to his room. Then I swept up the fragments, and started to the poop to lash canvas over the yawning hole. Jensen was standing at the rail.

"What happened?" I asked.

Jensen glanced cautiously at the helmsman and at the open port of the Captain's stateroom, as he replied:

"Haddon threw a marlin-spike at the Old Man at the wheel. But his aim was too low, and it caught in the grating over the saloon skylight."

"Did the Old Man see him?"

"Don't know. The binnacle light's square in front, and Haddon was in a straight line beyond it. But the Old Man knows who did it, you can bet. For he didn't say a word — just gave the course, and went below."

"What a fool Haddon is!" I said. "Starting things up again!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jensen. "I guess he figures his only chance is to get there first. If you think things have ever quieted down any, you're dead wrong."

That night I didn't sleep very well. Perhaps one reason was that there was a growing uneasiness in the weather.

Next morning, sea and heaven were nothing but a film of misty gray. The barometer was dropping fast, and the Captain ordered me to get his blankets on deck for a final airing. But at once, before I'd got six feet away, he called me back and sent me on another errand to the galley.

It flashed on me that he'd just remembered what was hidden under that mattress. So, after clattering loudly up the companionway, I crept along the deck till I was just outside his port-hole. For a minute I listened, my nerves straining, then I risked an eye at the opening. The Captain was in there, his back to me, and he was pouring the contents of the round pint bottle into a flask. I waited to see him start toward the little locker by the door; then I slipped away.

During the morning the wind kept increasing and, by noon, frayed streaks of cloud were scurrying over us from nor'west. The sky had an appearance of almost intolerable melancholy, a gloom that sank down and pervaded the human spirit. By four o'clock a fine drizzle was making the deck unpleasant and slippery. The waves were tremendous. The *Lenners* would leap down into a trough and, shuddering, would stagger up the opposite slope to the crest, there to balance just a precarious moment before plunging again. Now and then the seas shipped over the weather bow, and the watch turned out in sweaters and oilskins.

By sundown the gale was upon us, but the Captain, under close-reefed sails, held doggedly to the course. The vessel kept up a steady groan, now and then sending an eerie wail moaning through the empty hold. At eight o'clock we were pitching so wildly that you could hardly keep in your chair; so, when Jensen went on deck for the watch till midnight, I took to my berth.

But it was no night for sound sleeping. Several times I dozed off, only to be brought up sitting by a violent wrench or noise. So it was I found myself, suddenly, sitting upright, straining to hear; I thought it was the crashing open of the companionway hatch that I'd heard.

I could see out through the saloon; and, as I peered, Jensen came scrambling down the ladder as if a thousand furies were after him.

I jumped out to meet him.

"What is it?" I shouted above the noise.

He didn't heed me. Wet and shining in his black oilskins, he slid across the steep linoleum to the Captain's door, and flung it open. Just inside, before the little locker, stood Richie. He, too, was in dripping oilskins, and, down his cheek, from temple to chin, ran three long scratches; the blood was dripping, and clots streaked his raincoat. Against the crimson, his face showed livid yellow, and his eyes were opaque like a dead cod's.

As we burst in, a whiskey glass dropped from his hand, and with frenzied fingers he tore at his collar, at his shirt, ripping them away as if they were paper. His bared, massive chest heaved spasmodically. Just as we leaped forward, he staggered back and collapsed in a chair.

"God!" he gurgled thickly. "God!"

An unspeakable terror gripped me at seeing, in this state, that figure of imperturbable power.

"What is it, sir?" asked Jensen, at his side.

"God! Jensen, I took it by mistake! I forgot! And I'll die! I —" He broke off, choking.

"And Haddon's overboard!" Jensen cried, turning to me. "He's miles astern by now. Couldn't have lowered a boat anyway — not in this."

Richie was struggling to speak. Jensen bent over him. The Captain pushed him aside, pointing to the locker.

"Rum — rum! Not brandy! Rum ——"

I jumped for the rum bottle. I could guess what had happened: the Captain, under some stress, had forgotten that he himself had filled the brandy flask with poison!

"Here!" I cried to Jensen. "Give him this! I'll go forward to the galley for coffee. See if you can make him walk. Keep him moving!"

I grabbed my raincoat and climbed the ladder. Crouching for safety, I zigzagged along the streaming, howling deck to the galley. I pulled Sam out of his berth and started him grinding the coffee. Then I tried to make the fire. The wood was wet, and it took some minutes to get a blaze. It had just sputtered up, when the door opened and Jensen entered.

"Could you make him walk?" I asked.

"No. I tried to get him on his feet, but he's too heavy. And too far gone to help himself. I finally got him onto the long locker. What d'you suppose he's taken?"

I hurriedly told what I knew about the poison. "But what about Haddon?" I asked, feverishly poking the fire. "How'd you know he's overboard?"

"The donkeyman saw them," replied Jensen. "The Old Man put him in the Mate's watch, and he had the wheel. Pretty soon the Old Man came up and relieved him — told him to come and warm up in the galley a bit. But there wasn't any fire here, so he started aft again. He'd just got on top the cabin when he saw two figures struggling at the taffrail. He couldn't tell who they were, till the Mate yelled as he went over the side. The other stood there staring a minute, then turned down the companionway. Then the donkeyman recognized the Old Man.

"He ran down and called me; then rushed back to the wheel. It was still lashed as the Captain had left it. When I got up on deck, he told me Haddon had gone over."

The coffee boiled up, I grabbed the pot, and we crawled and slid back to the cabin. Richie was now in a stupor. We forced the strong, black coffee down his throat, flogged him with wet towels. But his breathing got slower and slower, stopped for full half-minutes at a time. He began to get blue and cold, clammy to touch. Just after dawn, as the storm was breaking, he died.

There was something unspeakably horrible about him as he lay there, his massive, hairy chest glistening with the death-sweat. Jensen leaned down and closed the glassy eyes; then he spoke this epitaph:

"He was a blackguard as callous, as cruel as The Horn. From jealousy he would kill as coolly as he'd step on a worm. His only god was his own will. He set that up in his soul; and, unlighted by a single ray of human sympathy, his soul was as black as the sea on a stormy night. Yet he was a real man; a man of power because he was faithfully a child of the sea — cunning, relentless, inscrutable."

At noon we shipped the body over the side. Jensen said a few words of service from memory — for, in that ship, was neither prayer-book nor Bible. The crew paid him small attention, and went about their duties before the wake of Richie's downward voyage was gone from the surface.

Only Jensen and I stood there alone together.

"Well," said he, "the Old Man's gone home." He paused, then went on: "But poor Haddon —" He didn't finish, but stood staring out over the water.

But anyway, Richie hadn't had the photograph on him, nor was it to be found in his room; I was glad that *that*, at least, poor Haddon had carried with him on his dark journey.

When the *Lenners* settled to her stride once more, Jensen called the crew together, and spoke to them from the main-hatch; he explained what had happened, and appointed the donkeyman to act as Mate under him for the rest of the voyage.

The third day following, just at sunset, we made port. As we were warped up to the dock, I leaned on the taffrail and looked at the water-front idlers who were watching our progress. Among them, standing a little apart from the others, was a woman. She was very slight, very fair, the afterglow turning her hair to ruddy gold; and still, very still. There was something curiously thrilling about that immobility — and something infinitely pathetic. And her eyes! That would be something for a man to come home to, eyes waiting with an expression like that!

Well, Jensen had to go on dock and bring her aboard, and tell her. She fainted. Then, when we'd brought her to, she didn't give way as much as we feared. She just sat at first, limp and white, not weeping, saying over and over:

"Why did I let him go? — why did I let him go? He was good, so good — and I knew Richie had hell in his heart. And Tom was good — so good."

And then, lest we might not appreciate that point, the girl, with no thought for herself, crying at last, with tears streaming down her cheeks and sobs thickening her words, told us how good Haddon was.

He had found her in Hong Kong, going it alone up and down the China coast. Some scoundrel had taken her out there, and dumped her. How long she'd been there, I don't know; but it couldn't have been long, for she looked anything but hard, and her talk was as decent as any woman's. Nor did she tell how she got started going wrong. She didn't need to — a look at her told that it was through ignorance and being alone and helpless in the world. Anyway, Haddon found her; and, in the strange way that things happen, they fell in love with each other.

Haddon was then wearing the blue-and-gold of ship's officer. He planned to bring her home on the liner, and bribed the stewardess to look out for her in the second cabin. But he didn't get by with it and, as it was the climax to several offenses, he was fired the day he landed.

But, that same day, he married the girl.

"Oh, he was so good to me!" she cried again, in that catching, straining voice. "He was as good as if I were — any woman. He took me when I was down, and lifted me up. And I —" here she lifted her slender shoulders proudly — "*I* was good for *him*, too. He was just like an overgrown little boy, you know, spoiled and self-willed — the kind that needs mothering."

Something than which I've never seen anything more beautiful stole into her reddened eyes. "I loved to mother him," she said simply. "And he used to say: 'I'd be a fool to booze when I can come home to you and lemon pie.'"

And then, the muscles of her mouth twitched. "I had lemon pie waiting at home tonight," she said.

There was a long silence. I remember I heard Jensen's throat click, and fought an insane impulse to let mine do the same.

Presently she told us about Richie, her hands clenching till the nails must have pierced the palms. He had been a passenger aboard that same liner from Yokohama, and had tried to "make up" to her. He told her he was going to take command of the *Lenners*, and asked her to come along on the ship and live with him.

She thought she'd got rid of him. But, a few months later, the *Lenners* was laid up in Seattle for repairs, and Richie ran across Haddon, sober and working. This time the Captain changed his tactics; he got Haddon started to drinking again, and when the girl accused him of it, to prove his real friendship, he said he'd berth Haddon as Mate and help him get a fresh start.

The girl didn't want Haddon to go; but finally she gave in, and bade him good-by at the dock. And, now, this was the outcome.

"What'll I do, now —" she asked in that grief-spent voice — "now Tom's gone?"

That was the question Jensen repeated to me after we'd seen her home to her lonely little flat.

"Isn't it queer," I said when we were alone — I'd been thinking it all evening — "that she and Haddon said practically the same thing about each other? Each thought himself no good, and that everything was owed to the other; and yet each held himself responsible for the other one, too."

"Yes," agreed Jensen somberly. "They were each other's back-stay. With them it was 'united we stand; divided we fall.'"

"Don't say that!"

"Well — God knows," he said.

I caught an early train for home and folks. It was fine to be home again, and to get into civilized ways once more. But, often, I found myself revisioning the tragedy of the after-house; and pondering again the quality of that love which held so much of redemption. Again and again thoughts of the Mate's wife came to me, she who had conquered the weakness of a weak man by unselfishness and sympathy and understanding; and there was something profoundly beautiful and tender in that figure, so still, so protective, who had laid a moment's balm on a scorched and bitter heart.

That was in March when I came home. It was just a year later, in San Francisco, that I was climbing the Clay Street hill late one night. I had just passed Grant Avenue and was coming into the radius of a street lamp, when I heard a step behind me. Almost simultaneously, fingers pressed on my arm, and a woman's voice murmured in my ear:

"Hello, there, boy!"

I turned and saw a creature too girlishly-graceful for her trade. My first thought was a bewildered groping; then in a flash it came to me. "Mrs. Haddon!" I exclaimed.

Her face whitened beneath its paint.

"Who are you?" she whispered, and for another second, she stared. Then:

"What are you talking about?" she cried hoarsely; her hand dropped from my arm and she stepped back.

"I was on the *Lenners* — don't you remember?" I said.

"The *Lenners!* I don't know what you're talking about!" Her emphasis was passionate. "I never heard of the *Lenners!*"

Catching her handkerchief to her mouth, she turned swiftly and left me with a strange, groping, unsteady swiftness. She could succor another, but herself she could not save.

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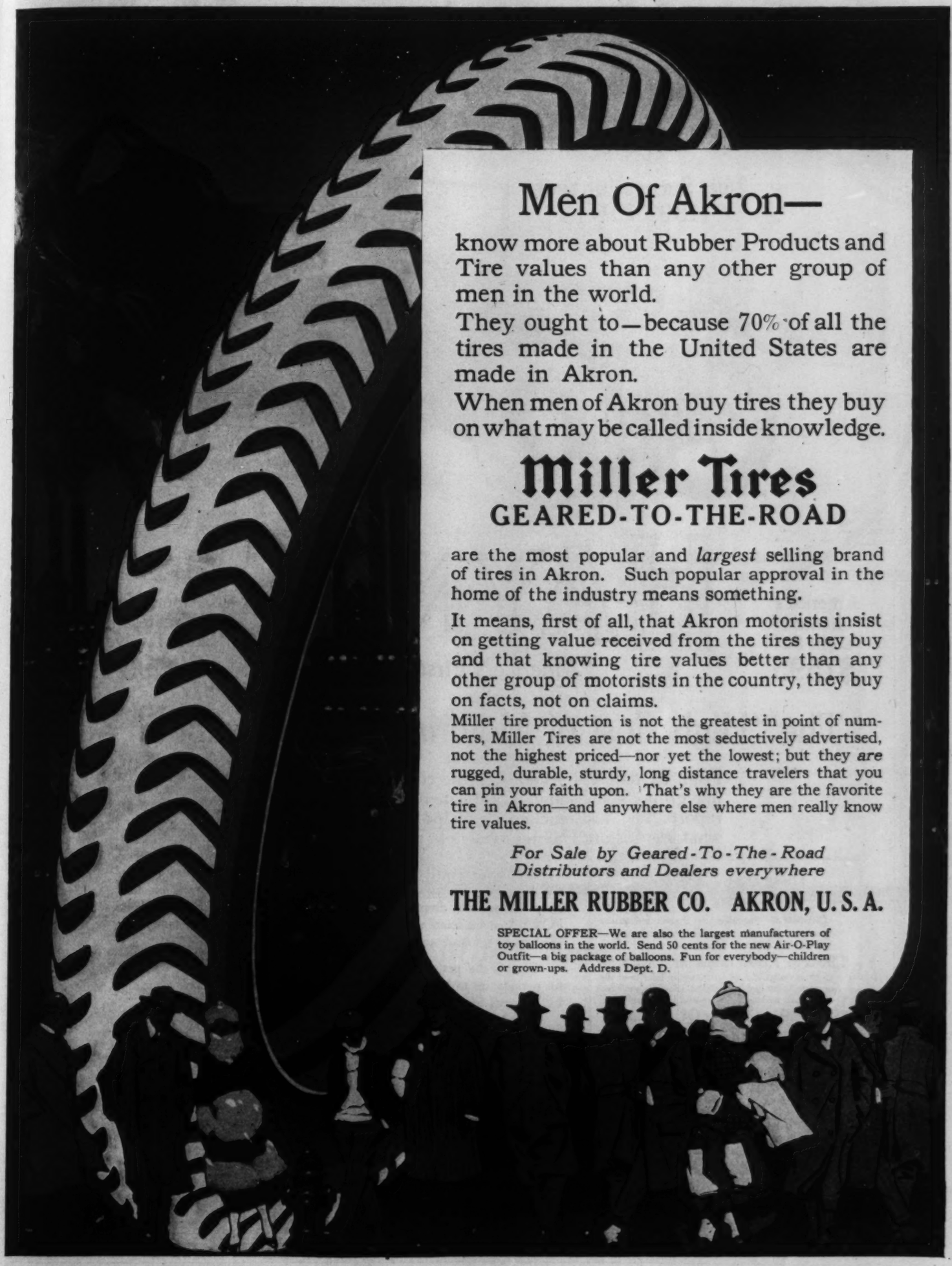

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